LINDBERGH'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR: *Does He Want to Be President?*

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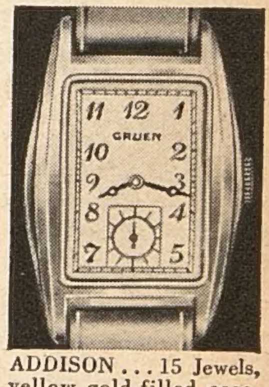

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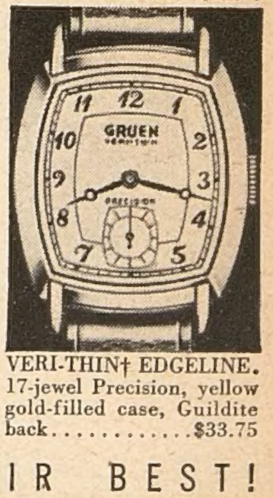

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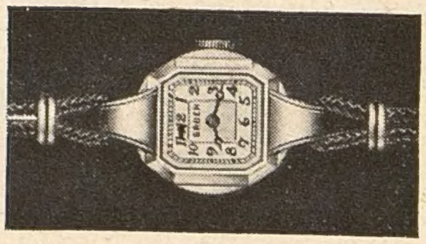

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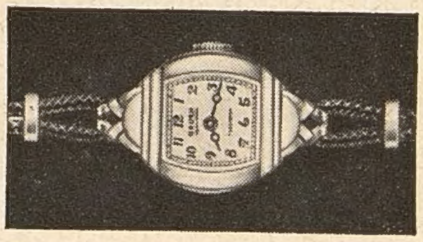

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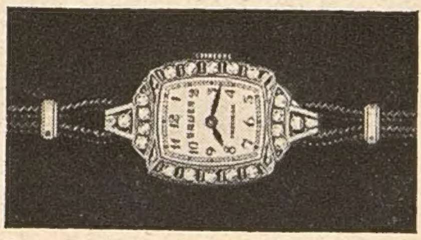

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DECEMBER 16, 1939

Liberty

VOL. 16, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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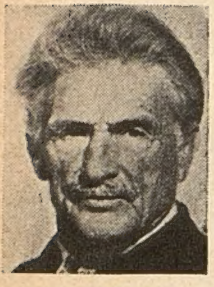
ART EDITOR

PRUDERY—CHRISTIANITY'S GREATEST ENEMY



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The threat of Communism is worrying people throughout the entire world. Germany missed going Communistic after the World War by a very small margin. The Communistic threats in France have assumed menacing proportions. And we in this country have been worried to a certain extent for the same reason.

But Communism is not Christianity's greatest enemy. The insidious influence of prudery, which has decried and vilified the body, is a destructive and an emasculating force which has been weakening the English-speaking race for generations.

Look back a few years and analyze the influence of this Gorgon evil. The period is short indeed since the time the venereal scourge was a rampant evil throughout this country . . . it was a hidden force that was more destructive than all the other combined diseases recorded in the medical dictionary. And yet, it went on its way secretly . . . a forbidden subject. Words referring to any phase of this devilish force were forbidden in print for public consumption.

Look back twenty-five or more years and remember the corset and the bustle . . . when women had to wear stockings, shoes, and corsets even to go in bathing. Mawkish sentimentalism . . . squeamish humanitarianism . . . shallow, hypocritical pretenses. We have had entirely too much superficial and artificial spirituality.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that applies to nations as well as to individuals. And selfishness is often necessary for self-protection and for the safety of home folks.

Molotov, the Russian Premier-Foreign Commissar, voiced his satisfaction at the present status of the war: "Let them fight it out . . . let them exhaust themselves, and then Communism will automatically come into power in these weakened and demoralized countries." And when Communism comes in . . . Christianity goes out.

Never throughout the history of the world have the religious principles that we have advocated so enthusiastically in this country been so seriously menaced.

And can anything be done to lessen the dangers of this atheistic threat?

The very first requirement is to give appropriate attention to the building of man power and eliminate evils of every nature that adversely affect physical life. And prudery stands first!

Man was made in the image of God, so the Good Book tells us. Why desecrate this human temple with vile, obscene thoughts?

"Glorify God in your body" is a Biblical mandate that should be entrenched in the hearts and souls of every religious enthusiast.

It is only man power—nothing else but man power, with the assistance of the mechanized requirements of war—that will defeat the onslaught of atheism through Communism.

Through the instructions from Moscow, it is quite apparent that the Communists of this country are growing bolder. Browder's recent statements indicate that he is coming out in the open. This government is to be overthrown by force, according to his version.

We hear so much from religious leaders about the dangers of divorce. Prudery is the principal cause of divorce. Marriage is often incurred without an atom of knowledge of the physiological laws of sex. Mistakes are made that often turn two cooing lovers into bitter enemies. And then marriage becomes an inferno.

The English language has been the principal support of prudery. There are far more divorces among the English-speaking races than in Germany and Italy. Sex is not such a tabooed subject in some of the European countries.

Women whose morals are inclined to be questionable state quite plainly that Europeans make better husbands and lovers than Americans. Their opinion of the average American lover would not be printable.

What this country needs . . . what Christianity needs . . . is better and stronger men and women. Women and men who are capable of building a race that will be able to fight the battles which are certain to face us in the not far distant future.

Christianity is on trial. The principles of selflessness and humanitarianism which it advocates should be preserved. But unless the evils that are insidiously destroying the race are effectively attacked . . . the outlook in the future is questionable.

Bernarr Macfadden

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* * *

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Budweiser
BUDWEISER BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
udweiser Lager Beer

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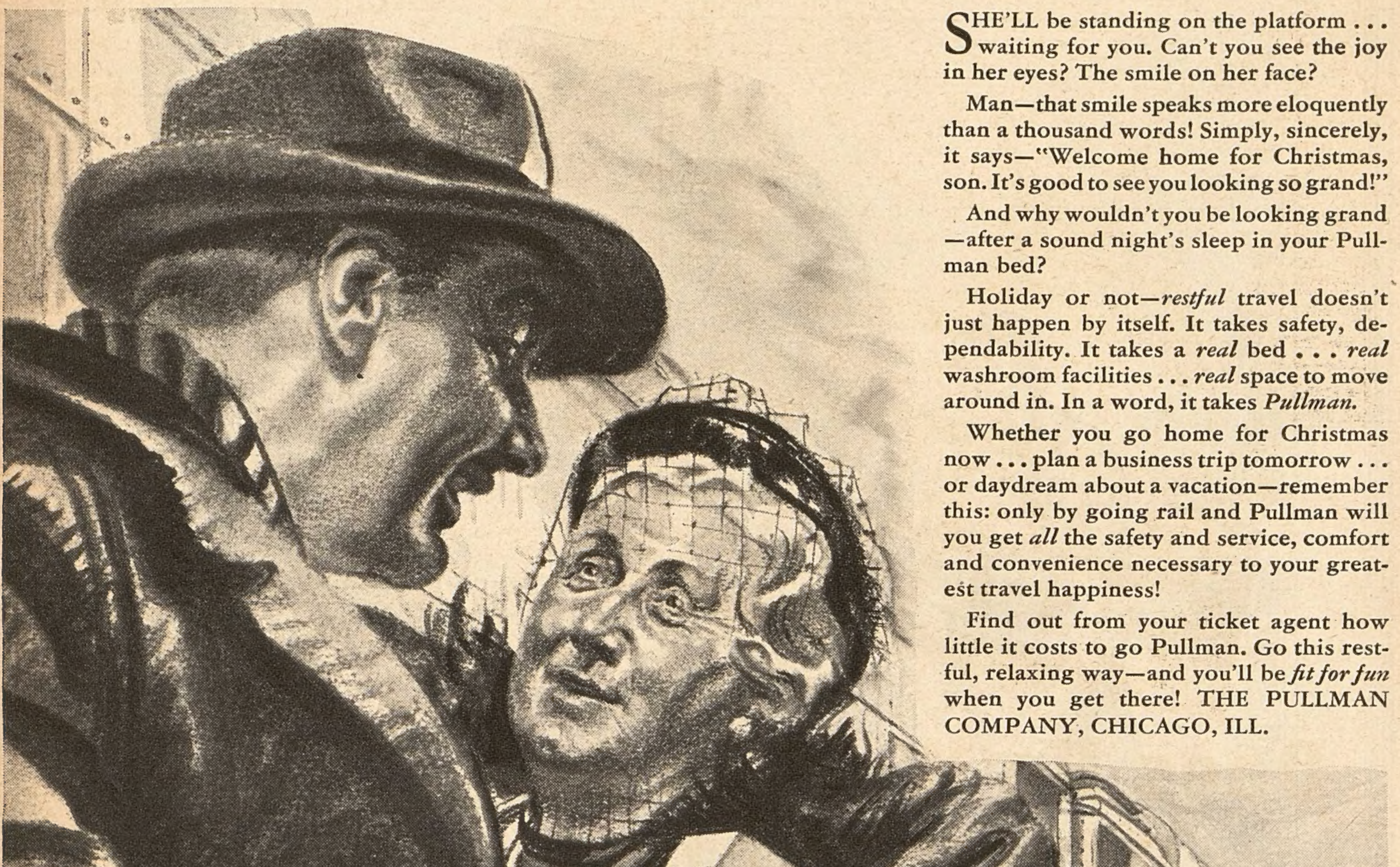
"Hello Mom!"



SHE'LL be standing on the platform . . . waiting for you. Can't you see the joy in her eyes? The smile on her face?

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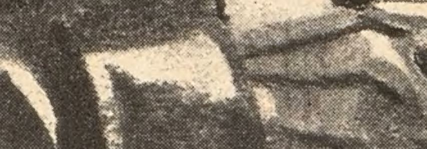

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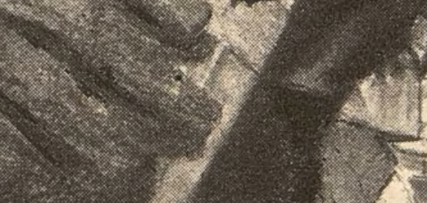

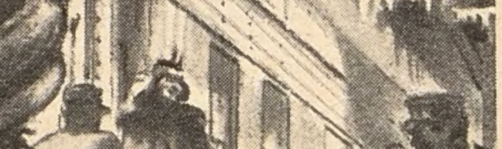

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LINDBERGH'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR:

Does He Want to Be PRESIDENT?

A thought-provoking look at a once silent hero who has found words at last

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE two men were talking—as aren't we all?—about Lindbergh. "Well," said one, "the prodigal son came home—and kicked the fatted calf."

"You're damn right!" replied the other.

Of course he wasn't right, really. Charles A. Lindbergh is no prodigal. He is an admirable young man, thrifty and clean-living, who has grown comfortably rich and doesn't need a fatted calf from any one.

The significance of the conversation lies in the fact that it came from the lips of two Americans who have, until recently, regarded Colonel Lindbergh as not only a superhero but the perfect gentle knight.

I wondered, as I heard them, whether these expressions were merely temporary reactions to our once bashful hero's unexpected emergence in the not so appealing role of radio politician, or whether they should be reckoned as accurate measures of the sudden nose dive which the flying Colonel seems to have taken in American public opinion since his ill-timed journey to Berlin to accept a medal from Adolf Hitler.

There was bound to be a good deal of speculation when the man whose longest public statement was usually "Nothing to say" suddenly took fifteen minutes of radio time to talk to his fellow countrymen. Why, people asked, does the Sphinx break its silence?

On the surface, the answer was that he had something to say and felt it his duty to say it. Still, as one observer pointed out, not even the chance to make a radio appeal for the return of his kidnaped son had tempted him to the microphone in 1932. And only a few weeks before this year's first speech, his friend Dr. Alexis Carrel had said of him, "He is hypersensitive and wants only to be quiet and to be forgotten."

Certainly, if Colonel Lindbergh wished to become the forgotten man, he was taking a strange way to go about it by indulging in coast-to-coast political controversies. It just didn't add up. So admirers and former admirers went right on asking questions, and presently a look backward into the Colonel's acts and associations during the past few months led the quick in judgment to ask:

"Does Lindbergh want Hitler to win?"

Nobody, of course, can answer that question but Lindbergh himself. But whether or not he wants Germany to win, he certainly expects, or did expect, her to do so. That is the only credible and, for Colonel Lindbergh, the wholly creditable explanation of his course in frightening Britain into a fear of Hitler's air might. In fact, apologists have been quick to point out that Lindbergh's admiration is for Nazi technique, not for Nazi ideology.

More impartial observers are not so sure. Harold Nicolson, biographer of the late Dwight Morrow, friend of the Lindberghs and owner of the fine old house in which they spent their British exile, said in his "defense" of Colonel Lindbergh: "There were other things he admired. He liked their grim efficiency and liked the mechanization of the State and he was not at all deterred by the suppression of free thought and free discussion; he admired the conditioning of a whole generation to the ideals of harsh self-sacrifice; the rush and rattle of it all impressed him immensely."

That this would be true has long been suspected by every American writing man whose job it has been to chronicle the acts of Charles A. Lindbergh from that time, twelve years ago, when he rejected the affectionate nickname "Lindy" and insisted upon being called "Colonel Lindbergh," down to those ghastly days in Flemington when he sat day after day with a gun in his coat and with what his newspaper critics believed to be the cold gleam of vengeance in his eye.

Without taking sides between Colonel Lindbergh and the reporters, it is easy to see that the Lindbergh mind has been molded by circumstance to welcome and appreciate the absolutism which was able to guarantee him what he had not been able to find anywhere else in the world—absolute privacy.

As far back as 1936, when Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh visited Germany in their first flight after arriving in Europe, Hitler forbade any German paper to mention their approach, and decreed their secret landing at the military airdrome at Staaken, forbidden ground for all other civilians. Only after they were safely landed did he allow the controlled German press to announce their arrival and the fact that "the character of Colonel Lindbergh symbolizes the heroic qualities which Adolf Hitler is seeking to impress on German youth."

And what was that character, as it had developed during years of suffering and self-imposed exile?

Well, Mr. Nicolson says that Lindbergh emerged from his ordeal "with a loathing for publicity that was almost pathological. He identified the outrage to his private life first with the popular press and then, by inevitable associations, with freedom of speech and then, almost, with freedom. He began to loathe democracy."

Thus, on thoroughly understandable grounds, was established the *entente cordiale* which has existed ever since between America's great peacetime hero and the present militaristic regime in Nazi Germany.

That is the background which makes it possible, perhaps excusable, for a well meaning American to say, as one did to me not long ago: "Hitler pinned a medal on Lindbergh. What is Lindbergh trying to pin on us now?"

FRIENDS of the great flyer have sought for an answer of a more personal nature to his sudden plunge into power politics, and have found one in the warfare which broke out between Lindbergh and the British press before and after his hurried departure from England.

That there should be a feeling in Great Britain that Lindbergh, by depreciating Russia's value as an ally and emphasizing—magnifying, many people think—Germany's formidableness as an enemy, was largely responsible for the Russian-German pact, was inevitable. It could hardly be denied that the aviator's reports to his British friends went a long way to push Chamberlain into acceptance of the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, an inopportune exhibition of supineness which inevitably encouraged Hitler to undertake his subsequent pillage of Britain's other ally, Poland. Too late, Chamberlain turned back to Russia for help. The Lindbergh reports had done their work.

It was inevitable that the British, feeling all this, should not be able to hide it wholly, even under British reserve. It was inevitable also that Lindbergh should resent the manner in which this feeling was mirrored in the public prints. He wasn't called a "lackey" and a "mercenary liar," as he was in Russia, but it was tough to read in a responsible British paper:

"If he is so frank about the air forces of Germany and Russia in his conversations in Britain and France, no doubt he is equally expansive on the subject of Britain's air force when he is in Germany."

Those who remembered how impossible he had found it to put up even with adulation from the American press thought they saw the explanation of his later attitude toward England in the caustic attitude of the British press during and after his imbroglio with the Russian aviation experts and his love feast with the German ones.

No man ever received so much and so fulsome praise from American newspaper writers as Charles Augustus Lindbergh. If he couldn't take that, how, his friends asked, could he be expected to take such London headlines as: The Elusive Colonel Lindbergh, The Garboesque Colonel, Europe's Busybody?

Less friendly critics made the more positive assertion that Lindbergh, feeling sore at British criticism, was fighting back. Perhaps, they continued, he was asked to leave England.

The last suggestion raises a nice point. Was it, by any chance, his former friends of the so-called Cliveden Set who urged the advisability of his going home? No doubt inadvertently, but no less certainly, he had gotten them into a peck of trouble by his belittling of Russia and glorification of Germany in the weeks before Munich. Lady Astor, obviously hurt by world criticism, rushed to her own defense.

"I loathe dictators," she cried. "I am so much against Hitler that I wouldn't think of accepting an invitation to meet him if one were offered me."

Feeling that way, she and her friends might well have found irksome a continued association with her fellow American, who obviously did not feel so strongly about dictators or their hospitality and favors.

"Was it, in the last analysis, British ostracism rather than British criticism," these critics asked, "which led to the Colonel's sudden return and his apparently deliberate attempt to stir up trouble between us and the British Empire?"

THE idea that Lindbergh was put up to his recent activities by so-called American Fascist groups also obtained some credence. There is, however, not a shred of evidence to connect him with any shirt organization, black, brown, or silver.

On the other hand, there is an undeniably strong element in the social circle in which Colonel Lindbergh now spends his life, who are so much more scared of Communists than they are of Fascists that, until the recent merging of the two ideologies, they were inclined to look on Hitler's activities with a not too unfriendly eye. Even now there are some who would rather take a chance on some kind of modified Hitlerism than on a continuation of the Rooseveltian New Deal.

Hatred of Roosevelt among the people with whom Lindbergh is continually thrown is unquestionable. Lady Astor, who indubitably saw the same kind of people on her 1937 visit to America, spoke nothing but the truth when she said: "I was telling him [the President] how remarkable it was for a man so hated to be so free from hate. Don't you think he's hated? You haven't been where I've been since I came over on this trip."

Isn't it a more likely solution of this second Lindbergh mystery, therefore, to believe that if any one is behind Lindbergh in his unexpected sally into American politics, it is the group which has most to gain by building up a political figure capable of returning the White House to its former Tory owners?

Has Toryism picked Lindbergh to beat Roosevelt?

Is Lindbergh, in spite of his recent fall from the popularity heights, the only man who could beat him?

Could he beat him with the slogan, "He'll keep us out of war"?

Do mossbacks or would-be Fascists think he could?

Is that the idea behind his sudden volubility?

There are, we see, several possible explanations of the Colonel's recent broadcasting activities, and most of them have a degree of plausibility.

LET'S eliminate the more sinister suggestions. Let's accept the man for what we have always believed him to be, a patriotic American. Not Hitler's man. Not the British Fascists' man. Not the American Fascists' man. His own man. Let's assume that if Lindbergh wants to be President—and it certainly looks as if he did—he wants to on his own account and to satisfy his own wholly understandable and wholly praiseworthy ambition.

Lindbergh is thirty-seven years old. His career in aviation is nearing an end. Moreover, there are indications that he desires it to end quickly. Repeatedly he has expressed his disappointment that the airplane, of which he and others expected so much, has degenerated into a weapon of strife and destruction.

He has tried his hand, with apparent success, in the field of laboratory science. But the retirement of his friend Carrel from the Rockefeller Institute may have put something of a crimp in his opportunities for further research work. As for the artificial heart, he has let it be known that he considers it finished.

At this time, when he is more footloose than at any time since his first flight, has come his first experience with world politics. And now the war has closed to him the channels of political progress in Europe, and he finds the land of his birth facing an issue on which he has profound convictions, both inherited and acquired: the issue of peace and war. Here is something he can put his teeth into—and, presto, he has bitten off a great big bite.

But, you say, surely Lindbergh would not choose this time, when his popularity is admittedly at low ebb, to try to win his fellow citizens' support for the Presidency? Surely he would not begin his campaign, when he must know that the country is ninety per cent pro-Ally, with a speech which would seem to be one hundred per cent pro-German?

I believe that is just what he would

do, just the kind of thing he has done over and over again. I could give a dozen examples. Let me choose one which will be as little controversial as possible: his flight to Europe after the Hauptmann trial.

You recall the situation. The Bronx carpenter had been convicted after a farcical proceeding ridiculous in the public eye and censurable in the eyes of the great bar associations. Whether the prisoner committed the murder I don't know—I don't believe anybody knows—but there was not a moment in the whole seriocomic performance when any sane person thought he had a chance. With America's beloved hero sitting there accusing the prisoner, identifying him unhesitatingly by a two-years-past momentary hearing of his voice, your life or mine would have been worth no more than Hauptmann's was when it came to a poll of that Flemington jury.

After the trial a reaction set in. Letters—many of them from writers who thought Hauptmann guilty, but not solely guilty—began to pour in demanding a reopening of the case. Mysterious things were also happening on every side. Betty Gow went to Scotland. Red Johnson went to Norway. The Whateleys went to Denmark and reputedly died. The Morrows were preparing to go to China. Jafsie Condon went to Panama. Violet Sharpe had taken cyanide.

Lindbergh alone, of all the important figures on his side of the case, was standing his ground. We could not help respecting him for not running away under the fire of public clamor. Some blamed him for not insisting that Hauptmann's execution be postponed until the last doubt of his sole guilt had been dispelled. But no one for a moment thought that Lindbergh himself had anything to conceal.

No one, of course, thinks so now. But it is a miracle that such is the case. For, with the insistent demand for a reopening of the case assailing his ears, he chose that particular time to announce that he too had left the country.

THE reason he gave was one with which, at the moment, we all could sympathize. In retrospect, however, it hardly seems a compelling one. It doesn't take a Long Barn in Kent or a castle in Wales to give a healthy three-year-old child "a normal, peaceful life." A ranch in Wyoming would have given it to him—perhaps even a less self-consciously sequestered existence in Englewood, New Jersey.

A more likely motivation for the trip was the Lindberghs' natural desire to avoid the flood of letters appealing for a reopening of the kidnaping case, combined with an equally natural desire to be far away when Hauptmann breathed his last. Understandable, this. Understandable, yes—but definitely, fatally unwise. How a woman of Mrs. Lindbergh's tact and wisdom agreed to it is one of the greatest of all the great Lindbergh mysteries. She must have realized that their disappearance on the eve of possible further inquiry into the Hauptmann case would be a principal factor in keeping alive that morbid public interest which she and the Colonel so wished to avoid.

It is universally believed among informed people that Colonel Lindbergh's troubles with the press would never have occurred if he had retained his own wife as public relations counsel. Take, for example, the method chosen for their departure from the country. It is inconceivable that a daughter of Dwight Morrow, if she had been given the job of avoiding undue publicity, would have handled the situation so badly.

There was really no reason why the Lindberghs should have slunk out of their native land like thieves in the night. There is scarcely an important sailing from New York that does not carry some famous person or persons who prefer to sail in privacy. But, by that perversity which seems to direct his course, Lindbergh went out of his way to ask for the very thing he was trying to avoid. Outside of two shipping officials and members of Mrs. Lindbergh's family, only two persons knew the destination of the automobile which slipped that night through the guarded gates of the Morrow estate and sped to the steamship pier.

"I loathe dictators!" Lady Astor was quick to assure the world after Lindbergh's "report" at Cliveden on Hitler's air force had raised a tempest.

One was "Deac" Lyman, aviation reporter of the New York Times, who had discovered the impending hegira and, in return for the promise of an exclusive story or "scoop," had agreed to keep the news secret until the freighter was safely at sea.

Obviously, nothing could so have pricked the curiosity of newspaper readers or so have invited the ill will of almost every newspaperman as this act of favoritism toward *one* newspaperman. But those curiously contradictory traits in our hero's character, hatred of publicity and love of the dramatic sort of thing which inspires it, had both been appeased. He had given the newspaper fraternity one last departing kick in the pants, and had engineered the most exciting and provocative departure from our shores since he took off, nine years before, in the Spirit of St. Louis.

The resulting publicity was, of course, terrific! Incidentally—and not so incidentally, either—America took a licking from nations of Europe the result of which is well-nigh incalculable. The Fleet Street newspaper barons, for example, jumped at the chance to hold the American nation up to scorn and ridicule. These gentlemen, whose Sunday editions printed such filthy divorce-court details that a special Act of Parliament was required to restrain them, deplored "the culminating example of disgraceful American yellow journalism" which was said to have determined the Lindberghs' flight.

IT would be comforting to Colonel Lindbergh's well-wishers if it could be established that the qualities of mind which led him in 1935 to do the wrong thing at the wrong time had changed with the years. But, judging from his famous trip to Berlin, following his excoriation by the Russian press, to receive what many could not help regarding as a reward for his contribution to Herr Hitler's Victory of Munich, the Lindbergh of 1939 is still the Lindbergh of 1935.

In the first days of his fame Lindbergh hired a press agent, and a good one—Harry Bruno. He was glad enough to avail himself of the newspapers' co-operation in boosting his career. Later, as a representative of the Guggenheim Fund, he came under that great master of public relations and wizard of what not to do, the late Ivy Lee. During this supervised period he made few mistakes. But once his financial independence was established, the "wrong-way" side of the great aviator became obvious.

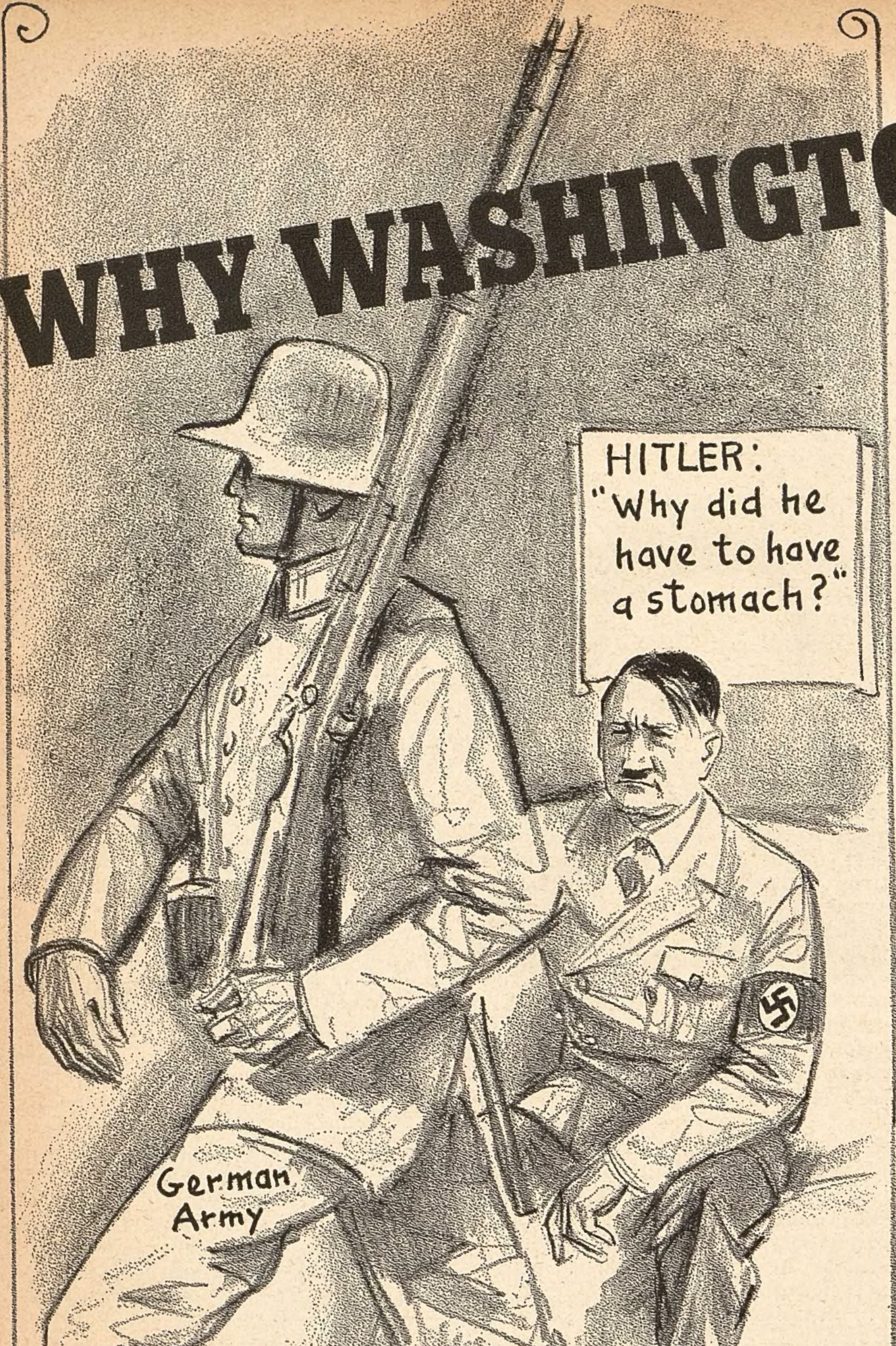
Speaking of this pre-kidnap period, when Lindbergh had had nothing but adulation from press and public, his friend Mr. Nicolson says in his Spectator article that the Colonel's "simplicity became muscle-bound; his virility and ideas became not merely inflexible but actually rigid; his self-confidence thickened into arrogance and his convictions hardened into granite"; and of the post-kidnap period: "His mind had been sharpened by fame and tragedy until it had become as hard as metal and as narrow as a chisel."

So, you see, it is conceivable that the Lindbergh of this campaign period should have chosen this most inopportune time to make his entry into national politics and to follow up that decision by adopting the method least likely to succeed. At least, such extraordinary procedure is no bar to an affirmative answer to the question, Does Lindbergh want to be President?

Whether it will prove a bar to the American public's acceptance of him as a candidate for the Presidency is another question!

THE END

WHY WASHINGTON THINKS


HITLER: "Why did he have to have a stomach?"
German Army
Batchelor

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

GERMANY cannot win the war. That is Washington's official appraisal.

There is no doubt at all that most of official Washington strongly feels that Germany should not, even must not, win. That is a matter of sentiment which President Roosevelt has never himself disguised.

But sentiment is one thing and factual knowledge is another. When war was seen to be imminent and unavoidable, the heads of the government departments at the President's direction made a detailed survey of the military, naval, commercial, and economic factors affecting the belligerents. The nature of that report is hereby shared with Liberty's readers.

Germany cannot win, not even with all the help Russia can provide, nor with Italy's assistance, active or passive. The reason lies not in soldiers, guns, or airplanes, but with the groceryman.

Field Marshal Werner von Fritsch knew that a year ago, and said so. Hitler knew better, and found a new field marshal who agreed with him that Germany could survive and triumph in the kind of war Germany was going to fight. A "lightning war" against Poland while France and England stood astounded at the Nazi-Communist partnership—and then peace on Hitler's terms before frost. *That* was the kind of war the Führer had in mind.

He did not believe Britain's solemn warnings that invasion of Poland would mean a war to the finish, but President Roosevelt did. He told his aides to find out all they could about the nature, probable duration, and ultimate outcome of that war.

Here is what the prophets report:

Barring improbable accidents, such as the sudden collapse from internal causes of Germany, Britain, and France, the war will last into the winter of 1940-41 at least, and maybe a year longer.

It will end before starvation over-

CARTOON BY
C. D. BATCHELOR

Exclusive, authoritative! Here is our government's inside view of Nazi hopes

GERMANY *Can't* WIN

BY WALTER KARIG

comes the German people, because German industries will collapse from want of fuel and materials first.

The Navy Department found that the Allies' fighting ships outnumbered Germany's by five to one, and the superiority in tonnage and armament was even more disproportionate. Success of a blockade against Germany is thereby guaranteed. If any Mediterranean country enters the war, the blockade will become more effective because Britain controls the Gibraltar and Suez bottlenecks.

Army Intelligence reported that German military morale, low before the war's beginning, had been strengthened by the conquest of Poland. Germany is still weak in junior and noncommissioned officers compared with her western opponents, but in a war waged between two lines of concrete fortifications, that lack will not be felt as much as in a war of the 1914 variety. Man power is adequate for that kind of fighting. German artillery and airplanes top the Allied strength, but these are not of much use after ammunition and gasoline give out. And they will give out, says the Department of Commerce, in two years.

Now, a war fought from fixed positions, such as the Maginot and Siegfried lines, must necessarily be a war of exhaustion. The Allies, military experts declare, will have a six-month job breaking through the first line of German fortifications, only to confront a second—the Limes line—too far off for the Maginot's big guns to reach, too strong for mobile artillery to shatter.

But Hitler is not going to sit tight behind his forts, letting his army be starved into submission just because it cannot be pounded into surrender. Consequently American military opinion is that the Nazis will be forced to stake everything on a flank attack through Switzerland or the Netherlands, coupled with unrestricted aerial bombardment. In other words, Germany is bound to try to destroy front-line morale by destroying the homes of Britain's Tommy and France's poilu, and then pounce upon them from the rear. The American military men do not think that stunt will work. Germany's armies will literally have a hell of a time forcing their way through alert mobilized and entrenched Holland or Switzerland, while British and French temperament will react to bombs on London and Paris in a manner decidedly unhealthy for any Nazi soldiers within reach.

Anyhow, the war is not going to be lost on the battlefield, insist the economists and trade experts and statisticians of the Commerce Department whose business it is to reduce the whole problem to a cold-blooded algebraic equation.

The *X* in that equation, the unknown quantity, is Germany's reserves of essential materials. By calculating her known imports over the past five years and deducting her estimated consumption, the statisticians deduce reserve stocks, augmented in some categories by imports via Continental neighbors, to be sufficient for two years.

Hitler's boast that he can carry on a seven years' war is met with snorts of utter disbelief. If he can fight the last five years with brickbats and untipped arrows and on a diet of sawdust and sunshine, O. K.!

For Germany is cut off from all access to cotton, basic ingredient of modern explosives. Germany can import no rubber for gas masks or the tires upon which her mechanized armies move. All access to tin and nickel is blocked, and a host of raw materials of less direct military and civilian consumer value, such as vegetable oils and alloy metals. Germany can make synthetic rubber to a limited extent, and wood pulp can be made to substitute for cotton, but there is no substitute for aviation-grade gasoline; and Germany is cut off from nearly 90 per cent of its sources for high-test engine fuels or the petroleum that produces them. With all the crude oil that Russia and Rumania can export to the Reich, Germany will still be lacking two thirds of *normal* petroleum supplies, not counting the vulnerability of her factories in the Ruhr Valley where gasoline is distilled from coal.

There is no substitute, either, for meat and grain. Half of Germany's meat consumption before the war depended upon imports from South Africa and South America, from which she cannot get so much as a lamb chop now at any price.

Sixty-seven per cent of Germany's cereals—wheat, corn, rye, and oats—came from overseas before the war, the United States Department of Commerce figures. Those imports have been stopped. Russia cannot make up a tenth of the deficiency in meat and grains for Germany.

To counteract that stoppage of foodstuffs, Hitler ordered the German people upon short rations the day before he brought war upon them. How long German morale will stand up under such conditions cannot be computed, but it can be reckoned on one's fingers that by cutting down their consumption of meat by 60 per cent and by eating only one third as much cereal foods as they used to, the Germans will still be eating up all they can get in a year.

But long before the Germans and the conquered Poles and Czechs are packing their empty bellies with grass and clay, the Reich's industries will be starved, our experts figure.

They will be starved for fuel. Germany has an annual production of 184,512,000 tons of coal—an annual consumption of 189,100,000 tons. They will be starved for materials. Germany mines 8,522,000 tons of iron a year, and consumes 30,000,000 tons.

But if Germany's overseas sources have been shut off by Britain and France, there are still Continental neighbors from whom necessities may be purchased. Isn't that so?

Yes and no, answer the economists, with the "no" emphasized.

Among all the other things Germany has not is—money.

For years Germany has lived by barter. She took the raw materials she lacked and manufactured them into machines and gadgets. The raw materials were paid for with manufactures. Germany traded machinery, airplanes, and guns to Brazil for coconut oil, rubber, and coffee. She traded the coffee to Sweden for iron and timber; the rubber to Russia for wheat and petroleum. And so on.

The trade agreement with Russia and Rumania calls upon Germany to deliver airplanes and other implements of war and machinery and assorted gadgets in swap for petroleum, wheat, and metals.

The Allied blockade cuts Germany off from many of the raw materials necessary to manufacture the articles for barter. In addition, the war forces Germany to convert many industries which manufactured export goods into munition factories. Germany is going to have unforeseen difficulties in producing those articles in trade with which she must pay all her neighbors for her purchases.

Meanwhile neutral Powers and Britain and France are going after the business of Germany's neighbors. They are offering spot cash, too. The Allies are buying more of Rumania's and Scandinavia's products than they can use, just to keep the stuff out of Germany's hands.

That's war *à la* 1939. Francs, pounds, marks, lira, leis, pesos, rubles, and dollars count for more than bombs, bullets, and bayonets. Empty stomachs are more destructive than full cartridge pouches.

Thus passes the glory of war—if there ever was any.

THE END

A WOMAN Wants So Much

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BLUMFIELD, the executive in chief, looked up briefly as Alan French entered, gave him a perfunctory nod, and resumed reading the last pages of the bulky manuscript he held in his hands.

Alan French knew it was his own script, but he could tell nothing from Blumfield's face as to a verdict. Blumfield liked to play poker. Alan glanced around the sumptuous modern office, chose a chair which had been built for comfort as well as upholstered elegance, and settled in it uneasily, watching Blumfield.

Alan did not look uneasy. He was one of the best casual dressers in the studio, wearing his perfect apparel with a careless grace which suited his tall rangy form. His face was strong —too rugged for cinematic ideals of beauty. He always looked distinguished and sure of himself, as an ace studio writer should look. Only at this unguarded moment was apprehension betrayed as he watched Blumfield through narrowed eyes, because he knew this script was not as good as the last—which had been not as good as the one before that. . . .

Blumfield flipped the last page and tossed the script down on the huge glass-topped desk. Blumfield was one of the old-young men common to the motion-picture industry: A meteoric career of heavy responsibility before he was thirty, and an attempt to cram the wisdom and judgment of riper years into his brief life. A fair man, Blumfield, as well as a brilliant one.

He looked now at Alan, thoughtfully, measuringly.

"You prefer things straight from the shoulder, don't you, French? Well, then, we're not taking up our option on your contract."

It was a knockout blow. Alan had been nerving himself for hot argument over the script he did not believe in himself. But—he hadn't expected to be fired. He shielded himself behind the tinted lenses of his glasses and said nothing.

"I've warned you several times," Blumfield went on, "that you were slipping. I don't know why it is—whether you've let your social career interfere, or whether you're just burned out. But the truth is, there's no heart in your stuff. It's artificial, forced—especially your love scenes."

Alan raised his eyes. "Why do you throw me such paltry themes?" he asked bitterly. "I'm sick of this man-woman drivel in a world torn by more vital issues!"

Blumfield sat back in his chair and put his fingertips precisely together. "You've revealed yourself by saying that," he remarked. "Don't you know it's the one great fundamental thing that reaches into every heart in the world? All the more so when the world, as you say, is torn? If you weren't burned out, you'd find something eternally new and beautiful in that theme."

Alan stared at the floor. He could not find words to argue his case, because for many months—years—he had known, deep down, the lack in himself. He had been afraid of it—he would never bring it to the surface of his mind—but he had known. He had made a bid for favor by writing frantic comedy, worn old routine gags insinuated into smart modern love scenes. Trashy. Insincere. Heartless. It had seemed to go over pretty well—at first—because Alan French wrote it.

"I don't doubt," Blumfield was saying, "you can get a job at another studio—for a while. But your last pictures are your record. You're a hack writer now, French, and you're headed for the ash heap. Unless . . . I wish I knew what to say—"

He broke off at the whir of his dictograph and flicked a lever. His secretary's voice rasped through: "Mr. Goodman on the phone, Mr. Blumfield."

Blumfield reached for one of the telephones on his desk. "Hello, Goody. . . . Up four points? Well, why don't you sell, then? . . ."

Alan had no interest in the broker's call. Tips on the market belonged to a life now suddenly gone. But it was enough to bring to his mind his own desperate financial situation. Huge income tax not paid. Mortgage on his home. Payments. Payments. No Wednesday pay checks coming? It made him sweat.

He saw himself scurrying like a hunted rabbit. And oh, he was tired now—tired before the last stages of the hunt began! Because he had been scurrying a long time. . . . He remembered a conversation only last night among his cronies, high-priced executives, writers, directors. They had been complaining bitterly:

"The pay roll says we get a quarter million a year, say. Well, we're expected to live on that scale, aren't we? Yet the government takes such a gouge out of it we can't live on what's left without going into debt."

"The government never figures that what we make comes out of *here.*" The speaker had thumped his bald dome. "We're not factories. What if we got sick?"

So they had fumed, consuming Alan's good liquor. Then Alan had been moved to say: "A man is happier making no more than five thousand a year. He can live in comfort—and no surtax."

They had laughed, of course. They had thought it was another of Alan's wisecracks. But Alan had meant it, for he'd been getting tired scurrying.

Blumfield's decisive voice cut through his thoughts: "Sell when she gets to four hundred, Goody."

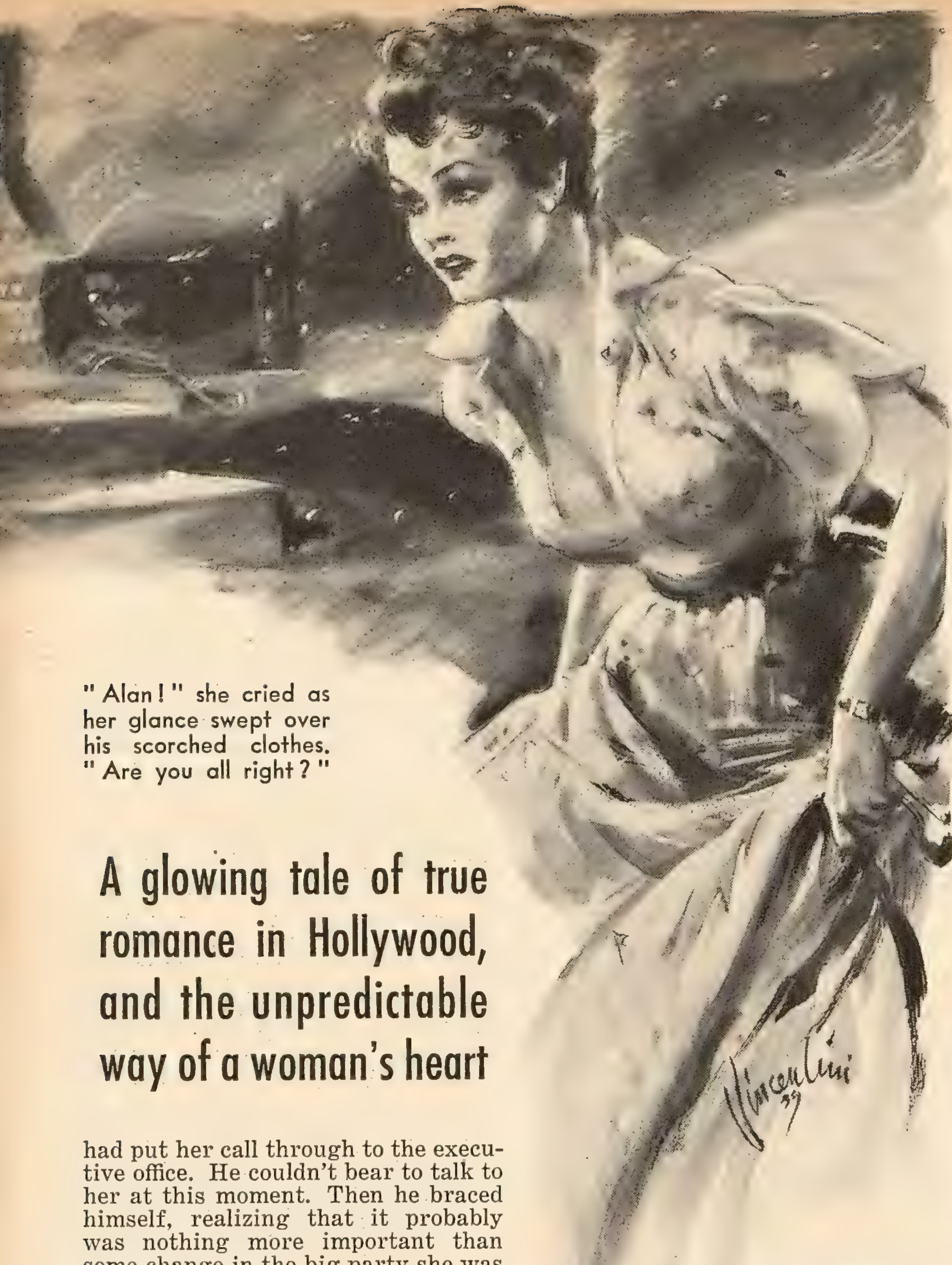
Sell. Sell. Yes, Alan thought, he could sell that incubus of a house—at a loss, the way real estate was now. But hold on—that would never do. Why, that house, that estate, put Phyllis on top where she loved to be! And he wasn't telling Phyllis the fix he was in. He never would, if he could help it—if he could get another job. Some fiction about a better break. . . . A man didn't lower his prestige with a wife like Phyllis.

Blumfield, replacing the receiver in its cradle, was looking at him again, keenly, but with an irritated regretfulness, too.

"French," he said, "I wish I knew where to put a finger on what's happened to you. I'm not forgetting The World, Clash, Rose—" He was giving studio abbreviations for the names of Alan's great successes of seven or eight years before. "But for a long time you've given us nothing like those. Directors try to make something of your stuff, but they can't do much to bolster up a story when it isn't there. Now they don't want you. So—"

Again the ubiquitous dictograph signaled, grating on Alan's nerves. Blumfield listened. Then he looked up at Alan, who had risen to go. "It's for you—your wife—urgent. Use that phone."

Alan put his hand on the instrument, hesitating, annoyed that they



" Alan ! " she cried as her glance swept over his scorched clothes. " Are you all right ? "

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

A glowing tale of true romance in Hollywood, and the unpredictable way of a woman's heart

BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

had put her call through to the executive office. He couldn't bear to talk to her at this moment. Then he braced himself, realizing that it probably was nothing more important than some change in the big party she was throwing tonight.

Her voice, when it came over the wire, was tense, frightened: “ Oh, Alan—there's a terrible brush fire out here! It's out of control. They say it's threatening our place! I'm out—and I can't get back.”

“ You stay where it's safe,” he ordered. “ I'll start right away. There's probably no real danger.”

But there was. The brush fire had started in the smooth yellow hills outside Pasadena. The sear grass, after months of drought, was like tinder. A dry desert wind howled through the pass to send the flames into the grand old live oaks, the pride of the countryside.

It was a region of fine estates. Above the oaks on hilltops here and there the roofs of spacious houses thrust their royal way toward the sky. County and city firemen, foresters, CCC boys fought to save the homes, the stables and kennels, of the very rich.

Alan French was compelled to slow his powerful sports roadster as he came upon the onlookers almost obscured in swirling clouds of smoke.

“ The French place is doomed! ” He heard the cry as he wove his way onward.

He had to abandon the car long before he reached the stately iron gates of his estate. The highway was full of equipment, of fire fighters and the curious people who always follow disaster.

Before he reached the open gates, Alan could see tongues of flame racing up the graceful pillars of his white colonial house. The gardens were smoldering, bursting into flame among the naked poplars.

A motorcycle policeman barred the way as Alan attempted to plunge through the gateway.

“ Hold on, brother. You can't go any closer.”

“ But I'm the owner,” Alan gasped. “ I'm Alan French.”

“ Don't care who you are. Orders is orders.”

Alan found himself being pushed unceremoniously outside, and stood there for a moment, trembling with rage. Then he turned and made off down the low wall which enclosed the acreage. Rounding a corner, he found the hidden garden gate unwatched. He saw, then, that the fire had already ravaged the house from this side. He leaped the terraces through burning shrubbery toward the fire fighters. Blinded by the smoke, he stumbled and fell, losing his glasses; was again on his feet, plunging onward.

The roof was now ablaze, and Alan seized a bystander blindly. “ Phyllis! ” he cried. “ My wife—”

“ She's safe, old man,” the blackened individual told him. “ She's down at my place.”

“ Oh . . . it's Barney, isn't it? ” Alan brushed his hand across his eyes and realized vaguely that his glasses were gone. His helplessness without them merged into the general nightmare. “ Thanks. Thanks. I was afraid she'd tried to get back.” He peered hazily at the burning house. “ Anything saved? ”

“ It came too fast,” Barney said. ‘ The firemen pulled out some furniture, but it's half burned and water-soaked.”

“ My paintings? ” Alan cried apprehensively.

“ Tough luck! There wasn't time.”

Alan waited for no more, rushing toward the back of the house, to the new wing just added for a combined gallery and playroom. He was actuated not so much by love of his modern art collection as the panicky thought of what it had cost him.

It was only after repeated attempts to enter the wing that he realized his efforts were futile. What was left of the house was a furnace now. Singed and torn, almost unrecognizable, at last he gave up, turned his back on the roaring conflagration, and staggered down a garden path between seared cypress hedges.

He found himself at last at the edge of the swimming pool. The fire had swept around it, smoking the blue tiles on the edge. Flying brands dropped into the water at intervals with a sizzle. But it was cooler here.

He looked around, still dazed. The artistic little bathhouse, with its luxurious dressing rooms, was gone. (The mobs of people in bathing suits were going to miss that, Sunday afternoons. Always mobs on Sun-days.) The barbecue pit. The bar. The house. All gone. Burned out—just like himself.

Blow after blow. He was standing up to it, wasn't he? But why this dread clutching at his heart, almost suffocating him?

He was going to have to tell Phyllis—about Blumfield. There was no possibility of covering up now, after this fire. She would have to know.

He dropped down on the coping at the edge of the pool, staring at the littered water. It would have been easier, he thought, twelve years ago, when Phyllis was his naïve small-town bride. He conjured up that Phyllis, and in doing so he fell into a familiar habit—that of staring at something like the white wall of his office until there seemed to unroll upon it the moving pictures of the story he was creating. Only now it was on the uneasy surface of the pool that the reel unwound, and it was a recollected scene, not born of his imagination.

IT was a small cottage he saw, with a bright burden of purple bougainvillaea on the porch. And he saw a neat path, flanked by strips of close-cropped lawn, up which walked young Alan French in a ready-made suit just too short for his bony wrists and wrinkling a little across the shoulders. Young Alan French carrying a flat parcel under his arm.

The young man walked into a living room where there was an overstuffed set, bookcases, an artificial fireplace, and a bare space over the mantel. His satisfied glance about the room showed how he loved this, his first home. He hid the parcel behind the sofa, for Phyllis was coming.

She came with the swift step of love, carrying their first son in her round young arms, and her black-fringed blue eyes flashed their welcome as she said gladly, "Darling! You're home early!"

He kissed her, and took little Alan into his arms. He put off the great surprise, savoring it.

But at last he produced the flat parcel and watched her breathless interest as she opened it. She held up a small framed picture—a California landscape done in oils. In the foreground a mass of spring wildflowers danced in myriads of colors, and pine trees marched up the slopes of the snow-topped mountains beyond.

The picture began to fill the screen like a close-up, and it was as if reproduced in technicolor. Alan French, at the pool, came back to the present with the wry thought that it was an obvious thing, by an obscure painter, and you could see the same landscape any April if you drove over Tehachapi Pass. Why should he think of that picture today? It was long gone—left behind him with everything else of the old life, according to his wish, when they had moved up the ladder.

But there it was, on the screen of his mind, the scene clicking on as young Alan hung the flamboyant thing over the mantel.

"I've always dreamed of owning an oil painting," Phyllis was murmuring ecstatically. "And this is so beautiful. I love mountains, don't you, Alan? But—but why—?"

He stepped down from the chair and seized her shoulders. "Because we're celebrating, darling! The studio's offered me a contract—two hundred a week!"

She hugged him, radiant with joy and pride. "They recognize your genius!" she avowed.

He tried to be modest. "Oh, it's just that I can write dialogue. Some of the silent-screen writers are on the skids because they can't."

"That's not all of it," she cried, lifting her head from his shoulder. "It's because you have the heart"—she pounded his chest with her small fist—"and you've the eyes to see, and the mind to translate humanity!"

What shining faith! With that behind him, young Alan could do anything. The surface of the pool reeled off kaleidoscopic shots, one lap-dissolving into another. Wednesday pay checks, with figures mounting, the house refurbished, another baby, a nursery, tailored clothes, Phyllis growing sleek and beautiful—no longer just pretty. Alan French saying, "I've got to have smart people around me. I'm too close to earth. Sophistication, repartee, the Continental viewpoint, sardonic humor—that's what I need in this business."

Then, later: "We must play their game. Can you do it? Hollywood doesn't believe success except in terms of an estate, a fleet of cars, entertainment de luxe."

WHICH lap-dissolved into the great drawing room of the white colonial house, with the chandeliers sending gleams reflected on polished rosewood a century old. People moving about with cocktails in hand—the executives and stars of the Hollywood firmament. Phyllis and Alan French giving another of their famous parties.

Alan, in faultless evening clothes, moved toward a flowerlike group of women of which Phyllis was the center. What a transformation in her in a few short years! The girl had taken to spending money as if born to it. Intelligently, too, providing the opulent background, the smooth service, the distinctive entertainment he had set as their goal.

He chuckled as he listened to the light chatter of the smart amusing women. Witty remarks at the expense of certain supposedly inviolable beliefs brought high laughter. Phyllis was popular—she was a clever listener, egging them on. She caught his eye, drew him into the group, gave him the breaks.

The scene faded from the screen in the pool, only to be supplanted by a more intimate one. He was in the great spacious bedroom he shared with Phyllis, lounging in his dressing gown on a sunny Sunday morning. She was at the telephone, marshaling her domestic forces to cope with the mobs already arriving at the swimming pool. She had become somehow formidable in her shining armor of sophistication, and she was receding farther and farther away from him. When she turned with that preoccupied efficient look he knew so well, he pulled her down beside him.

"We're never alone any more, Phyllis," he complained.

"I know!" She hugged him fiercely and kissed him. Then she drew back, rubbing her lips, smiling at him. "Run and shave. We're late."

It was always that way. Never any time for intimate lazy talks, for loving. Never time to explore each other's thoughts. . . . Except once, quite lately. Whew! That time he had skated on thin ice.

The scene was again in their bedroom. Phyllis was painting her lips before the dressing table. Alan had just come home from the studio. He said, opening an envelope, "The gasoline bill is outrageous. It's for four cars, of course—"

She said, looking at him in the glass, "Maybe that pet new chauffeur of yours is pocketing graft."

Alan whirled and looked at her. "Well, then—let him! He gave me an idea, didn't he?"

"Why, Alan! You don't need—"

Her eyes flashed up toward him for an instant, shock in their depths. It was the nearest he had ever come to admitting to her that he was coming to depend on others for ideas. He felt swift alarm—a fear that she might think he could not make more money and more money for her to spend.

Nothing more was said. But he bought her the biggest diamond yet, and felt that he had re-established his kingship.

A brand fell into the pool and broke the screen. Alan rubbed sooty fingers over his tired eyes. He was glad the boys weren't here. But they would have to say farewell to that expensive private school he had insisted upon—just because Blumfield's kids went there. Phyllis hadn't objected seriously—he supposed it gave her more time for beauty parlors, shopping, partying, "working" on Mrs. Blumfield's charity committee. Well, that was all out—all out. He would have to tell her, and that would be the end of everything.

ALAN felt a flash of resentment in which he tried to put the blame for his failure elsewhere than on his own shoulders. He knew it was a weak defense but he reveled in it for a moment: Women, he thought, are the pricks which force a man beyond his strength. Women. Down the ages. They want so much. More so today in America than ever. Spoiled wives. Indulgent husbands. . . . He drew himself up with a short laugh. Perhaps it was the husband's fault? Woman adorned is the symbol of his success.

"Come clean," he muttered to himself fiercely. "Why are you so afraid to tell Phyllis?"

Now he was thinking straight. Now he could go with honesty to the very core of himself. It was because he could not bear to lose the faith Phyllis had in him not only to provide money—but in his ability. He realized suddenly that he could not live without that faith. Losing Blumfield's esteem, losing his own confidence was as nothing compared to facing Phyllis disillusioned. As long as she held that vital spark, she might rekindle the dead fire in himself.

The smoke was shifting away now. Alan stood up to look toward the heap of ruins above the terraces. It was still smoking, black, water-soaked, the ugly death of a beautiful house. He turned his back upon it. And then, toiling up over the brow of the hill from the direction of Barney's place, he saw Phyllis coming.

She came slowly over the wreckage-strewn lawn, lifting the wide full skirt of her house gown. He saw her in soft-focus, but she seemed like a figure out of the past stepping through a ruined frame: The full skirt, the tiny waist, the chignon of curls atop her head. He summoned all his courage.

" Alan! " she cried as her alarmed glance swept over his scorched clothes. " Are you all right? "

" Oh, just in the pink! " he retorted with savage irony. He couldn't help it—he must stave off pity as long as he could—even if it meant being brutal and petty.

THE long lashes veiled her eyes. Her vivid mouth did not so much as tremble. After a moment she turned away a few steps and stood regarding the ashes of her home up there on the denuded terrace. He waited. Most women would have burst into tears. But not Phyllis, who had learned such consummate poise. She thrust her hand into the bag she carried and produced a pack of cigarettes, and came back to extend it mutely to him.

He shook his head. " I've swallowed enough smoke."

She sat down on the grass. When she had her cigarette going, she blew rings toward what was left of the house.

" When we rebuild," she said contemplatively, " it will be larger—and we must use fireproof material against any further acts of God."

That infuriated him. " Rebuild! " he shouted, and his voice cracked. " You know the fire insurance will just cover the mortgages! "

She shook her head and drawled, " Remember, the little woman knows nothing about the mysterious working of finance."

It was true. It had been his pride to pay all bills, to insist that she not worry her pretty head about a man's province.

" Well, we've lived beyond my salary," he said baldly. " Nothing saved —nothing to rebuild on."

She took that with irritating composure, smoking quietly. When she did speak, it was still in that half-humorous drawl she had acquired of late years. " Arithmetic was always my weak point. But I've wondered sometimes how we could live like millionaires when there wasn't a munitions factory or something behind us."

" Oh! So you've thought I couldn't go on making a big salary writing, eh? You thought it wouldn't last? "

" Of course not! " She smiled at him serenely. " What's the fuss about? "

" Phyllis! " he cried. " Phyllis—I've lost my job."

She crushed out her cigarette, looking up at him with concerned eyes.

20 QUESTIONS

1—This picture was taken years before this Canadian-born actress was in pictures. Her work has made her a star. Her roles have ranged from the tragic Juliet to that of Mary Haines in the riotous The Women. She is the mother of two children and the widow of a famous producer. Who is she?

2—Spelt, durum, einkorn, and poulard are types of what product?

3—How was the activity of the post-Civil War Ku-Klux Klan curtailed?

4—What is the costliest book in the Congressional Library?

5—Who are the American ambassadors to Japan, Russia, and Italy?

6—Epiphany is the twelfth day after what festival?

7—How did Charles Wakefield Cadman, Edward A. MacDowell, and George Gershwin become famous?

8—What does an albino lack that a brunette has plenty of?

9—Which weighs more by volume, skimmed milk or heavy cream?

10—From what plants are sake and tequila obtained?

11—What football team east of the Rockies has made the most trips to the Rose Bowl?

12—Is asbestos a plant, a mineral, or a synthetic product?

13—What percentage of the United States fleet is normally stationed in Pacific waters?

14—Does a man have one less rib than a woman?

15—What is the German name for the city of Klaipeda, and the Polish for Gotenhafen?

16—Which are more frequent, lunar or solar eclipses?

17—What design is common to the flags of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark?

18—How many planes are there in a squadron at full strength?

19—What is the origin of almost every word starting with x?

20—Who is chairman of the largest motor combine in the United States?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

" Not really! " she said unbelievingly.

" Fired! " he said shortly.

" But—Alan—" she said slowly, " you—Alan French—why, you can get a job anywhere! "

" Think so? " He went on to repeat with devastating clarity every word that Blumfield had said. He glossed over nothing, for it was essential that she know the worst in order to face the future.

When he had finished, she sat for a long time, motionless. He couldn't stand her silence any longer, and broke out, " Go on, be human! You don't have to be a good sport. Say what you feel—only, for heaven's sake, don't be sorry for me."

She rose to her feet and came close to him, not touching him, just looking into his eyes.

" Do you believe what Blumfield said is true? "

He stared back. This was the moment he had dreaded most. " Yes, it's true, Phyllis. I've known for a long time. I'm through—there's no creative ability left."

Not a hint of pity showed in those steadfast blue eyes of hers, though they used to flood with tears at the least pinprick he suffered. Nor did she disclaim his rating of himself. She just said: " If I had been at home we might have saved something that would have meant money now. The paintings—the jewelry— The servants—I suppose they just fled."

Money again, he thought. Was that all it meant to her?

She was going on steadily, reasonably: " Because I know that, first of all, you need rest. The budget being in the state it is, it's fortunate Europe is so torn up you can't go there."

" I don't get you," he said, frowning.

" We have to paint on the camouflage, don't we? We have to be light and gay about it? In the old days fired people went to Europe—and sometimes came back on top of the heap again. What's the equivalent of that now? "

His shoulders drooped. " I'm not going to try any pretense. I've hit bottom—and all Hollywood can know it and I don't care! "

It was then that she wreathed his soiled downcast face in her two slender hands. " Do you mean it? " she cried. " Oh, Alan—then you *can* rest! "

He glanced up at the dismal skeleton of the house on the terrace. " Where? " he asked sardonically.

Her hands slipped down to clasp his. She tugged him away. " Come! The little house didn't burn, Alan! "

HE roused at that and turned to look toward the brow of the hill—the way Phyllis had come. He couldn't see over it, nor could he believe that the cottage still stood. He moved like an automaton as she urged him along.

" It's like a miracle! " she was saying breathlessly. " I just came by from Barney's. Even the flowers in the dooryard escaped the flames."

He trudged along at her side, the weight still heavy within him. Phyllis was being swell—but he was dissatisfied, humiliated. They topped the rise, and there, down in the hollow, tucked close into a corner of the stone wall, stood the little house. The purple of the bougainvillaea vine over the porch caught his eye. They had planted that when they moved the shack from the lot in Hollywood, just after the great house had been built. Phyllis had suggested that it could be used for a guest house or a playhouse for the boys.

As they approached it, Alan was thinking that he had not been inside it since. To his knowledge, it had never been used as a guest house, and of course the boys had been away most of the time at school.

"It's unlocked," Phyllis said. "I was here this morning when the brush fire started in the hills, and I left in a hurry to watch it."

He put out his hand as he entered the doorway, accidentally brushing the low bookcase which stood just inside to the right. A little leather case fell to the floor. He stooped for it swiftly, and opened it, to find his old horn-rimmed spectacles. He put them on with a sigh of relief, and Phyllis and the room sprang into sharp focus.

The tiny living room was just as he remembered it, only that the shabby old overstuffed set was covered with fresh chintz slips. Crisp swiss curtains veiled the windows. The California landscape he had recalled so recently smiled gaily from its old place above the mantel. Roses in a blue bowl sent faint fragrance to combat the smell of smoke drifting in through the open doorway. Alan closed the door quickly as he saw thin white ashes begin to dim the shining neatness of the floor.

WITHOUT comment he moved across the room to glance into the immaculate kitchen. Dishes—the same blue willow dishes—in the glass-doored cupboard; the breakfast nook; the old-fashioned gas stove. He turned away to peer into the boys' room. Trim little beds, an old tricycle, a football. Just as if the little fellows might come running in any minute. . . . He approached his and Phyllis' bedroom, and stood a long time in the doorway. The double bed with the lace spread Phyllis had made. His desk, all in order, the old secondhand portable typewriter upon it, a stack of paper. Flowers on the quaint bureau. The hushed sweetness and peace of the place began to steal over his sore-defeated spirit. He turned back to Phyllis.

She was flecking the dust of ashes off the arm of a deep chair—his chair—and smoothing the slip covers. She patted it invitingly, smiling at him. He came to sink down into it gratefully. She knelt on the floor beside him. Her profile looked childish and sweet as in long-ago days.

"I think you can rest here," she was saying eagerly, looking around the room. "You don't know what it's done for me. I've come here almost every day to—to get my balance. I've sewed or read—or sometimes just sat, letting peace and—and something real steal into me—to renew me. I never allowed the servants to come near the little house. I've loved keeping it orderly." She met his eyes, and suddenly her own were abashed. "I—I've known it was being moronic—but I had to do it. Alan, I was on parade so much of the time!" Her gaze dropped shyly. "I wished to please my lord, of course."

He studied her, astounded, coming gradually to realize that the extraordinary changes she had made in herself were because she must conform to the way he chose in life.

Finally he spoke in an awestruck tone: "'Whither thou goest, I will go. . . . Thy people shall be my people . . .'"

"Of course," she said, as if there were nothing remarkable in that, and got to her feet, stretching her arms as if feeling free. "Look at the light on our painting," she said happily, moving over to the mantel to look up at it, chin on her clasped hands. She remained there, lost in thought.

He got up to stand beside her, and said dryly: "The one piece of 'art' saved. Ironical, isn't it?"

She smiled fleetingly. "And all my painstaking education in art gone up in smoke! Because, you see, I still love this picture best. It's because of the mountains, I think. I've never wanted to lose sight of the snow on the mountains—high and unsullied—though at times I have. We've been wallowing through fields of brilliant short-lived flowers like these. Wallowing. . . . The deadly purple nightshade is there, too."

"What is this?" Alan demanded, looking at her curiously. "A homily?"

Even that did not break the spell of her questing. "Yes, it's the mountains," she said slowly. "The radiance of the sun on clean pure snow. Pine trees growing straight and tall toward God."

She fell silent, but her words echoed and re-echoed in Alan's brain. A strange thing began to happen to him—a vague stirring in the region of the solar plexus, a gush as of water from a dry rock. He waited breathlessly—it was a long time since he had felt those first symptoms—he waited for the idea to take form.

Phyllis laughed confusedly. "Gracious! I guess I'm being—"

HUSH!" He clutched her arm to stop her. He gazed up at the painting, not seeing it really, but waiting, almost in agony. He began to mutter aloud as the thing formulated: "The spiritual something lost out of a man's life. . . . Faith . . . courage . . . decency . . . a woman . . ." He lapsed into silence and began to pace the small room furiously. The drama began to unfold as he grasped situations, and vaguely he even sensed the climax.

"Look!" he shouted at Phyllis, just as if she were Blumfield or a director. "I'll dare to write it about the modern business world. Yes, I will! Incidents of cruelty, dishonesty, despair, dirty triumphs. . . . But there's a woman . . . she's the pine tree— Wait a minute; this is no preachment. She's funny and dear and human. Her roots are in the earth but she glimpses the stars. Wait till I write those scenes. It's love, don't you see? Love in the third dimension of man that's forgotten—"

Suddenly he threw himself into a chair, deflated.

"No," he said, "no. I can't use the modern setting. No one would believe such a woman. This thing must be real. Women are out now for material things. They spur men on because they want things—things—things! All the women—from the girl in the dime store up—"

He broke off as he became aware of the look on Phyllis' face. She was gazing at him, stricken, not so much hurt as sorrowful. When she met his suddenly discerning eyes, she turned and walked away into the bedroom.

He stumbled to his feet and followed her. She was standing at a window, gazing out at a flower box full of petunias.

PHYLLIS," he said helplessly. "Phyllis!"

When he turned her to him, she was smiling! Chin lifted, blue eyes dancing. Pride shone like a halo around her face.

"Well!" she said. "Now we're all right!"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"You're writing again—with your heart. When you do that, my dearest, nothing on God's earth can stop you!"

He grasped her shoulders, looked down into her wide-open eyes, down into the honesty of her heart.

"Write it just as you feel it, Alan! There are such women—outside our ken. It will help every woman who has any soul left. Oh, Alan—I know you'll be a bigger writer than ever, now you've found the real you again!" She stopped and the glory in her face clouded over. "But—please—I want our little house for always! I don't want any more mobs—just our friends. I want the boys back with us until they're old enough to go away. I want *you*—hours each day, and nights—" She choked suddenly and put her head down on his shoulder. "I'm so afraid you'll want to show them—"

He laughed, but it was a queer wavering sound as his arms went around her to hold her passionately close to him. "Don't you think I've found out why I was burned out? Don't you think I'm grateful to feel the spring welling up inside again? I'll write that story—and it'll be modern—it'll be *you*."

Her head moved in negation against his cheek, but he lifted it and gazed deep into her eyes.

"Phyllis, you're that woman—"

"No, no! I was so blind—I didn't really help—"

"Listen. You—you loved me enough to—well, you kept your faith in me alive through it all! That's what I've got to live up to now, Phyllis. Not an estate, not fleets of cars, not Hollywood's approbation—but you and your faith."

She looked back at him a little fearfully, as if shrinking from her pedestal. Then she smiled suddenly and kissed him.

"The two of us," she murmured, "in our own little house. Isn't it sweet, Alan?"

THE END

FIGHTS I HAD TO STOP—*and why*

A famous referee reveals the fears and grim hazards of a thankless job

BY ARTHUR DONOVAN

"I saw that I must stop the fight or risk a death."

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

IN the Bronx Coliseum some weeks ago Primo Flores, a rugged Puerto Rican, pounded clever Lew Jenkins of Texas all through the first four rounds. The long, lank Texan used a straight left to stop most of the punches, but Primo kept boring in, slamming away with both fists, and once in a while he connected with a wallop that shook the Texas boy down to the heels and brought the 11,000 spectators to their feet, roaring with delight. At the end of the third round Primo crossed his right to the chin and dropped Jenkins in a heap. Lew unscrambled himself and got up quickly, but his legs were quivery. The bell saved him.

Primo kept up the attack in the fifth round, and it looked like curtains for Lew, but the boy had his wits about him, and he studied the slugger as if he were merely a problem to solve instead of a smashing machine that was wearing him down. At last Lew saw what he was waiting for and, as Primo started to fight his way out of a corner, met him with a right cross to the chin that pasted him up against the ropes. There he stuck.

I noticed that there was a vacant stare in his eyes and his face was twisted into a silly grin. His arms were so dead that he couldn't put up his guard. He was out on his feet, and only the ropes prevented him from sprawling on the floor. The roaring fans saw nothing but the grin and thought he was all right, but I knew Primo was through for the evening. Before Jenkins could get set to throw another punch—which might have killed Primo—I stepped in, pushed him away, and gave him the decision.

The crowd burst into a roar that made the walls quiver, and the only distinct sound in it was the word "Robber!" that split its way through the noise. An infuriated big man jumped up from his ringside seat and threw his cigar at me. It landed, hot end first, on my neck. A hundred others would have thrown anything they could get hold of. But I knew I was right, and it's part of a referee's business not to let the crazy antics of the crowd disturb him.

When I say one more punch might have killed Primo Flores, I mean exactly that. The ring floor is padded with felt under the tightly stretched canvas, so there is no danger of a fall cracking a man's skull. But when a fighter, already unconscious, is knocked to the floor, he is liable to suffer a concussion; for his limp body whirls down like a flailing whip—and his head is the snapper at the end of the lash.

That is the way Ernie Schaaf died when Primo Carnera sent him down with what looked like a light left hook on the chin. But Schaaf that night was only a week out of the Boston hospital where he had been laid up with influenza. He had kept it a secret, so as not to miss the fight, and he seemed to be in fine shape when the New York doctors examined him. Ernie was a likely contender for the championship of the world, and if he had entirely recovered from the grippe, he might have beaten Carnera without much trouble—but influenza had stolen away his resistance, and his courage led him to his death.

Men have died in the ring because referees have not seen how weak they were and made them fight on. A death that made Max Baer give up fighting for a long time happened early in his career. His terrific overhand right hit Frankie Campbell so hard that the boy lay helpless against a corner of the ropes, which held him on his feet —just as they held up Primo Flores.

Baer saw how far gone Campbell was and begged the referee to stop the fight. But the crowd was yelling for a knockout, and the referee refused to interfere. Baer unwillingly knocked out Campbell, who soon died of his injuries. You can't blame the referee for not knowing how badly Campbell was hurt. Any one might have made the same honest mistake.

The referee lives between the devil and the deep sea. He is the boss of the ring, responsible not only for a good fight but for the life of every man whose fight he controls. He must have in mind a clear picture of the fighters' condition at every stage of the game. Often he must decide in a split second whether to let a beaten man keep on trying or to stop him when one more punch might put him out forever.

And no matter how he decides, he is wrong—in the hot minds of fans who have bets down.

At the same time, some fighters seem to have as many lives as a cat. There was Johnny Risko, the big roly-poly boy from Cleveland. They called Risko the Rubber Man, because no matter how hard he was hit he'd come bouncing back for more.

I refereed his fight with Schmeling that was to decide which should be the contender. In the sixth round Schmeling drove in a perfectly timed right cross to the chin—his best punch; remember what it did to Joe Louis—and sent Risko in a nose dive to the floor. It is well known that when they fall face down they don't get up; so as I began to count Johnny out I was thinking of what a fine game effort he had made; too bad he was out of luck. But when I called "Six!" the Rubber Man pushed himself up and propped himself on one knee. I couldn't believe it, and went on counting. At nine Risko stood up and began to throw punches when Schmeling came in to finish the job. Somehow he managed to stay till the bell, and he came out strong for the seventh. But Schmeling had the heavier artillery, and he got to Johnny so hard and so often that I had to stop it in the ninth and give Max the decision. Tough as Risko was, there was no sense in letting him take any more chances.

IT was a very different story when I stopped the second Louis-Schmeling fight and, I believe, saved Schmeling's life. Most of the fans expected Louis to get even for the awful walloping the German had given him in their first battle, but no one had any idea that Joe would blast him off the face of the earth. At the first tap of the gong Louis started after Max as if he thought the man had lived too long. Max side-stepped, broke ground, smothered up, tried every trick he knew to escape the executioner. For a little more than two minutes Schmeling saved himself; then Louis shot both fists at him as a hunter would fire both barrels of a gun.

The left caught Max on the chin and toppled him over the ropes, while the right, almost at the same instant, landed over the kidneys and broke a rib off its socket on the spine. Not only that, but chipped off a jagged bit of the bone that stabbed the lungs like a dagger. I heard Schmeling's scream of agony above the bellowing of the crowd. I don't think he was conscious of it, for he hung there, collapsed. Only for a moment, though, and then he rallied what little strength he had, tried to free himself and fight on. I saw that Schmeling's eyes were set in a blank vacant stare; that he was helpless and seemed badly hurt internally; that I must stop the fight or risk a death. I moved Louis back and raised his arm to signify victory. Schmeling's seconds carried him to his corner, limp and writhing every time he drew a breath. They soon had Max in an ambulance, on his way to the hospital, where he stayed for weeks before he recovered enough to be carried aboard ship for home. That night was once I was not cursed for stopping a fight.

ALL the fights I stop are not so close to tragedy, though the referee must always be on the watch for danger and interfere before it is too late. In a Brooklyn club not long ago a boy in a four-round preliminary bout caught a hot left hook on his chin and came down on the back of his head so hard that it caused a slight concussion. He lay flat on his back, arms spread out on the canvas, eyes wide open but seeing nothing.

As I stood over him counting the ten, his right leg was stuck up in the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, quivering like a banjo string. It was the queerest knockout I ever saw. After the count, his seconds carried him to his corner and worked over him.

Maybe a minute passed before the knocked-out boy came back to life. He jumped off the stool, put up his hands, and came out sparring. I got in front of him and took hold of his arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked me. "I ain't done anything wrong!"

"The fight's over," I told him. "You've been knocked out." He looked at me, and I could see he wasn't far from crying with rage and disappointment.

"Listen, son," I said, as I was leading him to his corner. "You've been knocked out—that's liable to happen to anybody. But you've got the right stuff in you, and if you keep on trying you'll make good."

I hope I helped him to cheer up; for a lad with a heart like that deserves all the encouragement you can give him.

If the athletic commissions of all the states would agree on the same rules, that would make it much easier for the referees. Better for the boxers, too. As it is, fighters from a distance sometimes are apt to do things that our rules forbid, and thereby to run the risk of getting into serious trouble.

Max Baer came to New York from the Pacific Coast, where he had earned a big reputation, and he was matched with Max Schmeling as a step toward the championship of the world. In the first round, Baer, coming out of a mix-up, grabbed Schmeling by the left elbow, spun him around and socked him with a left hook that didn't do him a bit of good. Baer did it so quickly and smoothly that probably not one tenth of the crowd saw it. I stepped in and waved Baer back.

"You can't do that," I told him. "The rules don't allow you to hold with one hand and hit with the other."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Baer replied. "I didn't know." But in the second round he did it again, and I warned him once more. He promised it wouldn't happen again, but in the next round he gave Schmeling another whirl and cracked him with a hot one. I concluded that Baer had been allowed to fight that way in California, so that holding and hitting had become a habit. It gave him an unfair advantage over Schmeling, who, by the way, is one of the cleanest fighters I know. But I also had to consider the people who had paid their good money to see a first-class bout and would be disappointed if I stopped it. I got in between the men and took Baer to one side.

"This is the third time I've had to warn you for holding and hitting," I said to him, "and that's just about the limit. It's to your interest to obey the rules, and if you keep on violating a rule this way, out you go."

"Oh, I clean forgot all about it," said Baer. "I won't let it happen again."

"It'll be bad for you if you do," I said.

The fight had been stopped for fully fifteen seconds while this talk went on, and the crowd booed me, of course; for what they wanted was to see one man or the other win the match, and to blazes with the rules. But Baer is an intelligent lad, and he appreciated the warning so well that he didn't offend again. He knocked Schmeling out in the eleventh, and he did it fairly and cleanly.

WHEN Lou Ambers fought Henry Armstrong last August and regained the lightweight title he had lost to him, I was referee, and I came in for some of the fiercest razzing and booing ever heard. Armstrong's friends thought I was letting Ambers hit him on the breaks, which was just the opposite to the fact. It happened this way: Armstrong, in his usual slam-bang style, rushed Ambers across the ring, pinned him against the ropes by jamming his head against Ambers' chest, and began to fire away with both fists. Then Lou showed how much he had profited by experience in their first fight, and gave Armstrong a surprise.

He clutched Henry's left elbow in his right hand, swung him around and skipped away down the line—without hitting or attempting to hit a blow. That was slick work, and fair-minded people would have applauded it. But when were partisans ever fair-minded, especially partisans with bets on their favorite? The more Henry bored in and started to pound Lou on the ropes, the more Lou whirled him around and went away from there in a hurry, and the more Henry's rooters yelled "Robber!" because they thought I was letting Lou get away with murder. It's funny to see how prejudice blinds people's eyes and paralyzes their judgment. But the referee must go on, like the baseball umpire, calling them as he sees them and ignoring the incidental abuse.

THE END

A Patriotic Cartoon Contest

SPONSORED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE AND THE TOWN HALL, NEW YORK

$1,800 in Cash Awards for the Best Cartoons on How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy

$1,000 FIRST PRIZE

The significance of cartoons as an expression of opinion on important events has been brought to its highest development in the United States. Biting, mercilessly revealing drawings have changed the course of national campaigns, plunderbunds in city halls have been uprooted by the force of cartoons when flaming words have failed, public opinion on international crises has been crystallized by simple, powerful black-and-white drawings, until it would appear that the cartoonist's pen rather than the editor's was meant as being "mightier than the sword."

Yet it remains for some cartoonist to capture the spirit of the Town Meeting idea's influence on American liberty and democracy, and at no time in modern history has there been greater need for such an inspiring drawing. In an effort to inspire the creation of such a cartoon, Liberty in association with the Town Hall, New York, will award $1,800 in cash prizes for the best cartoons exemplifying "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

Any one, amateur or professional artist, may enter this competition. Any one may win the cash prizes. The rules are simple and the conditions plain. It costs nothing to enter. This is a search for a great and powerful cartoon. From the competition a new political artist may jump to wide and forceful influence on the American scene. Or an established artist may add to his already creditable record. The field is open to every one.

Liberty's constant crusade for the preservation of American liberty through the editorials of Bernarr Macfadden and the striking, thought-provoking articles defending the Bill of Rights needs no introduction. The forum of America's Town Meeting of the Air, broadcast every Thursday evening from Town Hall, New York, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, has done much to clarify popular opinion since its inception. The keynote of these editorials, articles, and broadcasts may well be captured by the cartoon which wins this competition.

At the close of the contest an exhibition of entries is planned. The winning cartoons may be reproduced by publications. The first-prize drawing may become a cover for Liberty! Its creator will appear on America's Town Meeting of the Air to accept his award!

Who will create the winning picture? Who will claim the $1,000 cash award and the acclaim that goes with it?

You have until February 21, 1940, to get your entry on "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy" before the judges.

◆

THE TOWN HALL PROGRAM

ONE of the first acts of the American colonists, upon landing on these shores, was to build a meetinghouse in which they could worship God as they chose and consider their common problems together. Tolerance, reason, and justice were the watchwords of our Puritan forebears, who fought a heroic war that we might enjoy the blessings of American liberty.

Today those liberties are challenged by the disintegration of democracy in Europe and the march of dictatorship westward. If we are to preserve our liberty in the face of these threats, the time has come for us to turn back to the fundamental principles of the early American town meeting and, with tolerance for all points of view, reason together as intelligent Americans in order to preserve a great democracy based upon justice and fair play for a nation of free men.

America's Town Meeting of the Air and the whole Town Hall program is an attempt to dramatize this need for the American people and show them how it can be done if we will use intelligently a free radio, a free press, and our blessed heritage of free speech.

George V. Denny, Jr.,
President, Town Hall, Inc.

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.

2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.

4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.

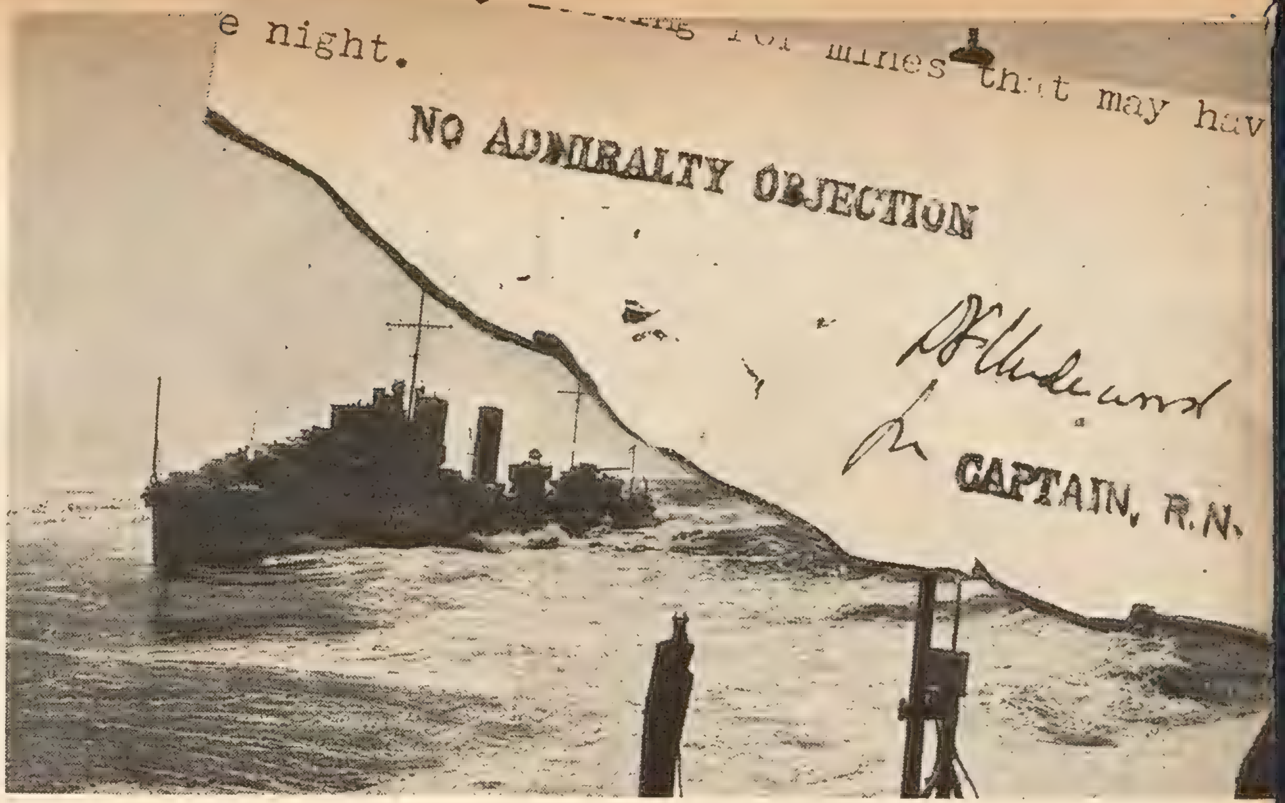
5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.

6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.

7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.

9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.



The British Admiralty's approval of this article, stamped and signed on the author's manuscript; and, below, British destroyers hunting U-boats.

I was with THE

Death below!—Liberty's war-zone reporter gives you a thrilling close-up of a dangerous adventure

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AT sea with the British navy.

The rain angles down out of a filthy sky. The gray sea stirs uneasily. The wind, the west wind, swoops upon us with shrill menace. But our flotilla goes steadily ahead.

If you can fancy five elderly spinsters in Quaker-gray marching resolutely and sedately across a rolling country in a light mist, you may obtain a hazy picture of this little fleet.

The ladies are walking toward you, holding up their skirts just high enough to reveal a froth of white petticoats. The wind has loosed their hair and it streams like smoke. They are grim, implacable, bent on some dangerous and important mission.

They look neither to the right nor to the left. The ground is rough and now and then throws them off balance, yet they continue straight ahead. They walk abreast, with decent and precise intervals between them, their demeanor warning all it would be foolhardy to come between any two of them.

Now let the fog lift, and you see more clearly. That isn't rolling country before you. It is the broken, tossing sea. Those aren't Quaker maidens. They are little gray ships, five mine sweepers of the Royal Navy looking for mines that may have been planted during the night.

We are somewhere off the English coast, in a lane much used by the ships of neutral nations, ships bringing in food and machinery and lumber and cotton and hides and oil and all the other supplies Great Britain must have to continue her existence.

The five little gray spinsters comprise only one group of the fleet who keep these shipping lanes safe. At any time of the day, in any waters that may have been seeded with mines, you will find them at work.

They are humble, and a little self-conscious of their slatternly appearance. But how can they help their looks? They go to work too early in the morning to primp and paint. And when they return after their long, hard day—if they do return—they are too tired to change their work clothes, and it is too dark for any beauty treatments.

They lack the dash and luster and glory of their hoyden sisters, the destroyers and cruisers. They are merely the charwomen of the navy. Their task is seldom spirited, though always deadly dangerous. They do not dream of taking part in any battle where fleet meets fleet in lightning and thunder.

But they are content with the fate allotted them, for though it be monotonous, there is peril in every moment of it.

Early this morning the admiral's barge bore me out to the gray flotilla. It was shortly after dawn, and bitter cold. There was a streak of mauve light in the east, a few pale stars in the west. All the rest of the world was gray.

The spinsters tiptoed out of the harbor in Indian file, as though afraid to wake their sleeping neighbors. As they passed the chic and immaculate destroyers, they bobbed and curtsied politely, then trudged on out to work, not waiting to see if the destroyers nodded in return.

The rain started then, and black oilskins and sea boots covered naval uniforms. The sisters came into line abreast of the lead ship, acting on orders of the blinker light flashed from our bridge by a yawning coxswain.

I stood on the enclosed bridge with the captain, snug and warm and dry.

"We're about to pass the grass," the captain said.

The sweeper in back of us veered to our right and passed us. The third ship in line moved up and hung on our port side, as far behind us as we were behind the lead ship. The other gray ladies took positions behind and to port of the third.

A canvas ball was raised to the crosstree of the first ship. A similar ball went up the ropes on her port. The skipper gave the command, "Stand by to grass."

A coil of rope was thrown from the port side of the lead ship. Two objects that looked like red toy balloons and the swirl the rope made in the water helped to locate it.

"They call it a grass rope," said the skipper, "because it's almost light enough to float. I don't imagine there is any grass in it, but there may be. Probably it's made of coconut fiber or something like that."

There was a crowding of black oilskins at our starboard rail. A grapnel was heaved over the side. It caught the grass rope, and the crew heaved it in. A red face, wet with rain and spray, looked up toward us and bellowed:

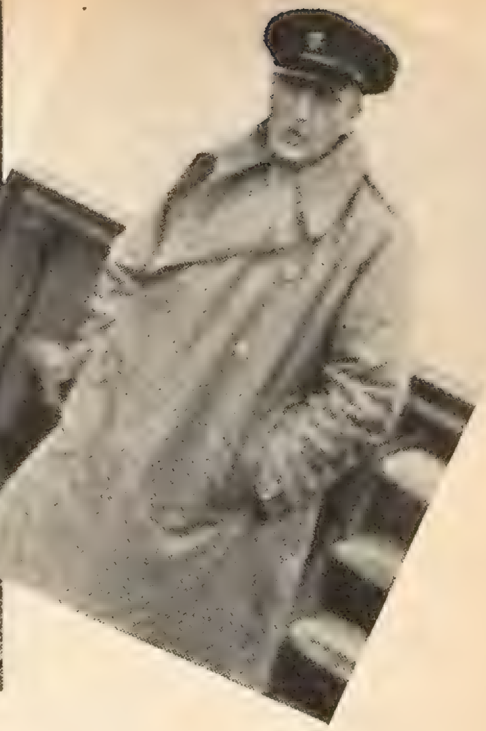
"Grass aboard, sir!"

The canvas balls went up into our rigging, and men on our port side heaved over a grass rope for the next in line to pull aboard.

"Those balls," said the skipper, "are a warning to all ships that we are at work, that there are ropes or cables between us, and that they'd better not try to come through us."

Now the five ugly ducklings are in line again, but there is a steel cable between each pair of them, a cable with a cutting edge, a cable submerged in the water, yet buoyed up at strategic points by "kites," or floats.

If there are any mines in our path, those cables will cut them loose from their moorings; the mines will float to the surface; and there they will be



MINE SWEEPERS

The author aboard a mine sweeper. Left: " A column of water leaps into the sky " as a depth charge explodes.

destroyed, not by the gun each sister carries in her prow, but by rifle or machine-gun fire.

The radio keeps chattering in our ears, but it doesn't speak my language.

" Another ship sunk," says the skipper. " You'll see the destroyers rushing past us soon. Bit of a submarine hunt, maybe."

The gray sisters aren't bothered about submarines. They don't expect to see any, though they'd love the sight of one.

" A sub," says the skipper's No. 1 officer, " would give the gun crew some excellent target practice. And we might have a lot of fun tripping the depth charges over our stern. No matter what we're doing, we can assemble our gun crew and fire the first shot in a minute and a half."

The officer smiled.

" And if we hit a mine," he added, " the ship will go down in a minute and a half. Oh, if we hit a mine, and you don't know how to swim, or you are hurt, or too stunned to paddle around in the water, you're out of luck. That's all. No ship ever strikes a mine twice.

" And we're just as likely to hit a mine as to cut it adrift.

" You can't see a mine, mister. You have to grope for it, as we're doing now, with cables. If you get it, you're lucky. During the last war we lost about two hundred sweepers. At one time the navy yards couldn't build enough sweepers to replace those destroyed by mines."

There is smoke on the horizon, far behind us and to starboard.

" The destroyers," says the No. 1 officer.

They come rushing into distinct shapes. They grow with their very speed. They pass us, beautiful wicked silhouettes in the murky light. Presently they are only a smoke smudge again on a far horizon.

" If those fellows start dropping depth bombs," says the skipper, " you'll think somebody's hammering the bottom of this ship."

Lunch is served at noon in the wardroom below, and stories are told over cheese and coffee—tales of heroism never chronicled in print, stories of death in victory and of victory in death, stories of mine sweepers blown to atoms on their first day at sea, stories of disaster narrowly averted, stories of a sailor's luck.

" Those were the days ! " the storyteller cries—a man nearing sixty, a reserve officer who spent four years in a sweeper during the first World War. " And these are the days come back again. I'll be buried with a wet skin yet, I'm thinking."

Sometime after lunch the little gray ladies release the cables that bind them to each other, and go hunting, each by herself, each with her own system of cables and floats.

Mines are usually sown in the dark. They are propelled through chutes sometimes, like torpedoes. Sometimes they are tripped over the rail. They sink to the bottom of the sea. Once they reach bottom a device opens, a spring is released, a coil of wire unwinds, and the horned head of the mine rises to a certain depth below the surface, a depth that differs with the tides.

" It grows out of the sea bed like a blinkin' tulip," an old sailor says, " only faster. And there it stays, anchored by its 'eavy base, aswayin' and awavin' in the seas, and awaitin' for some blinkin' ship to come along and 'it it, so it can tear out 'er blinkin' bottom, gorblimy ! "

In every kind of mine sweeping the object is to cut the stem of this deadly tulip and to render the flower harmless. But there are flowers that have no stems, floating mines that have broken loose from their moorings or that never were moored, devilish blossoms—containing 300 to 400 pounds of TNT—that might be washed against the side of any ship. Most of these mines float, submerged and invisible, a few feet below the surface, and go wherever the tides or the currents or the winds may take them.

These, too, the gray sisters must find and sink, no matter what the cost. The sea lanes must be kept safe for shipping, even though they are never safe for mine sweepers.

The crew of this particular ship are little more than boys, but most of them have spent years at sea in fishing trawlers, craft not dissimilar to these sweepers.

" It ain't so different," one of them observes, " from fishing for 'erring. Sometimes a bloke don't come 'ome from 'erring fishing either. Only difference is we don't go 'ome with our catch. We sinks it, if it doesn't sink us."

I came aboard this vessel with the permission of the Admiralty, and am allowed to write such stories as I encounter, but with certain reservations. The admiral in charge of the station made that plain.

" We don't want to say you can't write this or you can't write that," he said. " But there are some secrets we must keep."

I may not tell the admiral's name, nor say what he looked like or what ribbons he wore on his jacket. For by these things one might guess which port I visited, which group of ships. But I may tell you a dramatic little story, more or less as he told it to me.

"We can't be too careful. Even little things sometimes betray us, lead to irreparable losses. There was, for instance, a captain of a vessel who lived somewhere in England with his wife. He was devoted to her and she adored him.

"War was declared. The captain was ordered to a certain port, given command of a certain ship. A day or two before he was to sail his wife came to see him. I don't blame her at all. She couldn't bear to think of his going to sea without a last farewell. So she bought a ticket to the port and joined him. Somebody found out where she was going. A spy.

"Maybe he followed her from her home to the railway station. Maybe he was standing beside her when she asked for her ticket. At any rate, a submarine lying outside the harbor was told to wait a few days; a big ship was coming out."

Who was the captain so innocently betrayed? What was his ship? What happened to him and to his command? What happened to the submarine? The admiral would not answer questions such as these. It is possible he told the story not as actual fact but as an instance of what could happen through carelessness.

I was told to be at a railroad depot in London at a certain hour Sunday morning. There I would meet a gentleman who would escort me to a certain port. I was advised that I would be permitted to inspect the port's dockyard before I went to sea.

The train left early, running for several hours through the green paradise of rural England; and I was entranced with what I saw and what I didn't see.

FLOCKS of sheep nuzzling the grass, and nowhere any heaps of sandbags. Tall trees rising into the blue, and no balloons glinting in the sun above them. A group of children playing in the yard of a thatched-roof cottage, and not a gas mask to be seen on any of them.

Prosperous, busy little towns, and no soldiers trooping through their streets. Everywhere beauty, serenity, peace. Nowhere anything to indicate there was a war.

But at the end of the road there was the war again. There were the piles of sandbags, the signs pointing to bombproof shelters and trenches, the silver fish in the sky, the uniformed men and women in the streets. And, at dusk, the blackout.

Monday morning I started a tour of the dockyard, an amazing city, a walled city filled with colleges and shops, with barracks and parade grounds and playing fields and venerable old stone buildings, with smithies and factories and storerooms. Here were miles and miles of roads, of twisting alleys, of railroad tracks, of concrete walks, of lawns, of docks and dry docks. Here were thousands of men. Sailors drilling in squad formation. Student officers poring over their books or working on model engines. Officers regulating the harbor traffic. Men in overalls or dungarees fetching or carrying, or hammering or riveting, or spraying paint; men engaged in the storage of food, paint, canvas, ropes, guns, gas masks, torpedoes, and shells; men busy in refitting and repainting naval ships; men swarming up and down ladders everywhere; men driving cars or switching freight trains or merely standing guard.

Everybody was working at top speed. Everything seemed to be in confusion, yet in that confusion there was order, system, synchronization of efforts. There was a weird medley of noises that never ceased, that will not cease until the war is done—noises of riveting machines and hammers and drills; noises of marching feet; noises of bugles; noises of locomotives and freight cars rolling over the tracks; noises of machinery. And there were the smells of tar and new lumber and paint and gasoline and smoke and sweat.

THE water front was covered with acres and acres of ships, all kinds of ships, some of them waiting to be armed, some to be overhauled and repainted, some to be entirely made over. There should have been a sign somewhere, I thought, saying, "New ships for old," and on the sign a picture of Aladdin's lamp.

One of the guides, an officer whose arm was so heavy with gold braid that he couldn't lift it high enough to point, indicated with a movement of his polished shoe an immense ship lying at the water's edge.

"That old girl has been out of service for years," he said; "but she's going to be one of the most powerful dreadnoughts afloat when she's finished. We had to tear the guts out of her and give her a complete new set of innards. Her own crew won't know her when they sail on her again."

He led the way through this old-new hulk—with more decks in it than most hotels have floors—explaining how this new gadget worked, how that new device was operated. Up flight after flight of iron ladders we climbed, until we stood on the bridge. We could see the length and breadth of the dockyard. The workmen below were so many elves, and a platoon of bluejackets drilling on the green were clockwork toys destined for some good little boy at Christmas.

This was only one of several dockyards, and by no means the biggest one. I began to get some conception of the might of the Royal Navy.

The officer laughed at me.

"Oh, yes," he said; "it's quite a big navy. Let the Germans sink as many of our vessels as they can—the navy grows more powerful every day. By the way, here's something that may interest you."

His shoe kicked out to indicate a small sheltered nook in the deck, in which were a number of comfortable chairs.

"The men on watch," he explained, "need a certain amount of comfort to prop up their efficiency, especially in dirty or freezing weather. Comfort—not too much of it, but enough—adds to a man's efficiency, we have learned, and also to his morale. As you may have noticed, we have taken a lot of pains to insure that the men on this ship will have sufficient comfort, not only while they are off watch but also when they are on duty."

Toward the end of the day, wearied from walking and from climbing up and down ladders, I snatched an opportunity to rest—and to stare at something that looked like a Hollywood backdrop. It wasn't a backdrop, of course, but it took me some time to figure out what it was. It was the side of a cruiser most artfully camouflaged.

"A pilot a few thousand feet up," the officer said, "would think that cruiser only a part of the landscape—which is what we want him to think. We have a lot of camouflaged objects in this port—and a devil of a lot of antiaircraft guns too, for that matter. And we have a system of lighting that enables us not only to black out the entire station at night but also to give every workman plenty of light to work by. Work continues here twenty-four hours a day."

That was yesterday. And now today is fading. Darkness is spreading overhead. The skipper orders, "In sweeps."

WE are in line again, in Indian file, five tired little gray spinsters going home from work.

Grim work. Monotonous work. Yet there is great excitement when a mine is torn out of the sea and destroyed. Sometimes it explodes with a great noise and a column of white water leaps into the gray sky. Sometimes it merely hisses and drops out of sight in a pool of bubbles.

"During the last war," says the storyteller, standing beside me close to the gun in the prow, "we had a photographer aboard for months. He saw one mine explode. But it was two or three miles away—too far for his camera. Month after month he hoped, but all he ever saw was bubbles. The day after he left us, a sweeper working near by was blown up. Tough luck for a photographer, wasn't it?"

"And for the crew of the sweeper," I said.

"Well," the storyteller answered, "they probably didn't know anything about it."

Did we find any mines? you ask. I cannot answer you.

Why should I tell what work these brave little ladies have done this day, or what devil's work they have undone? To tell might be to give information to their enemies.

Let it suffice to say the channel is clean. Nevertheless, it will be cleaned again tomorrow.

THE END

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BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

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PART TWO—TRAGEDY . . AND A SECRET

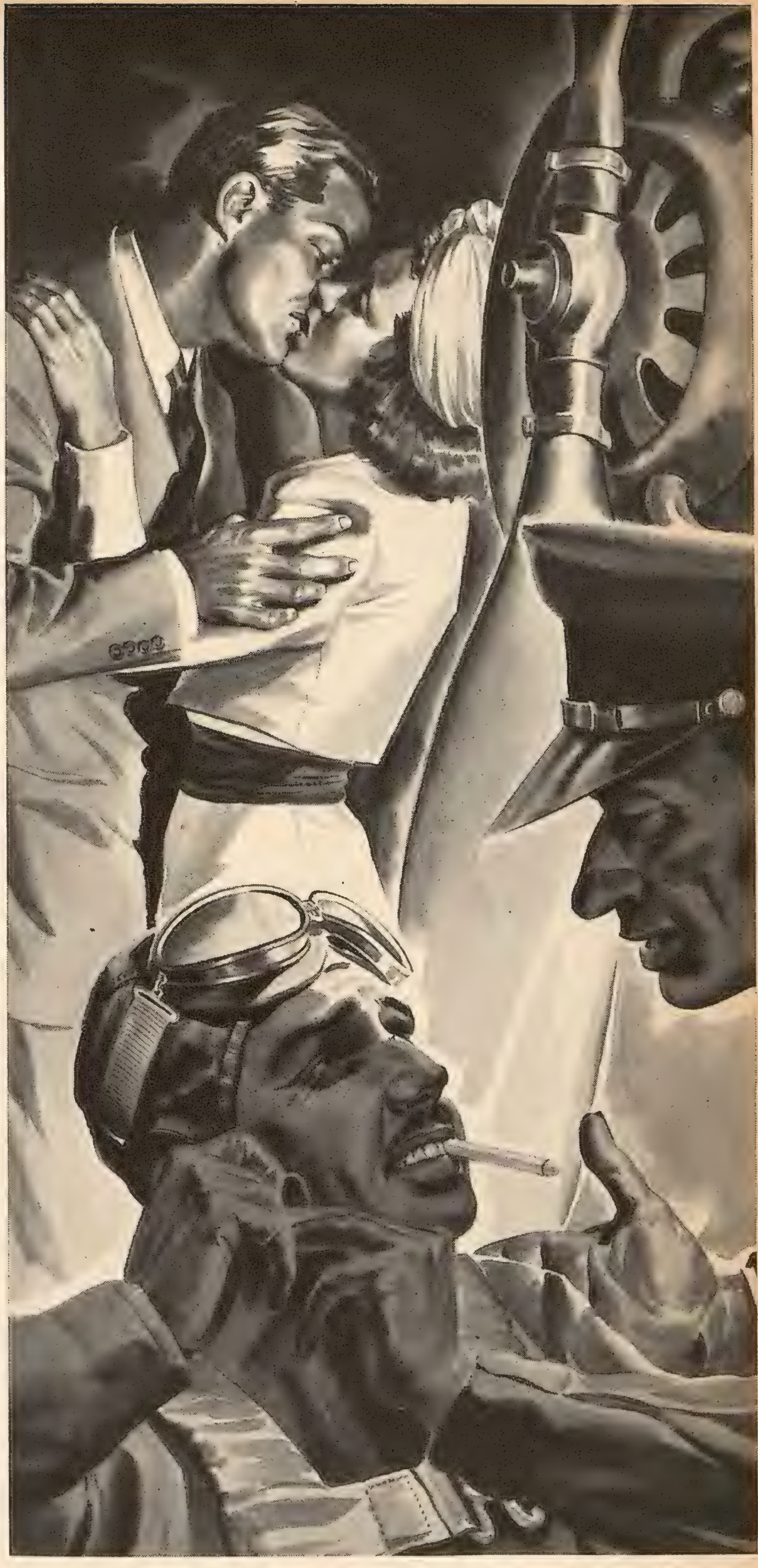
THE wait in that stuffy little private office seemed interminable; I thought the train would never come. It was only about half an hour, but all during that time the officer who guarded me and I didn't speak a word. I sat very still in the stiff-backed chair, hardly daring to look at him, yet terribly aware that he was watching me all the time.

In about ten minutes the door opened and the second officer appeared. He had with him my purse, which he handed to me with a deep bow.

"I think mademoiselle will find everything intact."

"Thank you," I managed.

I could hardly wait to open it, and as soon as I felt steady enough I rummaged for my powder compact. What I really was looking for was Arthur's fountain pen, and I almost cried out with relief when I found it



Henri drove with me to the airfield and saw me off. And kissed me good-by—kissed me as I had never been kissed.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

there. It was inconceivable that they hadn't searched my purse, but no doubt the fountain pen looked perfectly harmless.

Or had it? If they knew so much about Arthur and me—if they had set this elaborate plot to arrest Arthur—wasn't it possible that they knew about the fountain pen which he had handed me? Wasn't it likely that some one had seen him give it to me? Perhaps they had extracted the fountain pen and emptied it already. Perhaps what Arthur had given me to guard was already in the hands of his enemies. Maybe this fountain pen was now of no value as it lay resting in the bottom of my purse.

I hadn't the slightest doubt but that some one was searching all my baggage while I was being kept in that private room. But they spared me the indignity of a bodily search, and toward the end of our wait their behavior seemed to indicate that they thought me innocent of any knowledge they might want to obtain.

With elaborate courtesy they saw me on the train and comfortably settled; but we had barely pulled out of the station when I realized I was being watched. One passenger watched me so obviously that there was no pretense between us. But I never spoke to him.

It wasn't until I went into the ladies' room on the train that I dared to examine my purse in detail. I inspected Arthur's fountain pen gingerly. Its weight made me feel certain that it hadn't been emptied. Holding it up to the light, I could plainly see inky liquid. This baffled me. Was this all the pen contained? Or was there some false compartment? Or was that merely a chemical that seemed to look like ink—a chemical of some importance? I tried to puzzle what to do. What on earth was in the pen? Why had Arthur given it to me?

Poor Arthur! He must have known what it was going to cost him to defend me there in the restaurant from the foul attentions visited on me. In a flash he must have guessed that just what happened would happen—that he would be arrested for disorderly conduct, for striking an officer, and, no doubt, for drunkenness. Where was he now? I could remember his throwing back his head once and saying to me, "Your father and I never speak about it. Nothing could get me to give it voice." I remembered thinking at the time that he looked as if he were facing an inquisition. Was he facing it now somewhere back in the city we had just left? Was he perhaps being tortured? I remembered hearing of ghastly proceedings in the country I was now leaving. I even remembered seeing victims who had eventually been turned loose—men who were shells of themselves, all the manhood beaten out of them.

The thought drove me suddenly frantic. *I knew then that I loved Arthur!* How had I ever doubted that I loved him and that he meant everything to me? The thought of his being in danger, in pain, was more than I could bear, and I found myself on the verge of womanly hysteria—blindly, unreasoningly wanting to beat the walls with my fists and scream uncontrollably.

I shook myself and talked harshly to the pale face I saw in the mirror. I must not let my imagination run away with me. I must remember that Arthur was connected with the American Embassy, and that would protect him. They wouldn't dare mistreat him in any way. I must remember that I myself was in a certain amount of danger, and that I needed my wits sharpened for what lay ahead.

In those days one had to make many changes on such a trip, and I knew the train would soon be stopping again, so I stayed in the ladies' room until it was time for me to get off. I lost the man who had been watching me then, but I had the feeling that others had taken up the assignment and that every move I made was marked.

Just as soon as I could, I sent a wire to my father in our own private code. Whether it ever reached him or not, I don't know. It is more than likely that it was destroyed by some one of the men set to guard me. At any rate, I was helpless to do more.

Back on the train, I could only retire early to bed and lie in the darkness praying for strength and courage, trying not to torment myself with the ceaseless questions that haunted me about Arthur's safety and my father's possible danger.

Many times on the journey I took out the fountain pen and stared at it. What could I do with it? I tried to figure out ways of hiding it on my person, and I thought of concealing it in the folds of my turban. I thought of any number of things to do, and always it seemed to me safer to leave it in my purse. It was a casual and natural thing to carry a fountain pen in one's purse; certainly it would arouse no suspicion.

There were many delays on the line. The service, for the most part, was wretched until we reached the French border. After that, I felt somewhat safer. It seemed to me I was no longer being followed, but I couldn't be sure. Perhaps they felt satisfied that I was well out of the way, and were going to let it go at that.

I began to breathe more easily. I wondered how much I should tell the baroness when I reached her home, or whether I should tell her anything. I remember Arthur's saying that he felt this invitation had been maneuvered. Perhaps the baroness was anything but our friend.

At the station I recognized the baroness' car immediately, and from it came a man whom I judged to be nearly forty, a man whose nationality was hard to determine from his appearance. He wasn't strikingly handsome, but he was distinguished. He introduced himself to me in perfect English as Henri Croillard, a house guest of the baroness. They had planned a beach party for today, he told me.

"And I hate picnics of any kind, so I begged for the privilege of coming to meet you. Besides, I very much wanted to know you."

There was just a touch of flirtation in his manner, and I found myself responding without much effort.

"And what made you so interested?" I parried.

(Continued on page 28)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IN 1934 Colonel Harry Dillon is a military attaché of an American embassy in a middle-European capital. His pretty twenty-year-old daughter Hester is his housekeeper and hostess. To their entourage is added Arthur Forsythe as the colonel's secretary. He had been in the World War with Dillon, and the two men were close friends.

Romantic Hester falls in and out of love with Arthur, who is so much older than she, but most fascinating; he worships her, though treating her as a child. One day he reveals that her father was engaged in important espionage work during 1917-18, and Hester quickly senses that the two men are now similarly employed. It worries her that she isn't taken into their confidence.

They are transferred to another middle-Europe country. Here, Hester finds, conspiracy and terrible punishment are rife. Menace is in the air. She is glad when she and her father are invited to a house party in France by the Baroness Irene de Laume, an old friend of his. But at the last moment Colonel Dillon is held up by his duties, and his daughter is forced to go alone. However, he promises to join her in a day or two.

Troubled by the turn of affairs, Arthur drives Hester part way on her journey. Cold and tired, they stop for brandy and rest at an inn. When the drink is brought, there is a commotion. Two officers burst in, using foul language. Instead of being deterred by the presence of a lady, they direct insults at her.

Suddenly Hester notices that Arthur's eyes are getting queer—out of focus. His drink must have been drugged! In another moment he attacks one of the offensive officers, but before doing so slips a fountain pen to Hester, whispering that she must guard it with her life. Dazedly she puts it in her purse, then loses it. The upshot of the melee is that Arthur is arrested and she is escorted to a private office by the police. It was all a put-up job!

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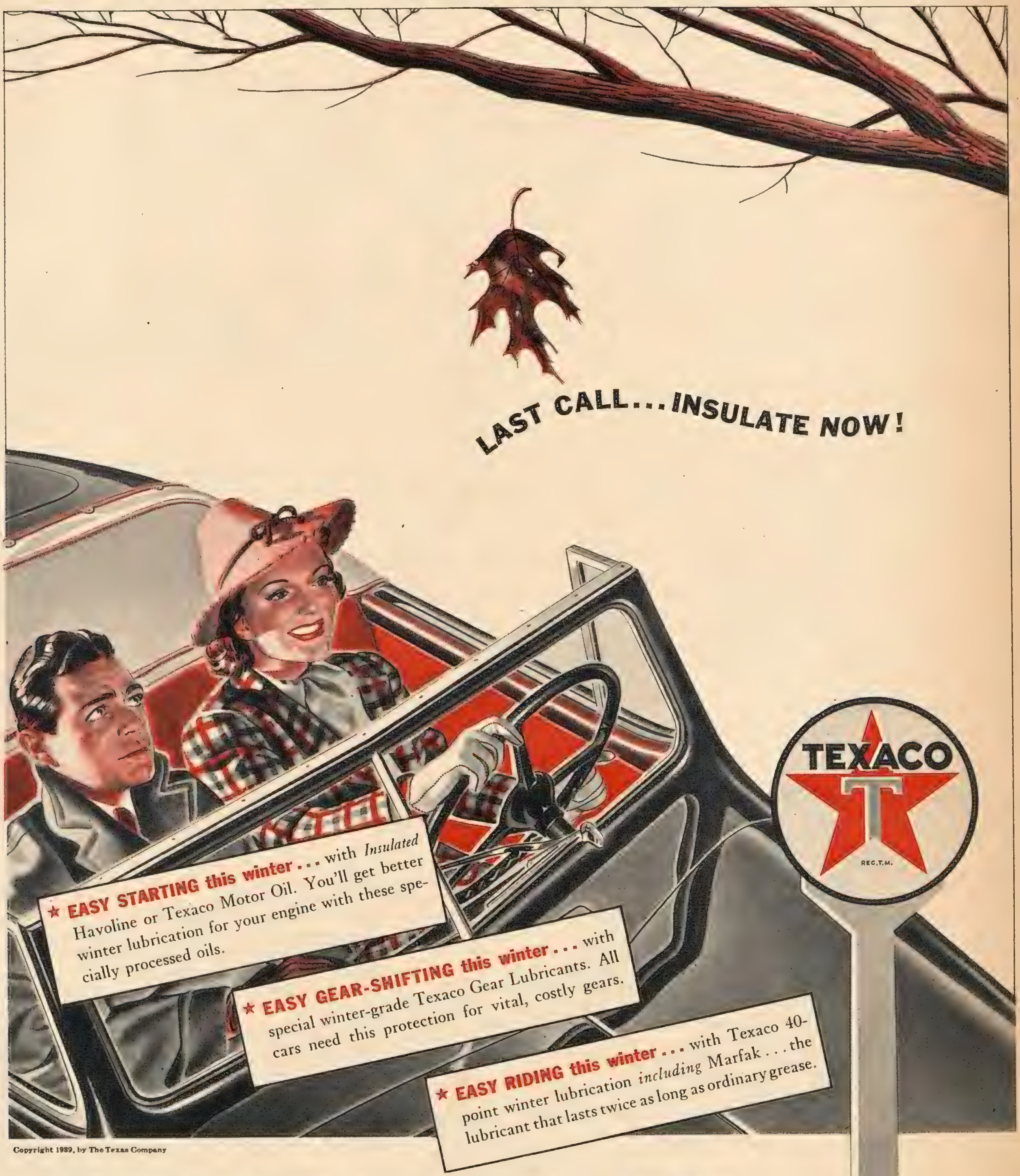

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(Continued from page 24)

"I have heard a lot about you," he answered.

I glanced at him, and he smiled back at me. But there seemed to be something serious behind his smile.

"Your beauty, your wonderful devotion to your father . . ." He paused with an expectant manner as if he wanted me to say something. Did he expect me to ask if the baroness had heard from my father? Did he expect me to show signs of worry at the mention of my father's name? I forced myself to laugh lightly.

"The baroness has been selling me to you," I protested. But I marked a shade of change in his expression. Yes, this was no ordinary meeting. *This man knew something.* Was I to have an enemy watching me at the baroness', too?

I ordered myself to be exceedingly careful of what I said.

"She would not have to after I got one glimpse of you," he answered evenly. "Tell me, what sort of trip did you have?"

I glanced at him. His eyes were green—deep green. His smile was bland, but his green eyes were narrowed on me, as if waiting for any slight sign I might make.

I laughed.

"Oh, uncomfortable, dirty, rather tiring."

"That's a pity. There's a ball on tonight, but perhaps the baroness would not mind if you rested instead."

"Oh, I would much rather go to the ball. I love to dance," I said, feeling that I was topping him. "I haven't danced for ages and I couldn't bear missing the ball."

He shot me a glance of admiration.

"By the way," he said, "thoughtless of me. I have a message for you."

"No bad news I hope?" I said, with as large a smile as I could manage.

"Not really bad, just a rather grave disappointment, I am afraid. There has been a wire from your father"—he paused, but I am sure my face betrayed nothing but ordinary curiosity—"saying that he will not be able to join you here. He is kept on important business."

I CAUGHT my breath more audibly than I intended, and my eyes filled with tears. My mind was ringing with sudden fear — horrible fear. What did it mean that father was detained on important business? Why hadn't he mentioned anything about Arthur in his wire? What was going on, and what was being kept from me?

But I managed to shake my head and press away the tears ruefully with my fingers, as I laughed in apology for my sudden emotion.

"Sorry to be such a baby," I said. "But I am so disappointed. Father needs a vacation badly, and I was looking forward to our having it together here."

I rattled on glibly to cover up my emotion, and presently Henri Croillard reached over and squeezed my hand. His sympathy almost unnerved me. I couldn't tell whether it was sympathy for a disappointed young girl, or whether, as I felt sure, it was a sort of applause for the way I managed to keep my poise and not betray any knowledge that I had. *How much did this man know?*

We were just pulling up at the baroness' chateau, and presently I was benefited by the luxury of an exquisite room, filled with flowers, and the comfort of being alone. I had a wonderful bath and stretched out on my bed to rest. But there was no such thing as rest. My father's wire had been left on the bed table, and it only aggravated my fears.

DEAREST DAUGHTER DUTIES PRESS AND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET AWAY MY REGRETS TO IRENE ENJOY YOURSELF LOVE DAD

Enjoy myself! Did he mean that Arthur was all right? Was he telling me there was no cause for worry? Had he ever received my code telegram? Had he any idea that I had been practically escorted out of the country under guard? Certainly from his wire, if he knew these things, he didn't want me to return. "Impossible for me to get away." How impossible? Did that phrase mean more than the casual excuse? Was he letting me know that it was really impossible?

HOW could I stay here and even pretend to enjoy myself? How could I, unless and until I knew what was going on back home—what was happening to my father and to Arthur, whom I felt now I had treated so badly, and whom I realized I loved far more than I suspected? He was all-important to me.

I couldn't even lie still. I would get up and pace the floor, wondering how I could face the party that night, face these idle pleasure-seeking people and their silly balls and parties. Wondering how I could face Henri Croillard again, his watchful measuring green eyes, his double-edged remarks and questions which I felt certain were meant to trap me. Who was he and how much did he know?

I composed a wire to my father. No use trying to send code. He hadn't done it, and that meant for me not to.

DARLING ARRIVED SAFELY BUT UNHAPPY THAT YOU CANNOT COME I WILL CUT SHORT MY GOOD TIMES AND RETURN TO YOU SUNDAY ALL LOVE HESTER

I didn't dare say anything more definite. That gave me two days here at the baroness', and father would have time to answer me, letting me know whether or not he wanted me to return. That would give me a little definite information, and I didn't dare put in any phrase or question regarding his own safety or Arthur's, since father himself had not mentioned anything.

I rang for a footman and gave him the wire to dispatch, and then I schooled myself to go down and have tea with the baroness, who had just returned from the picnic and had sent me her greetings. She seemed fatigued but very gay, yet she was shocked by my appearance.

"What a wretched journey you must have had, little one!" she exploded. "You look tired out, my child. Are you sure you are well?"

"I'm fine," I said.

"But I think you should go directly to bed and let me give you a sedative."

"On the contrary," I protested. "I don't want to miss the ball."

"There will be others, there will be others." The baroness waved her hand airily.

"But not for me," I smiled ruefully. "I wired father I would return to him on Sunday."

Irene de Laume looked at me with approval in her sharp gray eyes.

AH, perhaps it is as well," she said with a deep sigh. "The poor man, to have such a post wished on him. I know conditions there. I know only too well what he must be contending with. I saw the ambassador as he was passing through a week ago, and he filled my old ears with heavy stories."

"Father is frightfully overworked," I said.

"But of course," she agreed, "and you are a good girl."

She put her arm around me and escorted me toward the door.

"Now you must go to bed," she insisted. "Have your dinner in bed. The ball doesn't start until ten. You come down around then, but get a little rest in the meantime."

I followed her suggestion, but she couldn't know what torture it was to stay in my room alone. Somehow it was easier to be with people than to be wrestling with the clamorous fears and questions in my own mind.

I was dressed and ready long before ten. The sound of the music as I opened my door made me want to cry. For one swift moment I had the feeling that this was what my youth should be—a lilting orchestra, dancing, gaiety, and laughter. I went down the stairs, determined to enjoy myself—just as father had said in his wire.

At the foot of the stairs was Henri Croillard.

"I have been waiting for you," he said. "Shall we dance?"

He was almost too good a dancer for me. I danced so rarely and I was very rusty. But I wanted so to enjoy myself, to close my eyes and give in to the rhythm of the music. We didn't speak at all as we danced, and presently I was dancing as I had always dreamed—in complete accord with my partner.

I danced constantly that night, with almost feverish enjoyment, and mostly I danced with Henri. I was amazed at my feeling toward him. Every girl has her model of her Great

(Continued on page 30)

A Merry Christmas to All

Your friends and neighbors in the telephone company send you best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

Through the holidays, as always, we'll be on hand — doing our best to keep the Christmas spirit in telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from page 28)

Moment somewhere in the back of her mind. Without question, Henri was mine. He must have been what I meant when I told Arthur I wanted romance. He was romance—romance and chivalry, with an air of adventure—and of mystery. The sort of thrill man that every girl is secretly looking for. I felt, however, that there was tragedy overshadowing him, tragedy for him and through him. What manner of man was he?

“A very simple fellow,” he told me. “A French lawyer with offices in Paris and a branch office in London. Very prosaic and unromantic, and very hard-working. A widower who only knew one year of happy married life, and who has been afraid to try his luck again.”

I shivered. Tragedy surrounding him. Yes, it was there somewhere, in spite of his so simple, so direct way and his disarming smile.

“I will tell you something,” he murmured softly as he took my arm and held me almost too close as we walked out on the moonlit terrace. “I will tell you because you are leaving Sunday and I will probably never see you again. In eleven years I have never had the temptation to fall in love again—until this afternoon when I met a train.”

Impossible to answer that coyly, or with any glib phrase. His voice was too serious, and the look on his face frightened me, because I wanted to respond to it. He must have known how much I wanted to, for he did exactly what I hoped he would. He leaned over and kissed me—a very gentle kiss but warm and lingering.

“Come in and dance with me,” he said, and I felt a tremor of disappointment as we walked back to the crowd and the music.

Why was I disappointed? Did I want him to make further love to me—sweeping me off my feet? My heart knew I did. This was the sort of man I could really fall in love with, madly, unreckoningly, the way I wanted to love. Not the sweet, wholesome, unexciting love that I felt for Arthur. I felt my blood pounding through my veins.

BUT my ecstasy was short-lived, for in the midst of our dance one of the servants stopped us and told me the baroness would like to see me. An instant fear seized me, and I was aware that Henri squeezed my hand for courage.

“I'll go with you,” he said.

We followed the servant to the baroness' private sitting room, and one glance at her face made me ask, “What is wrong? What is the trouble?”

“Nothing serious,” she said hastily. “Just a slight accident.”

“Father . . . ?”

She nodded and handed me a wire, but I couldn't read it. I sat in the nearest chair in stony silence, barely listening to them as they read off the simple facts. Father had slipped on the front stairs of our house. No bones broken, merely a sprain. . . . How could they know what was going on in my mind? How could they know my awful suspicions?

“I would like to start back to him at once,” I said, as soon as I could speak. “If there is any way, I would like to get a plane tonight.”

“Perhaps we can arrange it,” the baroness said, and turned to the telephone.

“If you don't mind, I'll go to my room now.” I pulled myself from the chair, and I was grateful that Henri took my arm. I think I really needed support up the stairs. When we reached my bedroom, he said:

“I am coming in. I want to talk to you.”

I nodded. I was grateful. In the room, he drew a chair very close to mine, and there was no trace of sentiment in his grave dark face now.

He knew about Arthur's arrest. He knew that my father was in grave danger.

“I feel as you do, that this is no slight injury. I feel it was a planned accident. Your father has come upon information and has detailed formulae which certain Powers will never permit any man living to know—much less to use.”

“What sort of information?” I whispered.

But he shook his head. He wouldn't tell me any more than Arthur would.

YOU may be walking into grave danger when you go back now,” he continued. “But you will find some friends you never dreamed of, watching over you. Observe and note all that you can; hear all that you can possibly manage. You may be vitally helpful if you are willing to work in a matter of extreme importance to the whole world.”

I stared at him.

“You are a spy, Henri!” I murmured. “Some sort of spy!”

He shrugged irritably.

“I am a soldier,” he said proudly, “who never wore a uniform.”

I reached over and squeezed his hand, and he gripped mine fervently. We knew then that we two understood each other from that moment. I think we knew then that we were to be important in each other's lives.

“If ever you are in trouble,” he said softly, “let me know.”

A servant came with word that the baroness had chartered a plane for me, and I would take off at dawn. Henri left, promising to drive me to the field.

I dressed with mounting excitement while the servant packed. I don't know why, but knowing Henri and knowing where he stood, filled me with new courage. I didn't feel so awfully alone. Hadn't he told me that he had representatives—operators, they called them, didn't they?—who would watch over me? I couldn't know who they were, of course. I could never really know who was friend and who was enemy.

I was sorely tempted to seek Henri out—tell him about the fountain pen Arthur had given me, and let him see it. But a fundamental loyalty prevented my doing it. There was only one person besides Arthur that I should turn that pen over to, and that was father.

Henri drove with me to the airfield and saw me off. And kissed me goodby—kissed me as I had never before been kissed, and held me as I had never before been held. And left me in a new daze, wondering what was love. What I felt for Arthur? Or what I felt for Henri?

It seemed so strange not to have Arthur meet me when I landed—Arthur, who always met me everywhere. There was nobody to meet me, in spite of the fact that the baroness had sent a wire to my father. I took the kind offer of the only man with an automobile at the field, and allowed him to drive me into the city.

THE servants greeted me at home with odd restraint, and with what seemed to me furtive ways and averted eyes.

A strange man in a formal morning coat was coming downstairs as I entered the front door. I knew from the black bag in his hand that he was a doctor. He was introduced as a bone specialist, and he was very clever in reciting to me the performance of a very slight operation on my father's foot, which he had just finished. I tried to keep horror and suspicion from my eyes. Why had this man been called in over the head of the American doctor who always attended my father?

“I think he will sleep quietly now,” he told me. “He had a restless night. It would be better for you not to disturb him. I have left a nurse in charge.”

“Very well, doctor,” I said quietly. I could seem docile and obedient, but I couldn't wait to get him out of the door. Then I went to my room and called for tea and sent for the nurse to talk to her.

My father was sleeping quietly, she said. He was greatly relieved after the slight operation.

“I am so glad,” I told her. “I have been worried, naturally. Will you let me know when he wakes?”

“I hope he will sleep a long time,” the nurse said.

But as soon as I knew that she had gone downstairs to breakfast, I tiptoed into my father's room.

He wasn't sleeping. He was struggling to overcome some sort of heavy anesthetic. Yet he was wary enough to put his finger to his lips, in signal that we must both be quiet. The gratitude in his eyes at seeing me made me thank God that I had taken the plane. I knew in my heart if I hadn't he would have been dead by the time I arrived. I knew that he was dying at that moment!

I put my arms around him and my ear close to his lips, listening while he verified with agonizing effort everything that Henri had said.

“Bacteria bombs,” he whispered; but I didn't, at the moment, grasp what he meant. "I have information of where and how they are stored. How many . . ."

But my brain was incapable of taking it all in. I was too torn with emotion and with shock.

"Regardless of what they think, my information will get through," father gasped. "But I am frightened for Arthur. I don't think he will ever come out alive, and I am afraid he will never come out in any condition to tell what he knows."

I shook my head, but I couldn't speak for crying.

"If you love me, child, and want me to rest in peace, go back to the States and never breathe a word of what you know. Pretend to the servants now that I am asleep. Never let them suspect that you have any suspicion of what happened to me."

HIS head fell heavily back against my arm, and I let him down gently on the pillow. I heard him mumble, deliriously, that if I had been a son he would ask me to stay here and carry on for the sake of the whole world.

The whole world. What did that mean? I leaned forward to speak, but he was already dead, though I didn't realize it.

"I am the best son you've got, father. I can't obey you. I am going to make them pay for your life, and I am going to find out what work you have been doing and carry on for you."

That was when I touched him—and realized he was dead! I almost fainted from the shock. I felt I was going to scream, and dropped to my knees to press my lips hard against the mattress. They must never hear me scream. They must never know I was in here. . . .

I knew that was my first big task. I had to hide my emotions. I had to play dumb now, play the young naïve girl, all unaware of anything wrong. No suspicion must fall upon me, or I too might end up with a minor operation, or be involved in some trap.

But it took supreme effort to wipe away the tears, to leave my father's room softly and hurry back to my own room, praying that I was unobserved, and there to hastily undress, draw the shades, and pretend that I was napping in bed. Pretend to be napping when my nerves were screaming.

I was alone in the world now, with no relatives, no one close, and the man who loved me, and could be of such comfort to me, in jail or in some prison camp.

They had murdered my father. What would they do with me?

Can Hester successfully play the double role of foolish fly tangled in a killing web and yet outwit the cleverly diabolic spiders? Is that internationally important fountain pen safe? What of those bacteria bombs? The curtain rises on a thrilling act in next week's Liberty. Don't fail to be there!

Don't let Winter catch *you* unprepared

Last call! If your car won't start. If you wear out your battery in a hopeless tussle with congealed Summer oil. If you burn out bearings because cold-stiffened oil couldn't get to them. If you are troubled all Winter with sludge, carbon and corrosion due to impurities in the oil . . . don't say we didn't warn you to

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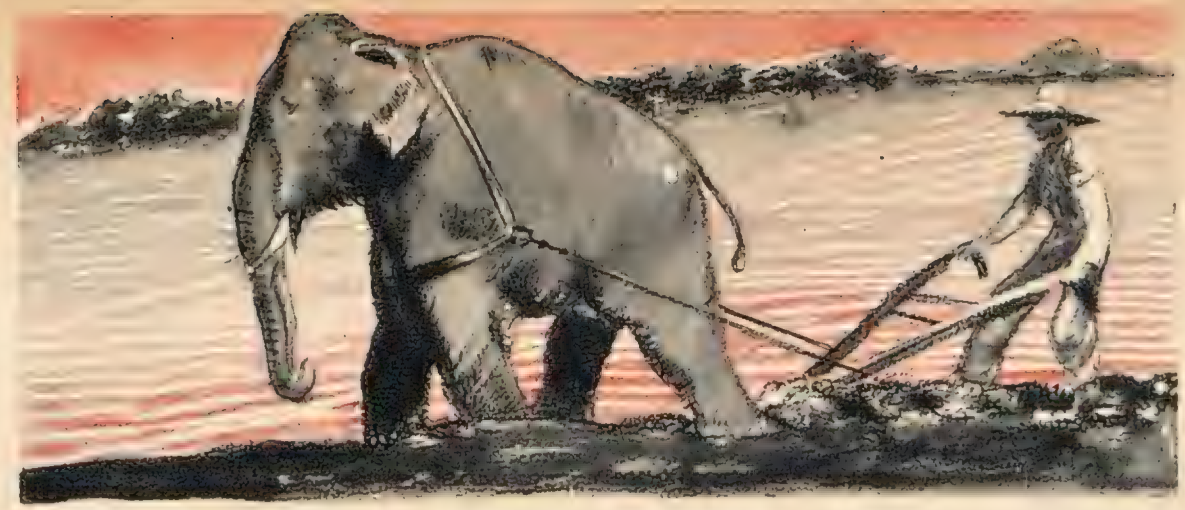
ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET

Liberty's Short Short

BY DOROTHY SHERRILL



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Elephants from the famous Hagenbeck Zoological Gardens are being put to work on German farms in place of war-requisitioned horses.—*News report.*

THE peace-loving storks deserted their nests early because of West Wall gunfire. Grandpa, peering up at the empty chimney top, knew it was an evil omen.

But, *Gott im Himmel,* only one thing could happen now worse than what already had! Son Otto silenced forever in the mud and blood of Poland; Heinrich, who loved the sunny fields of this farm, existing mole-like under the Siegfried Line; and Friedrich rotting in prison for preaching from his first pulpit that the Leader in heaven is more powerful than any on earth. That was why Friedrich had been put into prison. But why he would probably die there—mysteriously—was that the local officer of the Gestapo wanted Friedrich's lovely wife. This was the threat that made Grandpa shudder now.

He forced himself to look away from the ominously uninhabited roof. Dewy fields were smoking in early sunlight. Friedrich's golden-haired Hilda was pulling the last turnips. Nearer by, on the brink of the lime quarry, Heinrich's two little boys played Storm Troopers. In the barn, where until recently Thor and Freya had waited the plow's yoke, the Hamburg elephant protested against the indignity of being prepared for farm service.

And down the road came a neighbor running.

It has happened! thought Grandpa, trembling as he hobbled forward. He seized the note the neighbor thrust at him, limped to the house. In the empty kitchen he read it: "Have escaped toward Switzerland. Don't worry. Burn this. Friedrich."

Sobbing for joy, the old man tottered to the hearth. "For once the storks predicted wrong!" He threw the precious, dangerous paper into the flames. Then he turned to face a new farmhand, whose step on the threshold had been noiseless.

MEANWHILE the elephant plowed. The gray channels of his brain flowed sluggishly, bearing in slow stream half-forgotten sensations. The wind against his pendulous ears, the sun that he hated, the loam oozing under his mammoth feet, the whip-lashings of the farmers on his unfeeling flanks stirred the currents of his memory. Blanked out were the Hamburg years. Blanked out, too, were his circus years.

The elephant became young again. Cottages thatched with teak leaves lined a riverbank. Behind, lush jungle offered longed-for shade. Before, the mighty Irrawaddy swept. In center flood, gray-brown teak logs sped, flung there by beasts guided by small brown men. But inshore were the slow-whorling pools where an elephant might splash and roll and geyser. Remembering, the elephant lifted his trunk, shrieked a blast of awakened nostalgia.

The plowman behind his lumbering flanks started. "*Ach,* I wish he wouldn't do that!"

The Hamburg keeper laughed. "He's full of spirit. He was once a circus elephant; used to do wonderful tricks, they say, until his old master died and he forgot them all."

IT couldn't have been later than noon when the soldiers appeared. Grandpa was prepared for the coming of the Gestapo, headed by the officer who had seized Friedrich, the officer who coveted Hilda. There had been many arrests in the neighborhood since the cloud of British pamphlets had fallen from the skies. It was *verboten* to read and burn papers. The new farmhand had seen him do it. Therefore all morning Grandpa's old ears had been straining for the sound of marching men. And Grandpa didn't care now. Since the good news about Friedrich, he was ready for anything.

But Hilda was not ready. Too much exaltation over the escape of her Friedrich sang in her heart to permit her face to be a safe mask. She tried to slip into a back room to avoid the devouring eyes of the feared officer.

He stopped her. "Frau Weissler, for your sake I regret what I have to do. I will make it up to you when you come to work as my secretary! I believe you typed your husband's sermons, yes?"

Horrified, Hilda nodded dumbly.

"Good. From now on you are to be relieved of farm duties. You will report at my office tomorrow."

"No!" she begged. "They need me here!"

The officer turned away, spoke in a different tone to Grandpa. "Carl Friedrich Weissler, you were caught reading and burning one of the *verboten* British propaganda pamphlets. You know the penalty."

"It was not—" began the old man.

The officer smiled coldly. "Why did you burn it so secretly? Don't tell me it was a love letter? . . . But we waste time. Come outside."

THE volley of gunfire sounded just as the plowing unit reached the cottage side of the field.

The big elephant stiffened. Pistol shots? A white-haired man on the ground? Once that had been a signal. What was it that he was supposed to do? Years now rolled forward instead of backward over his gray brain. The elephant stood on the edge of a sawdust ring—yes, there it was. And there, prone in yellow dust, lay the still figure of his old master! He remembered now. He knew what was expected of him!

He lurched against his harness, snapped it, and lunged across the farm clearing. Before the onlookers could do more than gasp, he picked up the body of the old man, carried it gently to the barn shade. This was his famous Rescue on the Battlefield. There should now be shouts and a roll of drums.

The big animal paused. The fact that no applause greeted his feat momentarily bewildered him. But the officer unwittingly provided the cue for the finale of the act.

"The beast has gone mad! Shoot him!"

Again shots rang, this time harmlessly. The tyros' bullets pattered against the elephant's hide. And now the reassured pachyderm once more went into his act. With triumphant blast, he swung his trunk sidewise, raised the screaming officer high. Confused because he missed the net into which, in circus days, he had been trained to fling the villain of the piece, he swayed, undecided, then turned ponderously and hurled the officer over the edge of the lime pit to death below.

This part of the act was called The Revenge. After it trumpets always blew and the crowd cheered.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

"He wants to see me every night!"

No wonder Janey was thrilled . . . here was the most popular boy in town asking for "solid" dates while other girls were green with envy. And yet only a few weeks ago he had absolutely ignored her. What explained his old indifference and his sudden new interest? That's easy to answer.

Janey got a tip that her breath wasn't what it should be . . . and started using Listerine Antiseptic every night and every morning, and between times before parties. And oh! what a difference it made. After all, there's probably nothing that kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath).

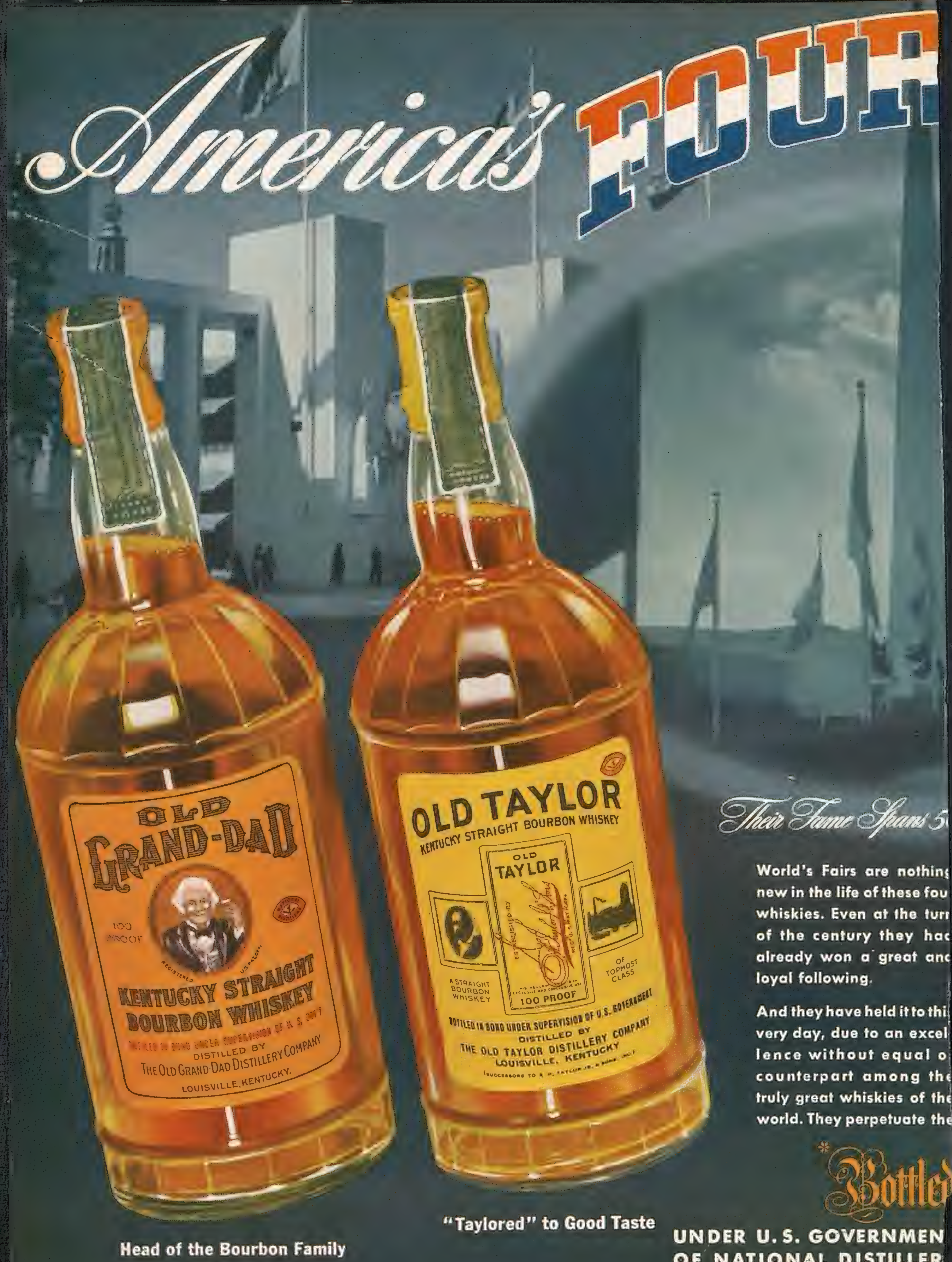
How's Your Breath?

You can't always tell when your breath is offensive due to local causes in the mouth, so the safest course is to be always on guard with Listerine Antiseptic.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gums and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend others.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always on hand and use it before your "big date." It may pay you rich rewards in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*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SUPERVISION and the EMBLEM
YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

FOR your Christmas convenience I have just had a talk with Velvalee Dickinson, a lady who specializes in dolls. She's California born, of Southern descent, and her odd first name resulted from the fact that her mother's best friend was a girl named Velva Lee. Until I met Miss Dickinson at her New York place of business I had no idea there was so much to say about dolls. But wait till you hear! . . .

Doll collecting is stylish now among such famous people as Norman Rockwell, the artist; movie star Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge; also Jock Whitney of social altitude, whose collection was launched by the gift of two Gone with the Wind dolls. He is said to be interested financially in Hollywood's G. w. t. W. production. . . . Genuine hillbilly dolls are popular but rare, because the Tennessee mountain folk who carve them by hand often take fright and quit when itinerant preachers tell them they're creating graven images! . . . Divorce complicates the doll instinct. Little daughters of divorce living with their mothers don't care much for dolls, as a rule. If they live with father they're more likely to want dolls—the pitiful mother craving of the motherless. . . . War reaches even to dolldom's innocent domain. Lovely dolls from the Isle of Aran, in Ireland, are no longer obtainable. Violet Powell, the Irish girl who made them, has volunteered for hospital service.

Last imports to arrive here before the war include Portuguese yarn dolls, Hawaiian hula dolls, Japanese mother and father dolls, English country squire dolls, whole doll families from Korea, and Polish refugee dolls whose home towns have since been bombed to smithereens. Prices of these dolls range between $2 and $5.

You can spend $150 for a Dewees Cochran portrait doll artificed to look exactly like your child. Edith Flack Ackley will paint the *doll's* picture for $20. Dressing a *de luxe* doll can be every cent as expensive as dressing a flesh-and-blood kid.

I saw dolls' bathing suits that cost $5; dolls' sets of coats and mittens at $15; dolls' evening cloaks $10 to $15; Florida outfits and winter-sports costumes for dolls at figures correspondingly nonsensical.

After this 'mazing show of doll extravagance I was greatly comforted to learn that dear old rag dollies—as wide-eyed and apple-cheeked as they used to be in my doll days—are still the favorite dolls of average little-girlhood.

I'm glad.

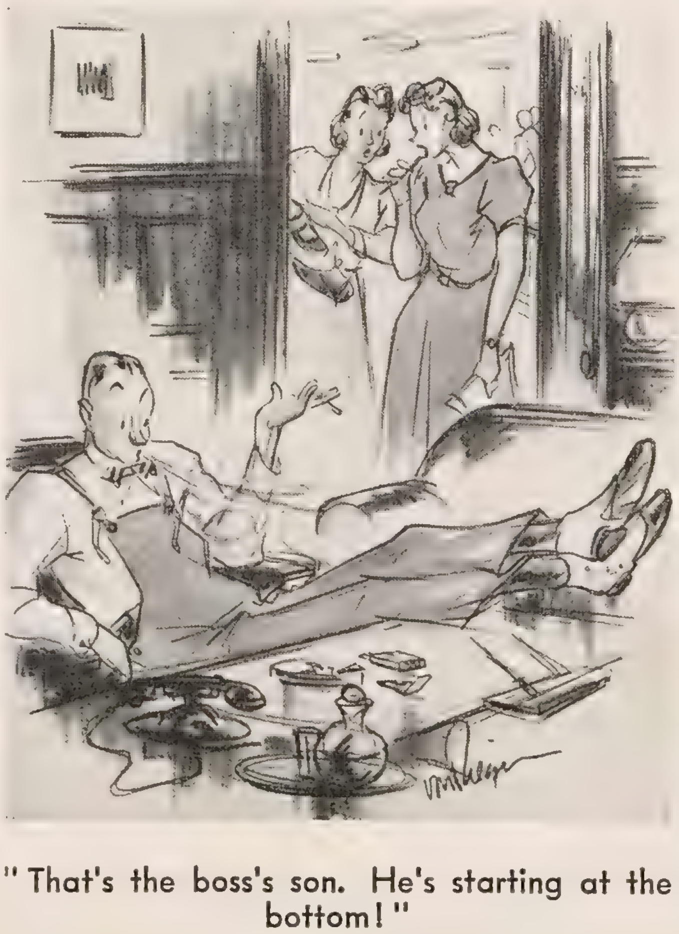
Among Velvalee Dickinson's antique dolls I found a coquettish one brought here about a hundred years ago, from Paris, by an American clergyman who fetched the flirtatious doll home with him to warn his own little girls against the horrid immodesty of Frenchwomen!

☆ Be that as it may, Frenchwomen turn *the* neatest compliments. To one beside whom he sat at a dinner party, Nicholas Murray Butler remarked that his memoirs might sound boastful because he called so many famous people by their first names. "Even more boastful for them," answered the French lady, "since they call you by your first name, too."

☆ Perfume gifting will be wise this Yuletide. Due to the war, perfume prices may go up later on. . . . For easy mailing, Helena Rubinstein attaches tiny bottles of her *Town and Country* to post cards ($1.25). Her vampy *Orchid* comes in a star-spangled gold package ($3.75); her new *Slumber Song* in an angel-shaped bottle appropriate for hanging on Christmas trees. . . . Extra Xmassy is Charbert's Santa Claus boot bottle containing any Charbert perfume—my choice *Gardenia* or *Mimosa* (from $1.25). . . . Lenthéric's *A Bientôt* smells particularly swell on furs (from $1.50). . . . Mary Chess offers *Heliotrope* and *Carnation* in bottles representing king or queen chess pieces.

☆ My first hearsay report of an English war wedding seems less emotional, perhaps, than calculative. An American lady just home after three years of London residence tells me her housemaid left abruptly to marry a shortsighted man in the baby-carriage business. The girl said: "They won't take 'im for fighting because of 'is eyes, and 'is pram trade can't 'ardly 'elp booming, what with the 'eaps of war babies that's bound to be born, so 'im and me ought to make a real go of it, don't you think, ma'am?"

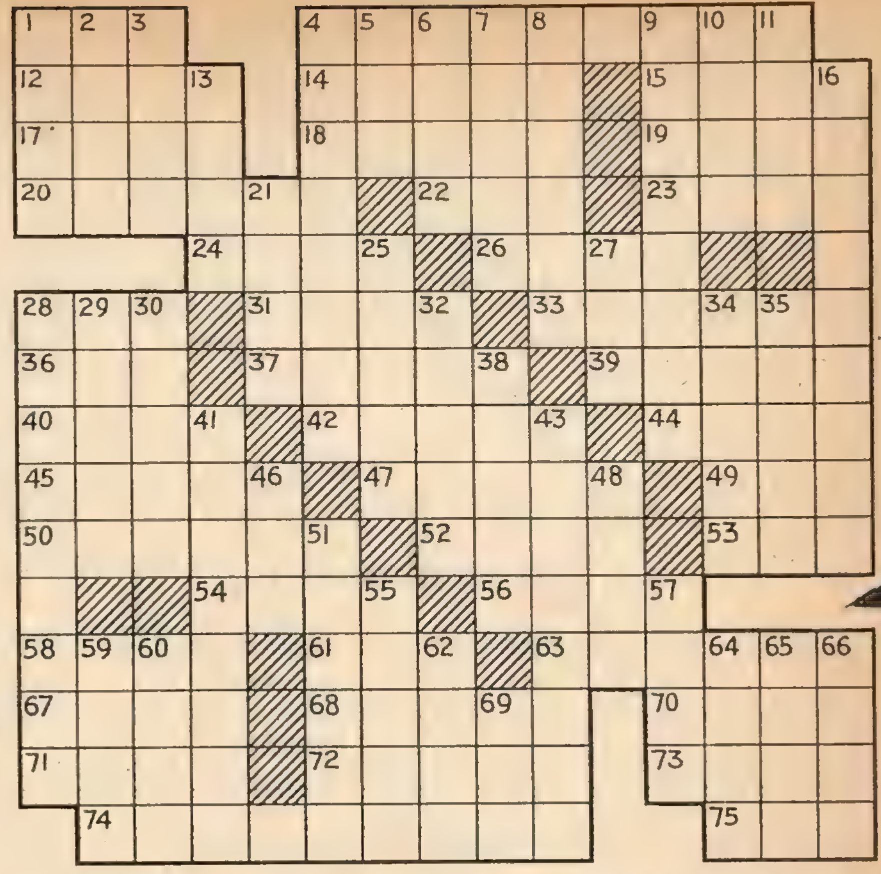
☆ Here's the third of my recipes arranged to give you three unusual turkey dinners, all from the same bird. Last week's was Old English, the week before we had one from Vermont, and now we'll use up what's left to prepare an African feast dish called *Kalaloum*: . . . Leave any remaining small joints whole; shred rest of meat, not too fine; dust with flour; fry quickly in hot salad oil. Add any leftover gravy, also a little consommé or warm water. Simmer 2 finely chopped green peppers in butter, mash and add to turkey with generous seasoning of black pepper. Heap a hot platter with flaky boiled rice; ladle your fricassee on the rice; surround with alternating quarters of fresh orange and quarters of cooked sweet potato dusted with nutmeg. Over all sprinkle ground roasted peanuts. You'll find this excellent if you're partial to Creole gumbo or Oriental stews.



"That's the boss's son. He's starting at the bottom!"

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 This preceded the arms embargo repeal
4 Schnozzola, Jr.
12 He thinks he's smart
14 Form a union without Mendelssohn
15 Red on the surface, yellow through and through but terribly cheesy
17 The losing king
18 Colossal fun
19 Lady bass
20 Parlor sofas on wheels
22 Arthur's creative side
23 To work for the WPA
24 The fellow who bet on the Reds
26 It's being dropped in London
28 Kind of sister every city editor wants
31 A scrambled note
33 Mama's little angel face
36 One for the French
37 This got the Pulletzer Prize
39 She goes around with Flora
40 What teapots do in the Ozarks
42 An old grad from Russia
44 One of the lovable things in America
45 Do'ls Cagney plays with in the movies
47 He left the Thinker sitting there with nothing on
49
50 This man's a saint
52 Where married people get the breaks
53 Short streets
54 If you have one you're in the Hollywood swim
56 Go on a tear
58 What the Colonel scratched at Pimlico
61 Reached Embargo Impasse (abbr.)
63 How you feel after six beers and a steak
67 She slammed the door heard round the world
68 This is very corny
70 What Morris found in the Morris chair
71 Man after Hitler's heart (and scalp)
72 That's what you think!
73 Mantrap
74 Kind of camp without fun
75 New color scheme much admired in Berlin

VERTICAL

1 Any one of these can hold four qts.
2 It's safe's can be
3 Hottentot's evening gown
4 Something you shouldn't get with a policeman
5 —— de France
6 Two tons of beer barrel fell on him recently
7 People hollering at each other in Italian
8 What are New York's Finest?
9 Cry of the parliamentary yes-yes man (two words)
10 Hard at work at a Cockeyed X-word
11 They ain't hay
13 Old beef
16 Peppermint drops with halitosis (two words)
21 The present time
25 France's gift to American womanhood
27 Chamberlain's Hitler's Friend (abbr.)
28 This produces that sinking feeling
29 Turnip that advertises
30 These cause ringing in the ears around New Year's
32 Male soprano
34 What Hitler left Warsaw in
35 Unsoused, to some people
38 Collector of saddle bunions
41 The East Indian Express (and quite a trunk carrier)
43 This is the end of youth
46 Almost slow
48 Opposite of yes yes (double talk)
51 What the young man of Salt Lake City was
55 What stockbrokers did in '29
57 Sketched by an old actor
59 Mrs. Lincoln was one before she married
60 Injun
62 Four aces in a row
64 And two jacks
65 It's always in some kind of hot or cold water
66 Any good scout's good for one
69 Zenzitive Nostril Oscillators (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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EBON ADIPOSE TIME
GAPE LACATAN ATOM
AREA ONE■OLD PERI
DENTINE■ALA■TAMER
    ME■GLORIA
MADAM■BAGGY■POLAR
ANIMUS■PAY■F■NAVE
REPORTS■E■FOP■PEG
IM■KEEPS■JUROR■RA
NOW■DAY■W■NUMERAL
ENID■L■LOP■MANAGE
SENOR■FATAL■DOGES
    AVATAR■BE
SMELT■MEN■MESSAGE
HAVE SIR■EER ARIA
ERIN ANAPEST FIRS
DELE DELILAH EDDY
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Last week's answer

Baby Ruth
CURTISS
Baby 5¢ Ruth
For "Between-meal" Food Energy
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD

"WILL I BE WITH YOU CHRISTMAS MORN'?"

● There is sheer delight in Baby Ruth candy bars, so fine, so pure, so rich in Dextrose food energy sugar. Is it any wonder that these popular candy bars are important items in thousands of well-filled Christmas stockings. Baby Ruth is good candy and good food and Baby Ruth Candy is always a handy Christmas gift.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN

Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

GANG MOLL

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE guy was in one of the incommunicado cells, where we put prisoners we didn't want other prisoners to talk to or mouthpieces to get at. And I remember thinking he was kind of like a tiger in the zoo, the way he stood there glaring out through the bars at Cap and me.

"D'ye see why he's monikered 'Whitey'?" Cap asked me.

"Yes, sir."

The guy was monikered Whitey for the same reason I was. Because he had a white streak down the middle of his black hair, like I had: a birthmark, I guess you'd call it. And because the two of us happened to be marked the same way was why Cap Watson of the robbery detail had called me, a rookie cop only six weeks out of police school, into the picture. Another reason why he'd picked me, Cap said, was that I hadn't been a cop long enough for my mug to get known.

Here was the set-up:

For the past year a gang of bank robbers had been working in and around the city, and all up and down the state, for that matter. The only thing the Department was sure of about them was that their leader was a guy named Spud Dorgan. He was a branch-bank specialist, and a pretty smart cookie. Time and again the mob had gotten away with branch-bank jobs you wouldn't have thought it possible to get away with, and all the boys had been able to do was keep on trying, and whistling for a break, in the face of the usual newspaper panning.

But it seemed like the break had come at last.

The night before, the fugitive detail had picked up the guy Cap had called me in to look at. They'd picked him up on a telegraphed request from New York, as he was getting off of his train in the Plaza Station. Whitey Stone was his name, and New York had wanted him on suspicion of murder.

But after the fugitive boys had frisked him, they'd had sense enough to forget about New York and call Cap right off. It seemed they'd found a letter on Stone—a letter of introduction from some Eastern mobster to no less a person than our good old ghost Spud Dorgan! A letter recommending Stone to Dorgan as a guy who'd be valuable to him in his business!

When Cap had gotten hold of that letter—and of Stone—the New York murder rap had just got tossed out of the window for the time being. Cap hadn't even booked Stone, he'd been that afraid news of the pinch might leak out. He'd just thrown the guy into an incommunicado cell, and started looking for somebody with a white streak in his hair. Somebody had told him about me.

All on account of my hair, Cap Watson was propositioning me, Whitey McTerney, to become Whitey Stone, a New York killer! To take that letter of introduction to the address it gave, try to contact Dorgan, and try to get myself in with him and his mob and get the lowdown on 'em! Maybe tease 'em along into pulling something.

"Stone hasn't had a chance to present the letter to Dorgan," Cap said. "Nobody knows about the pinch, and we won't even let a fly light on the guy while we're holding him here. He don't even exist so far as we're concerned, see?"

I could see that, all right, and it was O. K. so far as it went. But suppose some of the others of the Dorgan mob knew Stone? Or news of the pinch *did* leak out?

"That's a chance you'll have to take, McTerney," Cap said.

It would mean promotion for me, he said, if I got away with it. And, like he said, it was better for me to take on the assignment than some married man with a family of kids.

So I took it on.

"Remember, you're a killer!" Cap told me, as he shook hands with me and wished me luck. "Remember, if you meet Dorgan, that they don't come any tougher than Whitey Stone!"

By eight o'clock that night I was standing in the lobby of the little South End hotel that had been given as Dorgan's address in the letter, and talking to the clerk on duty. Cap had made me study all the other papers and memorandums they'd taken off of Stone besides the letter of introduction. I had Stone's rod, his ring, watch, and monogrammed cigarette lighter. And Cap had all the tailor's labels taken out of Stone's clothes and had had 'em sewn into mine. But, just the same, I felt a lot like an actor must feel when he's making his debut or whatever it is you call it. The difference being that all you can throw at an actor is eggs or vegetables.

"Dorgan?" the clerk said. "We ain't got nobody by that name here."

"Don't give me that, pal," I came back at him, like I figured Stone would have. "Whitey Stone's the name, and I got a letter to Spud Dorgan."

I took off my hat, not to be polite, but to let him have a good gander at my white streak.

"If you're that curious," I went on, "it's a letter of introduction from a pal of his in the East. Tonelli. The name mean anything to you, or do you just work here?"

"I just work here," he said.

"O. K.," I said, letting my hand kind of wander inside my coat, like I figured Whitey Stone might have. "Then tell Dorgan there's a pal of Al Tonelli's waiting to see him."

He looked me over some more. Then:

"Excuse me a minute," he said, and went out a door at the back of his office.

He was gone quite a while, and while he was gone I had a feeling I was being cased pretty thoroughly from somewhere, although I couldn't tell where from.

When he came back he wasn't looking so blank.

"If you'll go up to the third floor, somebody'll meet you at the elevator," he said. "Maybe they can tell you where this party you're lookin' for can be had."

"I get it, pal," I told him. "Play it safe, and you don't make no mistakes. Thanks!"

I pinched out my cigarette and went over to the elevator, one of those little automatic ones. I got in it, kind of crossed myself for luck, and pushed the third-floor button. When the thing jerked to a stop I held my breath while the door slid open. There wasn't any guy waiting for me. It was a dame standing there in the hall, waiting. And, brother, what a dame! Not the flash type at all, but just about the neatest little blonde number I'd run into in a long, long while.

I took off my hat—this time to be polite—and I remember how she took a quick gander at my white streak and smiled.

"So you're Whitey Stone!" she said, like she'd heard about me and was seeing me for the first time.

"That's me, sister!" I said, smiling my best back at her, and pulling out my letter of introduction. "Where's Dorgan?"

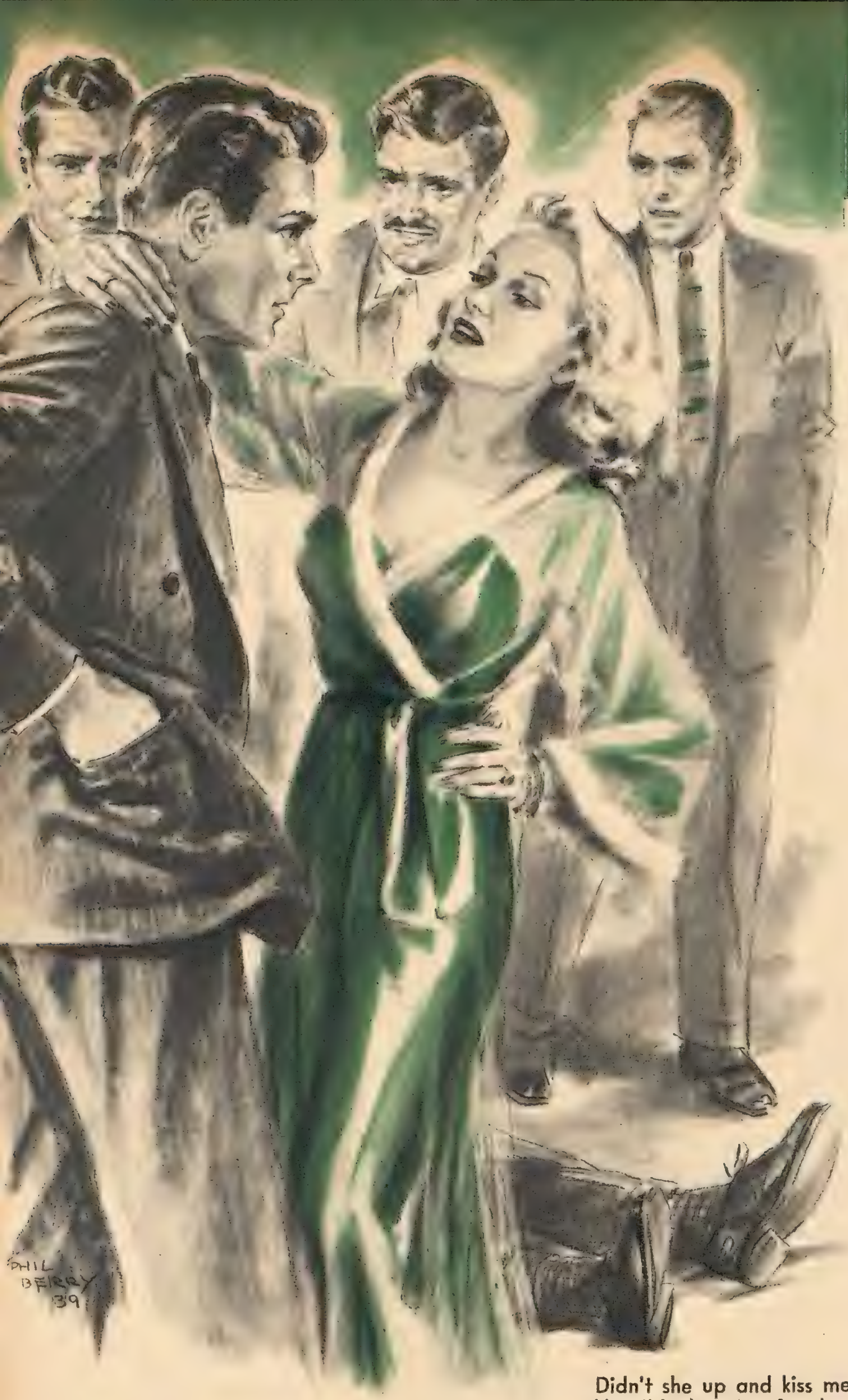
"Not so fast, big boy!" she cracked. "Let's see that!"

I passed her the letter. She read it through, looking from it to me a couple of times, then passed it back to me.

"O. K.," she said. Then, sticking out her mitt and smiling again, "My name's Marie."

"Glad to know you, Marie," I told her. I had a funny feeling I meant it, too. She sure had a face and a shape, that girl, and a pair of dark eyes that talked right out.

Blonde trouble! . . . A tinglin tale of love and the law, an a crime-hunter's grim dilemm



Didn't she up and kiss me, like I'd done it for her!

She told me to follow her, and we went down the hall. She stopped at a door at the far end of it, opened the door, and nodded to me to go on in. I took a long breath, kind of crossed myself for luck again, and did.

It looked like the living room of a suite. In a chair over by the windows a big bald-headed guy, with about the hardest map I'd ever seen on a human being, was sprawled in his shirt sleeves, with a drink in his hand. He finished the drink and started folding himself together to get up when he saw me. I heard the girl saying:

" This is him, Spud. This is Whitey Stone! "

Dorgan! The guy himself!

" Remember, you're a killer," Cap had said. " Remember, they don't come any tougher than Whitey Stone! "

" Whenja get in, Whitey? " he asked, as we shook hands.

" Night before last," I said. " The heat was on me back there, and I wanted to be sure there wasn't no heat on me out here, before I contacted you."

" That was smart," he said. " What was the heat on you for? "

" A killing."

" Killing, eh? "

" Yeah. The mug had it coming to him! "

I remembered the girl, and turned around to look at her. She was just watching me, kind of dead-pan.

" You can say anythin' you want in front of Marie," Dorgan laughed. " She's one of us. The best caser and getaway driver we got. And I guess she's blasted herself a couple in her time, too. Eh, blondie? " He grinned at her.

She didn't answer, and I got the feeling that she didn't like him calling her blondie or talking that way about her. Maybe it was just that I wanted her not to like it, if you get what I mean.

" Let's see Al's letter," Dorgan said.

I handed over the letter to him and he pointed to a chair.

" Bring us in a couple of snorts," he ordered the girl, " and tell the boys to come on in and meet Whitey."

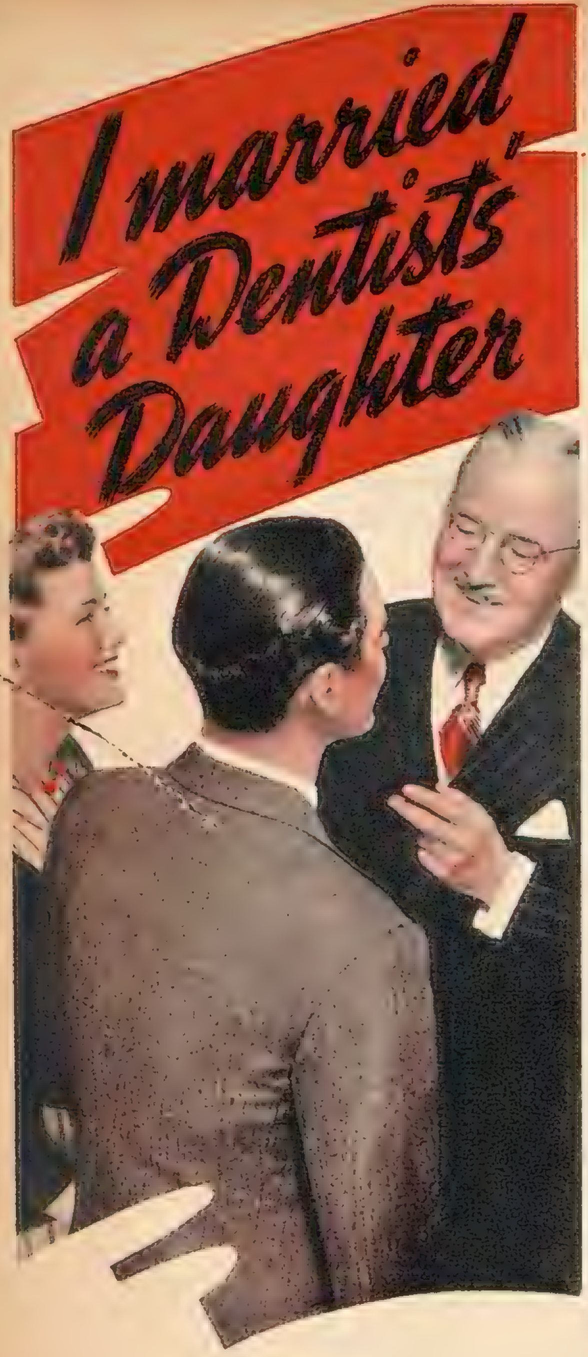
Marie went out, and I sat down. He sprawled back in his chair and started reading the letter, and I sat there, realizing that I was up against my big hurdle. Supposing one of those mugs who were coming in knew the real Whitey Stone, or news of Stone's pinch *had* leaked out, in spite of all Cap was doing?

I don't think I ever passed a longer couple of minutes in my life. . . .

And then the door was opening, and Marie was coming back in with a couple of highballs in her hand, and behind her was coming a guy . . . then another . . . and then three more. I'm telling you it was all I could do to keep my hand outside my coat as those mugs came in, one after the other, and looked me over! But after the last one came in and closed the door after him I knew I didn't have to worry about Whitey McTerney any more. I'd done it, by George! I'd sold 'em Whitey Stone!

Marie handed me my drink, and after I'd shaken hands all around, Dorgan read 'em Tonelli's letter. It sure recommended Brother Stone highly, that letter. Those mugs stopped dead-panning me and began to look real interested. They began opening up and asking me questions, and I began surprising myself, the way I answered them.

Marie went out and brought in drinks for everybody, and we sat there talking things over for an hour or more, I guess. I took a look at the girl out of the corner of my eye every now and then. She was the only one


I married a Dentist's Daughter

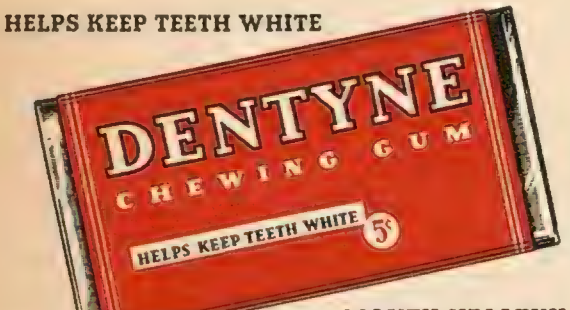
First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

"We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we *need!* Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also—it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

I wasn't quite sure of; I guess that was because I was worried about her woman's intuition. But all of a sudden she caught me looking at her, she smiled, and I wasn't worried about her woman's intuition any more.

Yes, sir, I was getting away with it swell, I realized. For the asking, it looked like I could put myself in a spot to send every man jack in that room to stir for a long, long stay. Maybe some of them to the gas chamber! But do you know what was sticking in my mind as I sat there, realizing that? Call me a damned fool if you want to. But what was sticking in my mind was that moll. The shape of her . . . the whiff of her I'd gotten when that elevator door had opened . . . the feel of her hand . . . the way she'd smiled at me. . . .

A lousy gang moll. The property of a mug like Dorgan, because it was easy to see she belonged to him. A bandit and killer in her own right. And yet, there I was, even stopping to think that if I steered those rats into stir, I steered her along with 'em! A swell copper I was turning out to be!

"If you want me," I told Dorgan, like I was doing him a big favor, "I'll throw in with you."

"Sure I want you!" Dorgan said. "We all want you."

Sure they wanted me, they all said. Marie said it, too, looking at me, I thought, like she already half guessed how I felt about her.

"You're goin' to be a big help to us, Whitey!" Dorgan said, sticking out his mitt.

I WON'T go into details about the next few days I spent with that bunch. I reported to Cap, of course, the first chance I got. The old boy sure was tickled when I told him how quick they'd gone for me, and he said he didn't want me to crowd things. I was just to get to know 'em better, and let 'em get to know me better, and get as much of an earful as I could. Of course, if they started planning anything, I was to report to him immediately.

I didn't tell Cap anything about Marie. . . .

I found out one thing about her soon enough. She may have belonged to Dorgan, but it was more because she was scared of him than anything else. You could tell that from the way she looked at him when he ordered her around, or talked about her to me and the others, right in front of her. He sure was a foul-mouthed buzzard, especially when he was drinking, and you could tell that Marie would have liked to shut him off but didn't dare. He had her scared stiff.

And apart from their chatter about jobs they'd pulled—although they didn't spill anything you could call evidence—I found out that those mugs didn't like Dorgan any more than Marie did, but for a different reason. They didn't like him because he ran his business so carefully. I got the impression they felt Dorgan was a piker for sticking to small branch banks, scattered over a wide area. I got the impression they wanted him to go after the bigger stuff, even if it was a lot more dangerous. Their eyes lit up and they sided with me in a discussion I had with Dorgan about a big mail-truck robbery I'd been mixed up in in the East.

Oh, sure! By the evening of the third day with them in that little hotel, I'd implicated myself in some jobs that made even Dorgan's eyes pop. Branch banks had never been my speed, I let 'em understand. They weren't worth the trouble. I agreed with Dorgan that volume of business was O. K. so far as it went, but insisted that it was the big jobs that pulled in the mazuma.

Yes, sir, by the evening of that third day things couldn't have been breaking better for me.

DORGAN was pretty drunk that third evening. Pretty drunk, and getting uglier by the minute. I'd overplayed my hand a little, maybe, and I guess he was beginning to resent it. But what the hell? I was Whitey Stone, wasn't I? In a business argument, my experience counted for almost as much as his, didn't it?

Looking back on things now, I guess the guy *was* beginning to suspect that I had a yen for the dame.

I remember I was trying to convince him it was perfectly possible to knock over the biggest bank in town—the Pacific Trust—and get away with a hundred grand, maybe, instead of the chicken feed he'd been grabbing from its branches. Drunkenly the guy was trying to show me what he didn't have to show me—that it *would* be the easiest bank in town for the coppers to stake out on. What made it worse, I guess, was that his mugs were agreeing with me—the dumb clucks!

"I think Whitey's right," was all Marie said, smiling at me.

I'll never forget the look Dorgan threw at her.

"Will you shut your blankety-blank trap, you blankety-blankety blank, and get th' hell outa here?" he yelled at her.

"You big stiff!" I said, almost before I knew I was saying it. "You can't talk to her like that!"

I remember how the guy turned slowly around toward me, licking his lips, with his little pig eyes narrowing down to pin points. I remember the mugs all kind of holding their breaths. I remember Marie looking across at me, kind of stunned. I'd have given ten years off my life to have had those words back in my mouth!

"Sez *you!*" the guy growled down deep in his throat, like an animal.

"Yeah, sez *me!*" I growled back at him.

It was the only thing to do, wasn't it? I was Whitey Stone, wasn't I? Whitey Stone, a killer?

I started pin-pointing my own eyes at him and beginning to slide my hand slowly toward the inside of my coat. And, brother, I'm telling you my hand wasn't doing any play-acting at that point! The guy was fighting drunk and rodded up, like the rest of 'em. He was their boss, and if I couldn't bluff him out of it—if it came to a showdown—

I saw his hand start. . . . My hand was closer to my rod, and I guess that's all that saved me. . . .

The Lord knows I hadn't wanted to blast the guy; but I wasn't a copper at that point. I was just a young guy who wanted to live!

My slug caught him right in the belly, and he went down. . . .

And then I was on my feet, covering the rest of them. Yes, Marie too. She didn't mean any more to me at that point than the twitching heap that had been Dorgan.

"I'm a police officer—" I started to say, and to this day I don't know whether it was God that choked the words back into my throat, or me. Because what do you think those mugs did, almost before Dorgan got still?

Damned if they didn't start telling me to tuck my rod away . . . that Dorgan had had it coming to him, and that I'd done 'em the favor of their lives! I was their man, they said! Whitey Stone was the kind of boss they wanted! Whitey Stone, who'd forgotten more about robbing banks than Dorgan ever knew! Whitey Stone, a real big-timer!

Marie? Didn't she up and kiss me, like I'd done it all for her! She figured I'd done it so I could have her, by George!

"I knew it the first time I saw you, Whitey," she was whispering to me, hanging on to me hard and brushing my ear with her mouth. "I knew it when you got out of that elevator!"

I was in the sweetest position an undercover operator had ever been in in all the history of police work. Maybe I wouldn't have to jockey 'em into the Pacific Trust set-up! Maybe, as their new leader, I could get 'em to spill enough of their guts to me so I could practically walk 'em into the penitentiary! Maybe? It looked like a lead-pipe cinch!

THEN, all of a sudden, there was a banging at the door of the room, and I realized that as the new leader of the Whitey Stone mob, I had my first job on my hands.

"Get him into the other room!" I whispered to the mugs, fast. "Get the rug outa here, too! And I'll do the talking!"

I never saw guys work faster than they did, taking away Dorgan's carcass and the mess it had made. By the time I'd gotten to the door, those guys were coming back into the living room like nothing had happened!

It was the clerk from downstairs.

"Wha-what is it?" he gasped, white as a sheet. "Wh-where's Mr. Dorgan?"

"He's in the back room, asleep. Want to see him?" I asked.

He stuck his head inside and saw

Velvet
..at home in pipe or cigarette
Velvet
Plumbful of Xmas cheer
Better smoking tobacco

Velvet in the big one pound tin... a happy gift for any man

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that none of us seemed to be excited.

"No," he said. "Not if he's O. K."

"If you mean that thing that sounded like a shot, buddy," I told him, "that wasn't no shot. That was only an automobile backfiring. And I wouldn't call no bulls, if I was you. Mr. Dorgan wouldn't like that."

"I won't call no bulls!" he said. "Tell Mr. Dorgan not to worry!"

"He'll appreciate it," I said. "Good night!"

I closed the door, and the next thing, Marie was wrapping herself around me again.

"That was swell, Whitey!" she said. "Wasn't it, boys?"

They agreed that it was, and that the only thing we had to worry about was how to get Dorgan out of there.

"That's a cinch!" I told 'em, as I grabbed up my hat to leave. "I'll be back. All of you stick right here. This ain't the first time I've had to handle a set-up like this!"

IF we were going to get Dorgan out of there without any questions asked, the first thing I wanted to be sure of were the coppers in that district. Luck was with me there. Bill Donohue, who'd graduated from police school with me, was in the prowl car when I finally located it. He and the older copper who was with him didn't ask any questions when I told 'em I was going to carry a drunk down the fire escape of a certain hotel in a little while. It was O. K. with them, they said, if I knew what I was doing, and they hoped I did.

So that's how we got rid of Dorgan. It was like shooting fish, but those mugs didn't think so until we finally dumped him by the side of a road about twelve miles out of town. That's how we always did it, back where I came from, I told 'em!

I didn't get a chance until next morning to call Cap and tell him what had happened, omitting, of course, Marie's part in the thing. The old boy wouldn't have understood that at all. I just told him Dorgan had gotten jealous of the way his mobsters had been going for me.

"You young fool!" he said. "You killed him, and it's up to you to get him out of there!"

I'd already done that, I told him, and told him where Dorgan could be found. He'd tip off Homicide, and I'd be in the clear, he promised me. But the killing of Dorgan was the least of his worries, he said. The thing that was worrying him was that I might muff the swell spot I'd dropped into with another piece of foolishness. I wasn't to take any more chances; I was to try to jockey 'em into pulling something pronto.

"I don't have to do that," I told him. "They've been sitting up nights figuring on taking the Pacific Trust!"

Yes, sir, believe it or not, that's what those mugs had decided to do! I hadn't made the decision for 'em. My gang was going to be run on democratic principles, I'd told 'em; I wasn't going to be a dictator, like Dorgan had been!

With me voting "yes," they decided to take the Pacific Trust the following Wednesday, and, brother, I sure learned plenty about bank robbery in the next few days!

From the point of view of Officer McTerney, who was going to be promoted for his part in it, the set-up was a natural. But—and I'm ashamed to say it—from the point of view of Whitey McTerney, it didn't look so good. And as Wednesday got closer, it got to looking worse and worse to Whitey McTerney, who, like I said, was old enough to know better.

Marie was going to drive the getaway car, and that meant only one thing, of course. That she'd be grabbed, like the others!

"It's my job," she said, when I did my best to talk her out of it. "Why shouldn't I?"

There wasn't any answer to that, any more than there was to why I'd gone for her. I just had, that's all; it was just my tough luck to be made that way. If I hadn't been made that way, I wouldn't have been Whitey McTerney. But, on the other hand, if I hadn't been Whitey McTerney I wouldn't have been Officer McTerney, if you get what I mean. . . .

Over and over, that last night we were together, I kept telling myself that she deserved no more consideration than any of the rest of 'em, and that I'd forget her soon enough. That it had just been her shape . . . the smell of her . . . the feel of her mouth . . . her hot hands. . . .

THE Lord knows I never expected I'd go overboard and do what I did that Wednesday morning . . . after Cap had been notified, and he and his reception committee were all set and waiting for us!

The heist had been set for ten o'clock. The mob had figured—and I'd agreed with 'em, of course—that in the case of a big bank like that, the opening hour had its advantages. There wouldn't be so many customers in the way for one thing, and for another, the street traffic along the getaway route would be easier. My part in the thing was taken for granted. I was to do what Dorgan had always done—cover the getaway. That's where the slip-ups—and the shooting—usually came, if they did come, and that was where the hand of experience counted for most. With Marie driving the getaway car, I was to arrive in it with her immediately after the last of them had drifted inside. By that time—figured in split seconds, mind you!—three of 'em would be at the tellers' windows, doing their stuff, and the other two would be all set to help me take care of the bank guards, the rest of the employees, and any customers that might come in. Meanwhile Marie would be driving around the block, clocking herself to the second so as to arrive back in front of the place as we came out.

"What's the matter, Whitey?" she asked me, looking at me kind of funny, as we started downtown in the getaway car. It was half past nine, and the rest of the mob had gone on ahead of us, after we'd all synchronized our watches.

"Nothing," I said.

Nothing—except that a battle was going on inside of me, and I guess my face was beginning to show it. The Lord knows I didn't care what happened to those mugs. But *her*—

"What are you sweating about?" she asked, looking at me still funnier when we were about three blocks from the Pacific and not over five minutes from the beginning of action. How could I tell her what it was? How could I tell her that inside of me Whitey McTerney, who wanted her, and Officer Terence McTerney, who had a job to do, were slugging it out toe to toe?

"I'm always like this before a job," I told her, feeling the sweat pouring off of me. "But don't worry. After it starts, I'll be in there pitchin'!"

"Whitey!" she said, looking at me hard, and slowing down. "You're not fooling me! You're scared!"

That's where I went overboard; I just couldn't take it any longer, I guess.

"Sure I'm scared!" I told her, turning off the ignition and pulling the key out of the switch.

"Whitey—we can't stop! Whitey—look at your watch!"

To hell with my watch, I told her. Then I laid it right on the line for her. Told her who I was. If I'd had my shield, I'd have pulled it out for her! I guess I just babbled like a fool, as I tried to tell her nothing made any difference to me, outside of her!

"You — *copper!* You lousy—*stool!*"

If I live to be ninety, I'll never forget the cold snaky hate she put into the words as she spit them out at me. And suddenly there was a flash of nickel and a rod was in her hands.

"Give me those keys, copper! Hand 'em over quick, damn you!"

I handed them over to her, kind of in a trance.

"Now get out! I've still got time to stop 'em!"

I got out of the car. I was hardly out of it before she'd jerked it in gear, and was on her way.

AND then, I'm telling you, it was like something snapped inside of me. It was like Officer Terence McTerney had bounced back off the ropes, to land a K. O. on Whitey McTerney at last.

It wasn't a woman I was aiming at when I jerked my rod out and cracked down on that car . . . and pulled the trigger. It was Whitey McTerney I was aiming at, if you get what I mean. Whitey McTerney, who'd been trying to keep Officer McTerney from doing his job!

Yes, we grabbed 'em, cold. All of 'em. . . .

But to this day, whenever one of those elevator doors starts sliding open—

THE END

FINAL WEEK!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APPLD FOR

CONTEST

Get Your Entry in on Time. You've an Excellent Chance to Share in the Money.

BE SURE TO LIST YOUR GRAND TOTAL

FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters; the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls New unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word, i.e., if T appears in the key word three times, it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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DIAGRAM 10. *Total*..........

GRAND TOTAL..........

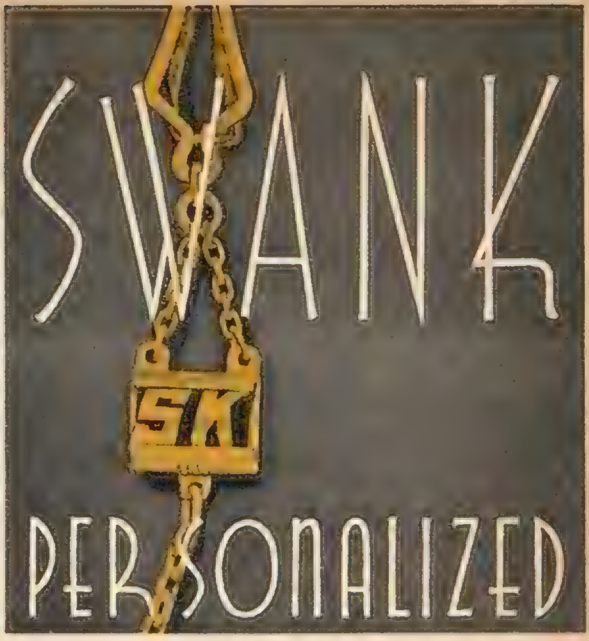
THIS is the final week of the $2,000 Words Within Words Contest. When you have worked out the horizontal words for Diagram 10 on this page to get the highest score possible, add all of your diagram totals together to get your Grand Total and enter it on the line provided below Diagram 10.

This brings your entry to its conclusion, and Liberty hopes that you have found the Words Within Words game well worth the playing for the information and entertainment it has supplied. Educators, men and women in the professions, and folks in the ordinary walks of life have written that they have found it instructive and diverting.

Do not neglect to enter your grand-total score! It might also be well to recheck all of your totals in the interests of accuracy. Once your entry is in the mails it will be too late for corrections.

Earlier in the contest the point was raised relative to plural forms. The clarification then published is repeated here. Plural forms of words are acceptable in this contest. Inasmuch as irregular plurals are listed in their proper places in the dictionary it is deemed reasonable that regular plural forms also be permitted. In all other instances words to be acceptable must be specifically identifiable and checkable in the dictionary.

Get your entry in on time! Winners will be announced in the first available issue. Watch for them.



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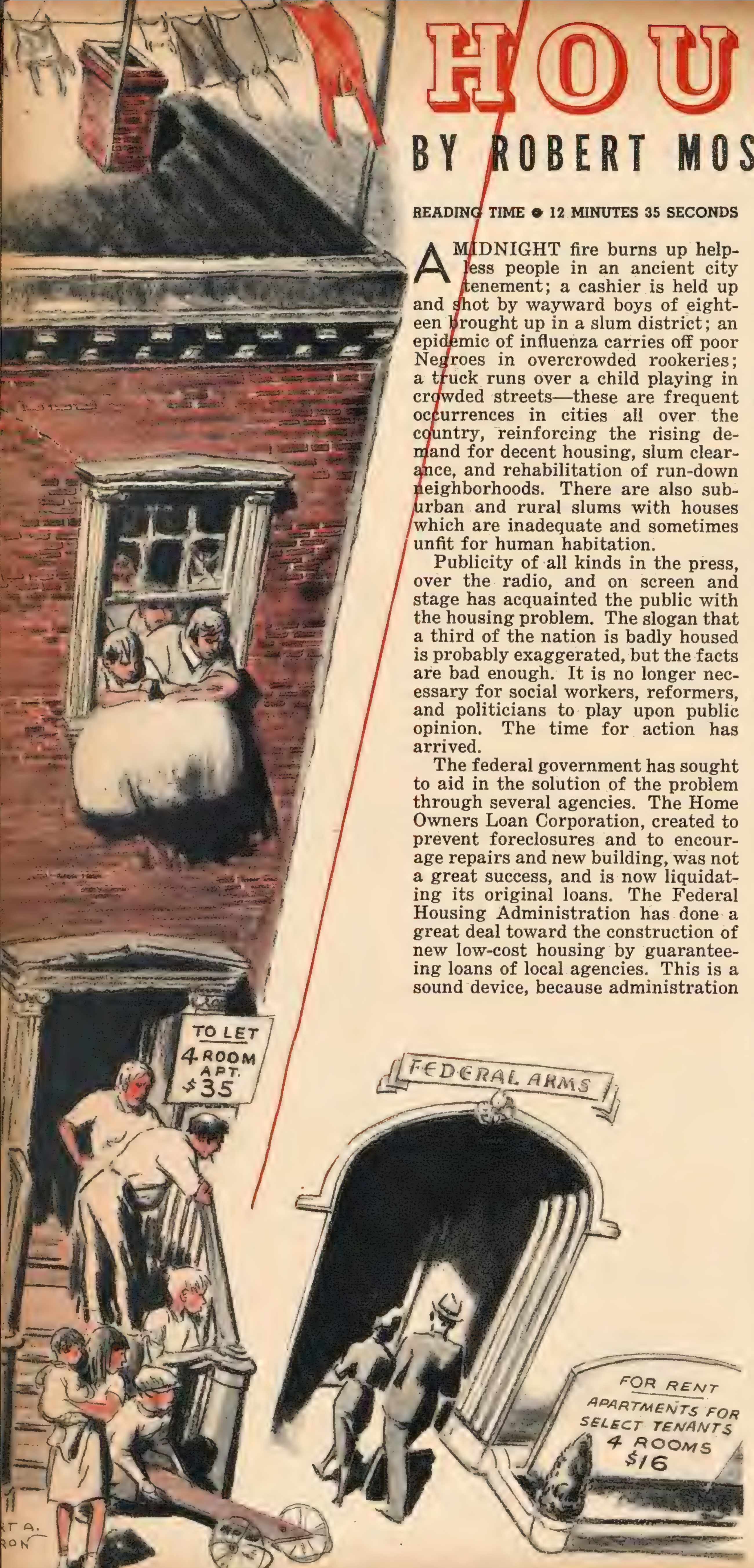
HOUSING

BY ROBERT MOSES

Head of the City and State parks of New York



READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A MIDNIGHT fire burns up helpless people in an ancient city tenement; a cashier is held up and shot by wayward boys of eighteen brought up in a slum district; an epidemic of influenza carries off poor Negroes in overcrowded rookeries; a truck runs over a child playing in crowded streets—these are frequent occurrences in cities all over the country, reinforcing the rising demand for decent housing, slum clearance, and rehabilitation of run-down neighborhoods. There are also suburban and rural slums with houses which are inadequate and sometimes unfit for human habitation.

Publicity of all kinds in the press, over the radio, and on screen and stage has acquainted the public with the housing problem. The slogan that a third of the nation is badly housed is probably exaggerated, but the facts are bad enough. It is no longer necessary for social workers, reformers, and politicians to play upon public opinion. The time for action has arrived.

The federal government has sought to aid in the solution of the problem through several agencies. The Home Owners Loan Corporation, created to prevent foreclosures and to encourage repairs and new building, was not a great success, and is now liquidating its original loans. The Federal Housing Administration has done a great deal toward the construction of new low-cost housing by guaranteeing loans of local agencies. This is a sound device, because administration is decentralized and the actual loans are met by local banks and building and loan associations who know the people with whom they are dealing and have a real stake in the soundness of the investments. Unfortunately, there is a tendency toward Washington control of large-scale rental projects, and it is worth noting that all important positions in this agency are filled on the basis of politics and patronage. The FHA does not help the lowest income groups. It assists middle-class families and stimulates the building of well planned communities for their use.

The United States Housing Authority, on the other hand, has concerned itself with low-rental subsidized housing for people in cities. It has sought through local housing authorities to clear slums and to provide modern apartments within the reach of the lowest income group.

There is increasing controversy over the methods, objects, and achievements of this federal agency. While the claim is made that its work is decentralized, it is in fact concentrated at Washington. Everything of importance is dictated from the Capitol, from the selection of sites through building plans to the picking of tenants, and every phase of financing is arbitrarily determined there. The power which this agency might exercise over the daily lives of millions of people in our cities would be tremendous if this program were on a larger scale; if, indeed, it were anything but spotty and experimental.

The United States Housing Authority loans 90 per cent on low-rental housing projects. It pays the interest and amortizes these loans, which therefore are not loans at all. As to the other 10 per cent, even this, in the last analysis, is dependent on federal largesse. What it all boils down to is that this slum clearance and government-subsidized city housing rents for an amount per room sufficient to pay for maintenance. It takes care of the janitor, but not of amortization, interest, or taxes. In one of the New York City federal projects the tenants get power at a nominal charge and cook, wash, and run gadgets by electricity.

This federal authority does not reach the lowest income groups—although it does admit some families on relief. In large cities it provides for the families who can afford to pay five or six dollars a room a month, but those who can pay only three or four dollars stay in the worst of the old rookeries. There is increasing evidence of bad feeling between this lowest income group and the next higher group which is being favored by the

FOR THE OTHER HALF

A challenge . . Have we failed in providing better homes for those who need them most?

federal program. The father of a family who can pay only $16 a month for a four-room flat, gets something which is not even worth $16 a month, while across the street the family head who can pay $24 a month may be living in a federal-subsidized apartment which on a regular commercial basis should rent for $64 a month.

There are well verified stories of the breaking of windows in the splendid new projects by the less favored brethren in the old rookeries which surround them. Such spite is not admirable but it is awfully human, and it spells future trouble. What will happen when the really poor families organize, demand new quarters for themselves, and denounce public aid to those who need it less?

Another source of irritation arises out of the fact that most of the federal developments involve very little actual slum clearance. The federal officials fight shy of buying or condemning expensive old tenements in real slum districts where the price of land per foot is many times that in outlying sections. The idea is to draw tenants out of their old substandard diggings into the new, bright, clean, and airy federal projects. This, however, does not tear down the old diggings but leaves them in many cases to be inhabited by the really poor who have to stick to the slums.

The federal government can do little more than blaze the way to housing improvements. Local initiative and great reservoirs of private capital constitute the only possible solution of the financing problem. There is no reason why states, municipalities, insurance companies, banks, and other loaning agencies cannot provide cheap money to stimulate construction of homes, and both cheap money and subsidies for slum clearance and multiple-dwelling units for people of the smallest incomes, if public and private capital and initiative are united for co-operative effort. In some cases the only hope lies in rehabilitating old houses by advancing money at low interest rates to private owners, possibly with a subsidy in the form of partial tax exemption.

The chief obstacle faced by slum clearance today is the impossibility of financing high building costs wholly at federal expense. Another difficulty is that of raising funds at low interest rates locally to round out ambitious programs toward which the federal authorities are doing little more than making costly, haphazard experiments. No doubt these experiments exemplify high ideals, but let us remember that these federal officials will probably be miles away from responsibility when the results are known and some one must face the music.

Slum clearance and government-subsidized housing face other obstacles, and we shall get nowhere by minimizing them and by substituting sentiment for real planning, prudent construction, and good management.

An interesting problem facing low-cost housing is that of standardization and mass production. Experts and manufacturers are getting closer to technical solutions of these problems. The labor difficulties are, however, tremendous. In every city in the country, in almost all suburban areas, and even in the open country, building codes largely influenced by labor pressure are so rigged that mass production will be impossible, no matter what the genius of American industry may produce, because installation of prefabricated parts and units is prevented by law. We may invent a small house which can be hooked together and equipped in a few days, but our building codes will not permit this without a small army of the skilled trades to pull it apart and put it together again. For example, plumbing and heating units can be installed complete with all valves and fittings, but laws and unions will not allow it. If the great automobile plants of the country had been organized on this basis there would be no cheap automobiles.

Another labor problem which must be met is the wage-and-hour problem. No one will begrudge the laborer his hire, but we cannot expect cheap housing from members of the skilled trades who insist on larger wages, and who will work only thirty hours a week, demanding double time for overtime, and in some cases even insisting that a second shift, working in broad daylight, be paid on a time-and-a-half or double-time basis.

Another question is that of related public improvements—that is, the problem of who will pay for the schools, the parks, the playgrounds, the widening of streets, the fire and police houses, the health stations, the sewers and other utilities which must be supplied. Extreme advocates of government housing raise shrill cries of anguish when it is proposed that these be paid for honestly and from the beginning as an integral part of the government housing program, from the same sources and out of the same funds and taxes from which the actual living units are financed. They say this will mean less housing. Of course it will, but it will mean intelligent planning, and there is hardly a municipality in the country today which can find any other way of paying for these facilities.

Our municipalities are close to, or actually over, their debt limits. There are no regular budget funds from which to pay for the enormous public improvements without which large-scale public or semi-public housing will be a dismal failure.

As has been indicated, the federal-housing reformers propose to clear slums by building in outlying sections; to empty the rookeries by drawing the tenants out into the new housing, and then let decay, collapse of values, and drastic building regulation force reconstruction of the old tenement area by private capital. Local housing enthusiasts, on the other hand, are interested only in genuine slum clearance—that is, in building new housing on the site of the old tenements; but they prefer to spot the slum-clearance projects on the cheapest property they can pick up. This fits into no pattern, is part of no city plan, hopelessly confuses landowners, and discourages all but government building.

There is a great deal to be said for the clearance of slums by carving out great parkways, boulevards, and radial streets, opening whole districts to light, air, transportation, and recreation. This is the theory upon which Major L'Enfant proceeded in Washington and Baron Haussmann in Paris. The metropolitan park and parkway program in and around New York City is based primarily upon this theory. I believe I can say without egotism or exaggeration that more old tenement houses and firetraps have been demolished and more slums cleared by this program during the time I have been responsible for it, than have been eliminated by all government low-rent-housing projects to date.

Still another problem is that of selection of tenants to live in subsidized housing. We are, in effect, creating a preferred class chosen to live in comfort largely at government expense at a cost of less than half what an ordinary landlord would charge for the same accommodations. So far, the only rule which is usually written into law is one which provides that the total income of a family shall not exceed five times the amount of the annual rental, and six times in the case of families of more than three children. This does in a way limit the choice but neither completely nor always wisely. For example, this formula applied in large cities to a family occupying a six-room apartment at $6 a month a room would permit people with an income of $2,600 to live in a government-subsidized apartment. Do families with a $2,600 income need an all-the-year-round

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CAMERON

Santa Claus as their landlord? How long will the unsubsidized taxpayer stand for this?

Most housing officials refuse to publish factors on the basis of which they actually decide who will live in the low-rental projects. They claim that it is like a civil service examination. I asked a housing official recently whether there was a factor bearing on color. He admitted that Negroes were identified initially, but said that the rating did not take color into consideration. I said that obviously, if this were true, color must wash out. He agreed, but added that of course there were other ways of taking care of this problem.

Another factor in the selection of tenants in federal resettlement projects, apparently used also by other housing authorities in various parts of the country, is known as "social adaptability." Obviously the rating of this subject by examiners opens up a wonderful vista of favoritism. What politicians will do with this business of selection when the uplifters give way to them staggers the imagination. In New York City, housing enthusiasts predict that well within twenty years one fifth of the population will be living in government-subsidized low-rental housing. Every selection can be dressed up as a personal favor. The moral is obvious.

Finally, the most serious of all problems in connection with low-rental subsidized housing is that of honest figures. It is high time that federal, state, and local housing authorities stopped talking about loans when they mean gifts, and about scientific rentals when they mean ability to pay. It is time they stopped counting alcoves as half rooms, omitting from cost figures all space excepting that occupied for actual dwelling purposes, and omitting other pertinent facts which would throw a speculative builder into bankruptcy. Certainly false bookkeeping is no answer to a great social problem.

PERSONALLY, I do not believe government-subsidized housing is going to move ahead at the rate which has been prophesied. In suburban and rural districts the need is not as great as it has been pictured. In urban areas ways must be found to encourage both limited dividend companies and speculative builders—that is, to tap the great reservoirs of private capital and initiative. In the older cities slums must be divided into districts for government housing, for rehabilitation of old-law tenements, for limited dividend construction with incidental government assistance, and for speculative building. The planning of these areas should be by local officials. The problems are altogether too intimate, the responsibilities too great to be entrusted to bureaucrats in far-off capitals. In the long run, our people are not going to be moved around like pawns on a chessboard by blindfolded experts who can manage a dozen boards at the same time by having stooges call off the moves.

If federal and state governments are to provide laws, loans, subsidies, and grants, which will probably be necessary for some time, this should be done in the same way that a private bank or banker makes a loan—that is, on the faith and credit of the municipality, on a reasonable investigation of what it wants.

I am neither unsympathetic nor cynical about the housing problem. I believe it can be solved. But the day of the evangelist and uplifter is pretty nearly over and the problem must now be placed in the hands of sensible people who can be held directly responsible for the results. The manufacturers of materials, skilled and unskilled labor, federal, state, and local governments, architects and planners, bankers and builders must all get together and discuss the problem in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and with some sacrifice of private opinion and professional and trade practice. Such co-operation would go a long way toward restoring prosperity and making unemployment an ugly memory.

THE END

NIX ON THE SOCIAL STUFF, MOTHER—NOT WITH THESE PIMPLES

Why let ADOLESCENT PIMPLES make YOUR boy or girl draw into a shell?

DOES broken-out skin make your boy or girl avoid parties? Mother, you can help! Understand *now* two reasons why skin blemishes are so common between the ages of 13 and 25.

FIRST—At this age the skin is oversensitive. Then sluggish intestinal action may cause unsightly pimples.

SECOND—*Your* boy or girl may need Vitamin A—a vitamin important in helping to keep the skin healthy and smooth looking.

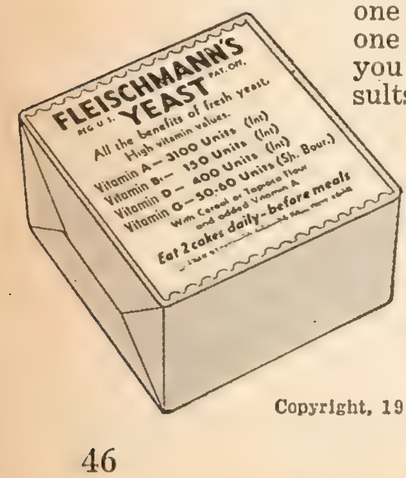
Many find help for these 2 troubles by eating Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN Yeast. It not only aids in *stimulating slow intestinal action,* but two cakes now furnish *over 6000 units of Vitamin A.*

Give your boy or girl with poor skin 2 cakes daily, one ½ hour before breakfast, one ½ hour before dinner. See if you don't notice excellent results in 30 days or less!

READ HOW THIS* BOY GOT HELP

"I sure felt sorry for myself," he says, "when my face got all broken out with pimples. Then Mother had me eat Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. It was swell how it helped. My face is O.K. now."

*name on request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High vitamin values.
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Vitamin D — 400 Units (Int)
Vitamin G — 50-60 Units (Sh. Bour.)
With Cereal or Tapioca Flour
and added Vitamin A
Eat 2 cakes daily-before meals

New HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST helps this skin trouble even more!

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A bartender at the smart Embassy Club said Hines had sat in the club eating and drinking with Schultz.

ATTORNEY for the People

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

A victorious defeat, a new, stirring triumph enter the saga of a rising American's career

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Thomas Dewey took office as District Attorney of New York County at midnight on December 31, 1937, when he was thirty-five years old. Immediately he began to make a complete reorganization to reduce expenses and increase efficiency. Soon he and his aides were keeping four, then five grand juries busy.

After successfully prosecuting Richard Whitney, former Stock Exchange president, for grand larceny, and disposing of several smaller cases, Dewey made a sensational arrest. He brought in James J. Hines, powerful Tammany leader, charging that he had protected the late Dutch Schultz in the policy racket.

The Hines trial was presided over by Judge Ferdinand Pecora, Democrat. At the last moment, on a technicality, he declared a mistrial. Hines and his friends were jubilant.

In the meantime, Dewey had been persuaded by the Republican Party to run for Governor of New York State. Governor Lehman was his opponent. President Roosevelt and all his forces entered the war against the young Republican. Even LaGuardia, his former teammate, deserted him. Dewey knew he had a fight on his hands and plunged into it vigorously.

PART NINE—1940 CASTS ITS SHADOW BEFORE

A HUGE throng of city folk and farmers gathered in Rochester on October 19 to hear the Republican candidate for Governor.

Though the election ought to be decided on state issues, the people were entitled, Dewey said, to know his views on major national problems.

"We must fight to uphold every sound measure for the relief of human distress, the advancement of the cause of labor, the promotion of economic security. . . . But the federal administration has too often fumbled near the goal. It has callously wasted public funds for political purposes. The spirit of hostility and quarreling toward business has kept millions of workers out of jobs. . . . Something is wrong in this country when, after six years, there are still eleven million willing workers who cannot find jobs; when eleven million people and their families are dependent upon politicians for their daily bread. . . .

"Jobs are made by the investment of money in new factories, new machinery, new housing, new ideas.

Copyright, 1939, by Rupert Hughes

That growth is the thing that has stopped. . . . Idle money makes idle men. But threats won't bring it out of hiding. Abuse won't put it to work. . . .

“In this election I do not seek the support of the reactionary on the right or the radical on the left. . . . The natural course of our institutions is down the middle of the road. And the road of a free people lies straight ahead.”

The Rochester speech fired the Republican Party with new enthusiasm, and the campaign picked up momentum.

HE went on to Utica. The crowd there was the largest ever gathered in the city's history. It responded as one soul to his war cry. His theme this night was Monopoly, “an old issue in American politics. . . . Monopolies were supposed to have been abolished in this country a generation ago, but we still have them.

“We have the beginnings of a serious monopoly in the national political scene. The branches of that monopoly are like chain stores that owe their living to the continuance of that monopoly nationally. . . . The individuality of the states is threatened. . . . One of our greatest newspapers has repeatedly said, this very year, that the governorship of New York is now a mere bookkeeping job. . . . The Governor should be more than a branch manager in a chain-store system of national politics.

“Who runs the Democratic Party? Is it my opponent? If it were, why isn't he running for the United States Senate, where he said he wanted to go?”

Governor Lehman was incensed by Dewey's quotation of the Daily News and its reference to his office as a mere bookkeeping job. In his next speech he retorted: “I hate to think what would happen to the state if its Governor belittled the importance of sound finance.”

In Suffolk County, Dewey answered this answer. But first, with his usual opening reference to local affairs, and with his usual courage, he denounced the activities of a German Bund in a county where it was very active and had been practicing the goose step until the public prosecutor stepped in. Then he took up the Governor's allusion to the importance of sound finance and bookkeeping:

“Let us look at some facts about the books of the State of New York. The Governor's greatest boast in this campaign is that he has balanced the state budget . . . that last July 1 the state had a surplus of $6,500,000.”

In an analysis too technical to quote here, he pointed out that the alleged balancing was indeed “a nice bookkeeping job—taking credit for receipts that didn't come in! Advancing tax dates to get them in a fiscal year! Delaying payments to put them in the next fiscal year! . . . If we eliminate the bookkeeping transactions, the $97,000,000 deficit of the state has been reduced by only $18,500,000. In that same period the net funded debt of the state has increased by $197,000,000. Fifty-seven per cent increase in state debt! Only a fraction of the deficit actually removed!”

On the third of his Monday night broadcasts he exploded a mine under the rulers of Albany, the capital of the state, the home of an unbroken line of Democratic governors for sixteen years.

As usual, before making a charge against any one, Dewey made careful investigation and backed his accusations with names, dates, affidavits.

“Three brothers,” he said, “are the bosses of Albany County. They have been running it for the last sixteen years, building a great political monopoly to buttress the power of the Democratic Party in the State of New York. Their system of politics for profit has become one of the worst in America.”

He gave minutely the shabby records of the O'Connell brothers, which included convictions of one of them for lawbreaking, and the creation of a beer monopoly which they maintained by outrageous oppression of other brewers and of all tavernkeepers who sold other beer than theirs.

Then Dewey gave a list of Democratic committee members whose records were hardly better than the records of Marinelli's henchmen. He put it squarely up to Lehman:

“At the Rochester Convention they induced the Governor to run again for an office he did not want. The newspapers report that the Democratic National Chairman told a touching story about a politician who sat on a bed in a hotel room in Rochester. He was begging the Governor to run again—to make the sacrifice. That politician was the twice convicted Dan O'Connell.”

The same night Governor Lehman in Albany, and under the sponsorship of the O'Connells, indignantly denied the charges in Dewey's speech about his budget balancing. He accused Dewey of slanderous falsehood, vilification, and ignorance. But he did not mention the O'Connells.

RUMORS warned Dewey that if he appeared in Albany the next night as scheduled he would be served with a summons for criminal libel, thrown into a cell, and kept there until the campaign was over. He was warned that if he reached the platform a battalion of rotten-egg throwers would drive him out of the building.

Dewey quietly proceeded with the preparation of his speech and took the train for Albany. But the authorities had come to realize that any insult to a candidate would do more harm to Albany than to him. A double line of policemen guarded him from the train to his car, another from his car to the hall.

The largest crowd that ever greeted a Republican speaker in the history of Albany packed the hall and filled the adjoining streets.

Dewey opened his speech by repeating his exposure of the brewery racket and giving instances of “brazen misuse of power” by way of a taxation racket. “Tax oppression,” he said, “is one of the most vicious methods of destroying human liberty. It is one of the worst weapons of political monopoly.”

He named the three large breweries in Albany, one of them owned by the O'Connells. He cited the assessment figures, showing that the two competing breweries had been assessed at nearly double the O'Connell assessment. Later, when the O'Connell assessment was cut exactly in half, the other two were left where they were. But the taxation racket had not stopped at breweries. He showed that the handsome dwellings of Democrats were assessed at half the value of the simplest Republican dwellings.

Lehman, accusing Dewey of utter ignorance and misinformation, had used as his refrain:

“I am sure Mr. Dewey doesn't know these things. But his political advisers could have told him.”

Throughout Dewey's speech he made a refrain of Lehman's words:

“I am sure the Governor doesn't know these things. But his political advisers could have told him.”

He reminded his hearers that New York had loosened the grip of Tammany, and Albany could do as much.

THE next night, in Mineola, he kept his promise to answer the Governor's charges that he had made maliciously false statements or had ignorantly failed to tell important truths about the state budget. He took the Governor's accusations item by item, and quoted either from state records or from his own speech a refutation of every statement made against him by the Governor.

He concluded his answer with a burlesque recantation:

“I have pointed out four major errors in the Governor's Monday night speech. Now I want to confess an important error that I made in my speech Monday night. You remember that I recounted how the twice convicted Dan O'Connell, political boss of Albany, sat on a bed, urging the Governor to run again for an office he didn't want. Well, I was wrong about that. We have it on the word of Mr. Farley, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, that Dan O'Connell did not sit on the bed. He sat in a chair—a nice big easy chair. Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen. I stand corrected. . . .

“And that was the only answer we've had to the exposure of political corruption in the very shadow of the state Capitol. There has been no explanation of the Albany machine, no repudiation of the Albany machine, no apology for the Albany machine.

“I'm sure the Governor didn't know the iniquities of that machine. But his political advisers could have told him.”

Elmira was next. His theme there was Civil Service and the Merit System, to which the Democratic Party had pledged its support in every platform. He quoted Lehman's solemn promises to abide by and strengthen the Merit System. Yet his failure to keep his word had moved the Civil Service Reform Association to say:

"The weakness of the Governor in yielding to political pressure is as disheartening as it is puzzling."

From Civil Service he turned to agriculture when he spoke at Binghamton "in the midst of some of the richest farm country in the state." The lowering of prices received by the farmer, combined with higher labor and feed costs, had drastically reduced his net income. "More dollars coming in, and still more dollars going out—worse off at the end of the year."

DEWEY went on speeding up and down and across the state, and the campaign raged on with more than the wonted intensity. The verdict of the numberless straw polls showed that the election had shifted from a hopeless to an even fight.

Lehman explained why he was "running again," and asked why Dewey was "running away" from his "duty."

That he was not neglecting it he showed when the kidnapers and killers of the long missing Arthur Fried, a White Plains contractor, were turned over to Dewey's office by G-men for trial on kidnaping, punishable by death. His staff pushed the preparation with all possible speed.

But he suppressed one evidence of his energy. He had all ready an indictment against Governor Lehman's Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, Charles A. Harnett, for accepting huge bribes. Advisers told him that publication of the indictment would ensure his election and the defeat of Lehman, who had appointed Harnett. But Dewey refused to file it during the campaign. He said he would rather lose the race than subject the work of his office to the suspicion of being used for political effect.

At the Manhattan Opera House in New York City, before an overflowing audience, on Friday, November 4, Dewey was moved to review his own social philosophy as he had attained it in his eight years' encounter with public problems. With unusual fervor he proclaimed his belief in the supreme rights of the individual. He upheld freedom in thought, speech, press, public assembly, religion, and "freedom of expression in government itself."

Later in the address he made a light reference to the attention he was receiving from the national administration. Two members of the Cabinet, Hopkins and Wallace, had taken flings at him. Another, Farley, who neglected all other campaigns in other states and stayed in New York to direct things, had made speeches against him.

The President himself had been intervening in many Democratic primaries, conducting what were

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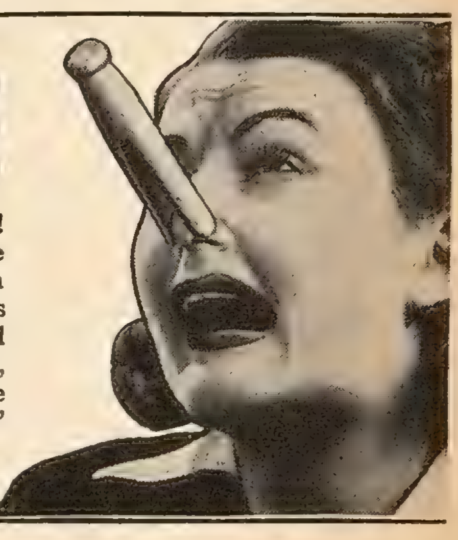

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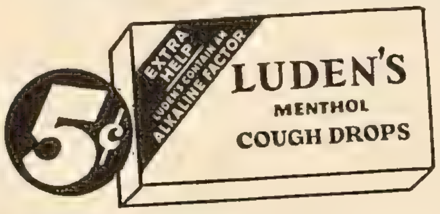

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called "purges" of those who had opposed him in his own party. Dewey alluded to this in a few words:

"I rub my eyes with wonder. As I read the papers I ask myself whether we are really conducting an election for Governor in the State of New York, or am I a Democratic candidate in one of those purges?"

When LaGuardia had run for Mayor, and had besought Dewey to help him by running for District Attorney, Dewey had yielded and carried the ticket through to victory. At that time Governor Lehman had campaigned for Tammany and pleaded for the defeat of LaGuardia.

When Dewey was assured that Lehman would not run again for Governor and was nominated while Lehman was still refusing to run, LaGuardia gave no hint of deserting his teammate Dewey. After a long ambiguous silence, he came out for Lehman. This was bringing national politics into state issues with a vengeance.

NOW the President himself moved in on the scene in person. The very day after Dewey had made his speech on the national government's invasion of individual rights, Roosevelt devoted one of his famous "fireside chats" from Hyde Park to a fervent appeal for the election of Wagner and Mead to the Senate and of Lehman to the governorship. He did not mention Dewey by name, but he did not need to, since he spoke of him as "one who had yet to win his spurs," and belittled the mere prosecution of underworldlings in contrast with the Democratic Party's struggle against "the lords of the overworld."

He said that when he was thirty-six he had been invited to run for Governor and declined. He was glad he declined, for he didn't think he had then "the experience and the knowledge of public affairs enough to qualify as Governor."

Roosevelt omitted to mention the fact that two years later, at thirty-eight, he felt qualified to run for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Nor did he reveal the fact that he was shortly to appoint young William O. Douglas, Dewey's classmate in law school, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

On Saturday, November 5, the Academy of Music in Brooklyn was jammed with the greatest Republican meeting in many a year. Dewey's voice went out over the radio, to which not only the people of the state but of many states listened with profound interest.

He began:

"I stand before you accused of one crime: I was born in the twentieth century. To that charge I plead guilty. I am of the twentieth century. We look forward, not backward. . . . Another generation has passed on to us a sick world. It is sick economically, with eleven million of our people still unemployed. It is sick spiritually, poisoned by hatreds. It is sick politically. . . .

"It was well said by the President last night, and I quote his words: 'By their promoters ye shall know them.' In this campaign I am promoted by no man. No man or group of men told me what office I could not run for. No man or group of men on an easy chair, on a bed, or otherwise, told me what office I could run for. 'By their promoters ye shall know them.'

"Our opponents still rely upon the discredited and repudiated forces of old and reactionary political power in Albany, Buffalo, and here in the City of New York."

Then, referring to a charge by the Governor that Dutch Schultz had been appointed a deputy sheriff by a Republican sheriff in an upstate county, he pointed out that that sheriff had been "read out of the Republican Party." But, Dewey added, Dutch Schultz had also been appointed a deputy sheriff of Bronx County at a time when he was already an ex-convict. Dewey held up a copy of the oath of office and said:

"Let's see the name of the sheriff who made the appointment and gave the badge of a law-enforcement officer to this notorious Dutch Schultz. Here it is. Edward J. Flynn." . . .

The name of this powerful politician hit the astonished audience with terrific impact. When the turmoil quieted, Dewey demanded:

"Now, was Ed Flynn thrown out of the councils of his party? No. He was promoted. Six months later he was appointed Chamberlain of the City of New York. . . . He is now Secretary of State of the State of New York, at $12,000 a year, by appointment of the Governor. He has custody of the Great Seal of the state. He administers the oath of office to the Governors of the state, to other state officers, and to members of the Legislature. And he has been promoted in rank in his party. He is today Democratic National Committeeman for the State of New York."

IT is one of the inescapable qualities of an election that both sides cannot win, both cannot lose. Yet in this election both Dewey and Lehman came near to doing both. Lehman won, but by so small a plurality—64,394 votes out of a total of nearly 5,000,000—that he gained more humiliation than glory. Dewey lost, but in his defeat captured the enthusiasm of the nation.

The total number of Republican votes cast for Dewey exceeded the Democratic total for Lehman by 331,198, so that Dewey's vote put the Republican emblem back in the first place on the ballot for the first time in sixteen years.

The American Labor Party, which had achieved a commanding position with a balance of power, polled 419,979 votes for Lehman and saved him from defeat.

Though the Democrats elected their Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and United States Senator, Dewey had elected a Republican Senate for the first time in six years, and a Republican Assembly; and Governor Lehman now faced a hostile legislature.

New York City is always against a Republican. But though it defeated Dewey, he polled the biggest vote ever gained there by a Republican candidate for Governor in a non-Presidential year. This in spite of LaGuardia's defection, all that Tammany could do, and the vote of the American Labor Party.

Dewey carried fifty-six of the fifty-seven counties outside the five counties in Greater New York. The only upstate county he lost was Albany, where the O'Connell machine, functioning with greater zeal, rewarded Lehman with about 20,000 of his 64,000 plurality. Although it was proved that wholesale frauds occurred there, Dewey declined to ask a recount. He carried President Roosevelt's own county, district, and town; also Lehman's election district, also Farley's.

The Communist Party omitted to nominate a candidate for Governor. Its leaders supported Lehman and the party gave him its entire vote of about 100,000. Without that he would have lost by 36,000. There was good excuse for saying that Dewey was beaten by the radicals.

BACK at the District Attorney's office things began to happen. Dewey arrested Charles Harnett, State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. Harnett was accused of extortion and the acceptance of bribes for special favors to a corporation controlling the Parmelee and other cab companies, for which favors he took a salary of $1,000 a month and additional tips amounting to about $18,000 a year. The total amount was $67,000. Harnett pleaded not guilty and was held in $5,000 bail. He resigned his office.

Many editors commented on Dewey's good sportsmanship and decency in holding back this scandal. When it was finally published, it came like a thunderbolt, confirming his bitterest charges against the dishonest politicians hidden behind the honesty of the Governor.

His office, simultaneously with the offices of the United States Attorney General and the State Attorney General, now began investigating the fabulous swindles of "F. Donald Coster." Shortly after the exposure Coster shot himself at his home.

For a hundred and four years the St. Nicholas Society had been holding an annual dinner, and it had latterly been awarding each year a Medal of Merit to the citizen who had contributed most to the city for the year. It unanimously awarded the medal for 1938 to Dewey.

At the Gridiron dinner in Washington, December 17, he was a guest of honor and a principal orator. President Roosevelt merely acknowledged a toast. His spokesman was Postmaster Farley. For more than fifty years the Gridiron custom had been to have the President as principal speaker and to choose as the other guest of honor the most conspicuous leader of the opposition. The Republican Party had elected a swarm of statesmen. But the committee chose the one who had conspicuously lost. Dewey was felt to be the most interesting figure before the public.

Though Gridiron speeches are "off the record" and cannot be quoted here, Dewey's brief speech was evidently so right in its mingling of humor with deep feeling that Jesse S. Cottrell wrote:

"Never did a guest of the distinguished newspapermen who compose the Gridiron Club receive a greater ovation than did Mr. Dewey. His address sparkled with wit and humor and he made a profound impression. The thousand newsmen and guests at once realized why Mr. Dewey made such a phenomenal showing in the New York election. It was his good humor, his sincerity of purpose, and his high concept of public service. Even President Roosevelt applauded Mr. Dewey."

A month later a nation-wide plan was revealed to raise a fund of $480,000 to nominate and elect Dewey as the next President. There were to be one thousand trustees, each contributing ten dollars and— But as soon as Dewey heard of it, he demanded the instant cessation of the enterprise and forbade the use of his name. It was the first of a long series of such movements, to all of which he refused the least encouragement.

FORGETTING his immensely successful failure to win the governorship, he took up the broken strands of the Hines "mistrial," resolved to weave them into a victory. He felt that the purity of all American politics was vitally involved in this case.

The second trial of Hines opened in the Court of General Sessions on January 23, 1939, before Judge Charles C. Nott, an eminent judge who was coming to the end of a most distinguished judicial career after more than twenty-five years on the bench. The trial was bound to be far more difficult than the first, since the defense had now been presented with the prosecution's case on a platter, while keeping its own case concealed.

After three days the jury box was filled and the trial proper began.

Stryker closed his opening with a glowing denunciation of Davis and the others as infamous perjurers. His peroration was a warm eulogy for his honorable client, Hines.

Dewey once more selected as his first witness Wilfred Brunder, who again described the policy racket as he had taken part in it.

Again, as in the first trial, Stryker called a halt and insisted that before he went any farther Dewey must prove the existence of a conspiracy involving Hines. Judge Nott said:

"I don't know any way you can prove a conspiracy except by conversations between the conspirators. . . . It seems to me it is putting the cart before the horse to have the proof first."

When Stryker reminded him of Judge Pecora's ruling, citing what he considered to be "the law of the case," Judge Nott quietly replied:

"I do not consider myself bound by every ruling Judge Pecora made."

Since the first trial Dewey had kept Weinberg, Davis, and Schoenhaus in concealment, under strict guard. Part of the time they had been on a Long Island farm. Then they were moved to a rented house in White Plains. Davis tells in his reminiscences how Weinberg kept brooding over the danger of assassination. He

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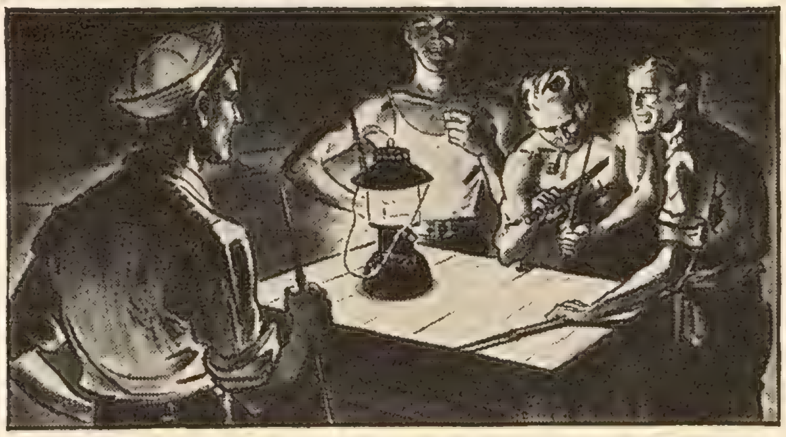

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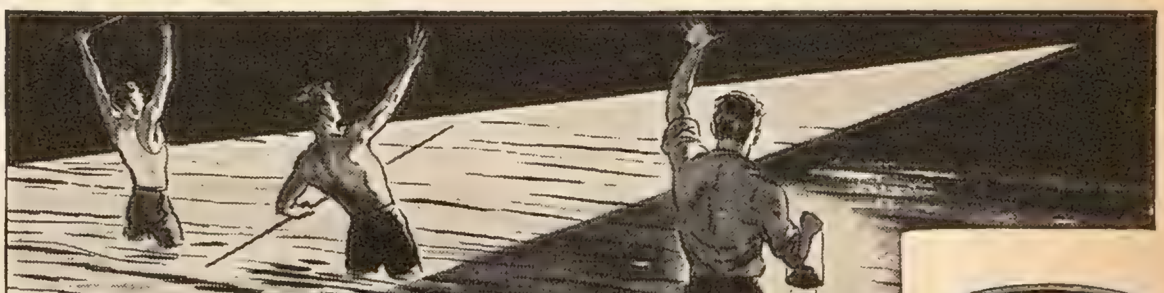
1. **"One night** a party of us started out to spear flounders in the warm, shallow Gulf coast waters," writes Mr. Taylor. "As the tide ebbs away, the flounder remains on the sandy bottom, often in only a few inches of water.

2. **"Enjoying the sport,** we wandered farther and farther from land, trusting the lantern left on the beach with one of our party to guide us safely back.

3. **"Suddenly,** we realized that the tide had turned! Then, our guiding light disappeared. We didn't know which way to run! We were caught in shark-filled waters!



4. **"Panic stricken,** we scurried about madly. Then, a pin-point of light far away winked reassuringly! Unable to fix the disabled lantern, the man on shore had sensed our plight, and luckily had a flashlight in his dufflebag. It probably saved us. From now on we will sing the praises of 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries—the kind you can *depend* upon in emergency.

(Signed) G Brooks Taylor"

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kept asking, "Who will protect us when Dewey goes out of office?"

On a Sunday afternoon, one of the guards, not wishing to alarm an expected caller or arouse suspicion in their quiet neighborhood, laid off his pistol belt. Weinberg saw the gun, seized it, ran into the bathroom, and killed himself. Everybody felt that Dewey had lost a vital witness.

But the news of the suicide was kept from the jury for the time being, and the jubilant defense was shocked by a new witness. Edward Severi, a bartender at the smart Embassy Club, pointed out Hines in the courtroom and said he had sat in the club eating and drinking with Dutch Schultz several times. Cross-examination merely strengthened his story that Hines and Schultz were "steady customers." The cashier of the club confirmed the story.

The next day, January 31, Dewey planned to read the testimony Weinberg had given at the first trial. Judge Nott sent the jury out of the courtroom while Dewey and Stryker fought over the admissibility of the evidence. Stryker insisted he had a right to tell the jury that Weinberg had committed suicide and discuss what his motive might have been.

Finally Judge Nott ruled that Weinberg's testimony was admissible and said that he himself would inform the jury of the suicide. He sternly forbade any speculation on Weinberg's motives.

AFTERWARD, while Dewey was going on with other witnesses, a storm against him was brewing outside.

A lawyer in Mineola released to the press a letter he had written to Governor Lehman protesting that Weinberg's fingerprints had not been found on the revolver he was said to have shot himself with. He implied that Weinberg had been murdered.

Governor Lehman sent a telegram to Dewey, giving it to the press. The telegram concluded: "I assume you will investigate the circumstances surrounding the death of George Weinberg and make inquiry into the statements."

"Your assumption is correct," Dewey wired back. "I did so last Sunday, the day he died. So did the District Attorney of Westchester County, the Medical Examiner, the police officials of White Plains, and the New York police. It is incontrovertibly established that George Weinberg committed suicide."

But Dewey did not even mention the fingerprints.

The Mineola lawyer continued to bombard the press with his protests. Then Dewey dealt a blow at all fiction writers who have encouraged the belief that fingerprints on a revolver always betray the murderer. He said: "In the past twenty years the New York police in only one instance have found fingerprints on revolvers used in murders or suicides."

A police expert testified: "It's the way a person grabs a gun that makes fingerprints undetectable. It is held in the palm of the hand. And the metal or rubber grip seldom retains any sort of impression."

At the departmental hearing later, the verdict was self-destruction.

The trial devoured day after day as witness after witness linked Hines with Schultz, with policy, with the intimidation of police officers and undue influence over magistrates. Stryker fought especially every effort Dewey made to prove that Hines had had policemen transferred for raiding policy banks. But to Dewey, "This is the nub of the case."

SUDDENLY he brought in a new witness—none other than Mrs. Arthur Flegenheimer, the widow of Dutch Schultz. She testified that her husband had introduced her to Hines and told her to forget that she had seen him. She had also often met Hines with Dixie Davis while Schultz was a fugitive and sending her money through Davis. Her testimony was paralyzing to the defense.

At last, on the afternoon of February 7, Dixie Divis appeared. Dewey led him through his life story and his relations with Schultz and Hines. On the cross-examination Stryker fought Davis up and down his whole career, and had a great deal to say of Hope Dare. He also tried to compel Davis to confess that the moneys he had paid Hines, if any, had been for charitable purposes only.

After parading forty-seven witnesses Dewey rested his case.

The three major witnesses for the defense were former Police Commissioner Bolan, Magistrate Capshaw, and former District Attorney Dodge. Bolan, under Stryker's direct examination, painted an idyllic picture of himself as one who had not solicited the post of Commissioner, and who authorized transfers of policemen only when there was inefficiency or neglect of duty.

Under Dewey's retouching cross-examination this self-portrait became a caricature.

Magistrate Capshaw had been temporarily relieved of his duties as a result of the charges against Hines and had not been restored to the bench. He denied he had asked Hines to support him, as Dixie Davis had charged. He protested that he had never been influenced, much less intimidated, by Hines. He insisted that his dismissal of men brought before him in the policy cases had been proper.

When Dewey reviewed his actions as a judge, there was an almost pathetic absurdity in his efforts to escape the evidence that he had done what Hines wanted.

Dodge took the stand and, under Stryker's direct questioning, denied that he had ever met Weinberg or seen any money passed to Hines in his presence; denied that Hines had ever mentioned Davis' name to him. He told of his efforts to curb policy.

Yet Dewey on cross-examination soon had him admitting that he and Hines had been warm friends for twenty years; that he knew Lyon Boston was the least experienced member of his staff, yet had put him in charge of the investigation; that he had done or left undone many things beyond explaining. But it was in connection with his campaign moneys that Dewey shook him most disastrously. Even when it was testified before his own grand jury that $30,000 had come from the Dutch Schultz gang, Dodge had not bothered to verify the charge. He left the stand in great disarray.

Everybody who could crowd into the courtroom or read a newspaper or hear a radio report of the trial was waiting for the day when Hines should take the stand and confront Dewey.

As the case drew near its close, Dewey had a huge cabinet packed with documents concerning Hines trundled into the courtroom for use in case Hines took the stand.

Under the law the prosecutor may not comment on the failure of a defendant to take the stand in self-defense. It was not necessary for Dewey to comment.

The public did the commenting, and volubly, when, to everybody's astonishment and disappointment, Stryker, after four weeks of trial, closed the door that kept Dewey from Hines, with the words, "The defense rests."

In his summation Stryker savagely excoriated Dewey's witnesses and hardly less virulently assailed Dewey for attacking the honorable magistrates. In spite of Dewey's protests, Stryker played up his versions of Weinberg's reasons for suicide and tried to wreck the effect of the posthumous testimony. He lauded Hines as an example of the spirit of democracy, cruelly and shamefully persecuted for political purposes.

DEWEY, summing up next day, spoke so softly and so intimately to the jury that his assistants just back of him could scarcely hear what he said. But the jury drank it all in.

"One thing occurred yesterday which I must speak about with some firmness. There was an attempt, studied, willful, to create some kind of vague impression that a corrupt politician, sponsoring gangsters, allowing crime to breed freely, and interfering and preventing the law from protecting our citizens—there was an intimation that that kind of a politician had something to do with the preservation of democracy. There was some kind of intimation that Hines and his counsel were symbols of democracy. And there was some kind of intimation . . . that the public prosecutor or his assistants were importing foreign methods of prosecution. That I resent as a dirty business. That, I suggest to you with probably more feeling than I shall use at any other time today, was a willful and a filthy attempt to arouse some kind of passion on behalf of a betrayer of the essence of democracy. . . .

"Gentlemen, to the law there isn't

any difference between a Democrat and a Republican, or a Socialist—or a Communist, if you will. There isn't any difference to me, I may say, and I will prosecute a Democratic district leader as quickly as I will prosecute a Republican Richard Whitney. That has always been true in the eight years of my public life as a prosecutor. I hope it will continue to be."

He took up the meaning of "conspiracy" and said that 90 per cent of the evidence against Hines had not even been questioned on cross-examination.

One thing, he declared, was undeniable: "We have the brazen establishment of a criminal enterprise, a whole criminal empire, by the most notorious gangster of New York, who was concededly the intimate and associate of the defendant Hines. We have him boasting brazenly, 'You can complain to the police from the Battery' to where he was, 'and it will do you no good.' We have the testimony of witness after witness as to what happened, as to the statement that money was to go to Hines' club; as to the drop in the police arrests. . . . Who else but Hines would be responsible for these things—the pal, the associate of Dutch Schultz?"

He took up Hines' prolonged intimacy with Schultz and his gang. Hines had even tried to save Schultz from income-tax troubles:

"Hines was trying to corrupt the whole state, gentlemen, trying to make it safe everywhere for his pal and his sponsored criminal enterprises."

As simply and quietly as he had begun and continued throughout his long summation, he concluded:

"The important thing is that you declare to the people of New York, the police of New York, that they are free, that they will no longer be betrayed by a corrupt alliance between crime and politics, that that alliance is going to be smashed by this jury and branded as something we won't stand for, because we want to keep the kind of system we have in this country and we don't want it polluted by a betrayer. We don't want protection of gangsters by political leaders. . . ."

The next day the judge charged the jury and they were sent away at noon.

Dewey's mother had grieved over the failure of the first trial and had waited in anxiety for the end of the second. It was a little after six o'clock in Owosso when the jury returned in New York. Her radio was humming idly with dance music. There came a sudden pause. A voice rolled out:

"We interrupt to announce that the jury in the Hines trial has just brought in a verdict of guilty on all thirteen counts."

As this timely biography of a vivid personality nears its end, Thomas Dewey is still on the job as District Attorney of New York County. But the question looms large, What next? Will 1940 find him once more in the political arena as a Presidential candidate? Read the final installment in Liberty next week!

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Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 15

1—Norma Shearer.
2—Wheat.
3—By the passage of the Enforcement Act, 1871.
4—The Gutenberg Bible, part of the collection of Dr. Otto Vollbehr, who paid $350,000 for it.
5—Joseph C. Grew; Laurence A. Steinhardt; William Phillips.
6—Christmas.
7—As composers.
8—Pigment that colors skin, hair, and eyes.
9—Skimmed milk.
10—Rice; the century plant.
11—Alabama.
12—Mineral.
13—Around 85 per cent.
14—No, both have the same number.
15—Memel; Gdynia.
16—For the earth as a whole, solar eclipses.
17—A cross.
18—Thirteen planes.
19—Greek.
20—Alfred P. Sloan Jr.

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(from a letter by M.D.H., Palmyra, N.J.)
THE GUY'S SQUIRRELY
I SAYS WHEN I CAUGHT MY HUSBAND CLEANING HIS GLASSES ON THE CURTAINS. NOW I KEEP KLEENEX HANDY AND HE'S LOOKING BETTER.
(from a letter by C. U., Philadelphia, Pa.)
I LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT!
BUT I HATED DOING THE DISHES UNTIL I STARTED USING KLEENEX TO WIPE OUT FRYING PANS AND GREASY KETTLES. NOW MY TROUBLES ARE OVER!
(from a letter by A. L. D., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.)
ONLY KLEENEX Tissues have the Serv-a-Tissue Box...ends waste!
GOOD NEWS! NOW BOTH 500 AND 200 SHEET KLEENEX ARE IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!
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THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF Fibber McGee and Molly

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FOR more than a decade—and don't you deny it, Gracie Allen—I have been trying unsuccessfully to convince all and sundry that Gracie, who is by long odds my favorite Bernhardt, wouldn't be half so funny as she is if it weren't for her Georgie Porgie Burns.

Now, with a long record of losing arguments behind me—nobody agreed with me but Gracie!—I am embarking on the equally hopeless venture of persuading the worshipers of Fibber McGee, of which congregation I am a charter pewholder, that Molly McGee is funnier than Fibber.

Well, perhaps not funnier, because Fibber, being the star of the piece, has most of the funny lines—and they *are* funny. The most pernickety should get a giggle out of "The only thing a baby has to worry about is an open safety pin" or "The lonesomest place in the world is the inside of a high hat." And when Fibber first told about the movie star who retired "because she wasn't her old sylph any more"—and Fibber *did* tell about it first—he committed a nifty that stirred even the most sluggish-livered of kilocycle listeners.

But these masterpieces of wit are only minor factors in the success of the Fibber McGee program. The real secret is the continuing recurrence of those husband-and-wife conversations between those tin-can tourists, Fibber and Molly, with which you are, of course, familiar. Or are you?

To be on the safe side, let me say that Fibber is a small-town citizen of simple charm and meager achievement who appears each Tuesday evening at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, on the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company. One night he is a realtor; the next, a barber; the next, an innkeeper; the next, a bus driver; the next, a hatcheck concessionaire: but always, of his kind, and to hear him tell it, the nonpareil. If he so much as lifts a popgun to pot a thieving chipmunk, he is "the neatest, niftiest Nimrod that ever packed a gun."

Of late, Fibber has turned his attention—as haven't we all?—to military matters, and has dug up for himself a wartime record which should win him a tomb as big as Napoleon's and as ugly as Grant's.

As Major Fibber (Lafayette, where are we?) McGee, he not only participated in the Mexican War but won it. Asked for details, he explains that he went into a drugstore for a soda, and when the gentleman jerker asked him what he'd have, he said, "I'll take vanilla." Whereupon General Pershing, who was also having a soda, turned over the command of the army pronto. It was some time later that Fibber learned that what Pershing thought he had said was, "I'll take Villa."

Last summer, when the army held its annual maneuvers at Wistful Vista, the simple community where Fibber and Molly have their being, Major McGee blandly assumed the role of military adviser. But his pretensions were soon discovered and he was taken out to be shot.

"Will you have a final cigarette, McGee?" asked the officer in charge of the firing squad.

"Better send for a carton, bud," replied Fibber. "I'm a chain smoker."

Anyhow, you kind of get the idea. Fibber McGee is a teller of tall tales. In fact he is the champion heavyweight liar of the world, and has been so crowned by the famous Burlington Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin. And he does very well with his lying, too, until he tries to do his stuff in front of Molly, his sharp-tongued doubting spouse.

Molly is the most unimpressionable of women, dubious, skeptical, Missouri-ish. She isn't sure that the Rocky Mountains are here to stay. So when the McGees settle down for a domestic chat in the sitting room of 79 Wistful Vista, the house they won in a real-estate raffle, we know that Fibber is in for another difficult evening convincing Molly of the truth of even his most plausible tales. We also know just what Molly's reactions are going to be, and they are so like our own, or what our own would be if we were married to Fibber and had to listen night in and night out to his miraculous adventures, that we get more of a sense of audience participation than we do out of any quiz program. We can hardly wait for her to slay him at the end of his Munchausenisms with her familiar "Heavenly days!" or "'Tain't funny, McGee."

Even less patient is Molly with Fibber's ill-concealed ambition to become a leader in the social and civic life of Wistful Vista. Balked for more than a year in his effort to join the exclusive country club, Fibber is driven to cultivating the Wistful Vista Literary, Drama, and Pinochle Club, and, without consulting Molly, invites the clubbers to No. 79 for the annual meeting.

"Heavenly days, McGee!" cries Molly, when she learns the worst. "Lettin' that bunch of wild men and women turn the house upside down—for what? So you can be elected president of the club at that meeting."

"Why, Molly. I never give that a thought."

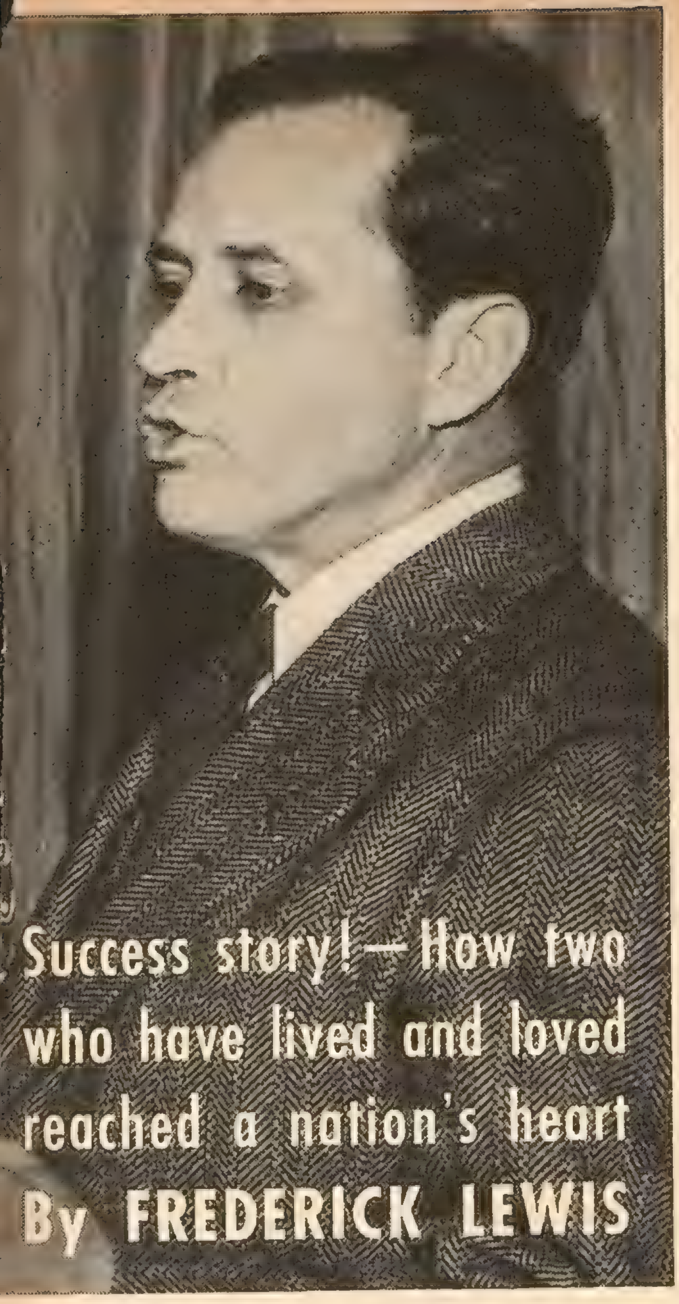
"Oh, no?"

"Well, not much, anyway. Besides, they're a fine bunch of people, Molly. After it's over, you'll be glad you done it."

"You mean after we've done it, I'll be glad it's over."

This was the meeting, you may recall, at which President Fibber suggested paying off the club's deficit by a carnival. He was, he said, an expert on carnivals. In fact he had himself been a headline carnival performer for many years. He was the man who was shot out of the mouth of a cannon.

To his surprise, the idea of his being shot so appealed to his fellow clubbers that he was unanimously elected a committee of one to put on the carnival, the principal feature of which was to be his cannon act. The



Success story!—How two who have lived and loved reached a nation's heart

By FREDERICK LEWIS

following week we find Fibber and Molly at the fair grounds, Fibber a much worried man.

“Here you are, McGee,” says Molly. “Here's the man the factory sent to fire the cannon for you.”

“Oh! Oh, yes. Hiyah, bud? Everything ready?”

“Eh? What say?” The man is obviously very deaf.

“I says is everything all ready?” shouts McGee.

“Sure it's steady. Steady as a rock. All I gotta do is pull the trigger. How much you weigh, Johnny?”

“He weighs one forty-five,” answers Molly.

“Better make it one twenty-five,” corrects Fibber. “I been worryin'.”

“Better put a little more powder in,” says the deaf man.

The public announcer's voice is now coming over the loud-speaker: “And now, as a fitting conclusion to this great day, folks, we present that amazing spectacle of superhuman endurance and courage, a man shot from the mouth of a cannon.” Aside: “Who's the palooka that's doin' this stuff?”

“Fibber McGee.”

“Folks, we present the human bullet, Fiddler McFee.”

“Thanks, folks. I—I— This is old stuff to me. Boom-boom McGee I used to be knowed as . . .”

“Aw, get started, will you?”

“O. K., O. K. Boost me up, somebody. Higher. A little more,” grunts Fibber.

Unbeknown to her husband, Molly has arranged with the Hon. Egbert Applepuss, mayor of Wistful Vista, to intervene at the last moment to stop the slaughter in the name of humanity. So she gives herself over wholly to the enjoyment of Fibber's obvious trepidation.

“Now, don't worry, McGee,” she purrs.

“Oh, no? Say—”

“Don't talk so much, Johnny,” commands the deafy who is to fire the shot. “Slide down. Get in the cannon.”

“I can't. I'm stuck!”

Mayor Applepuss, true to his promise, has stepped to the platform.

“Stop it!” he shouts. “Citizens, as mayor of this great little community, I cannot permit this act to go on. It is a menace to human life and dangerous to property. Come down out of that cannon, McGee.”

“I can't, dad rat it. I'm stuck in the muzzle.”

“Oh, dear! Stuck!” cries Molly, now really alarmed. “Out of the frying pan into the fire.”

“Into the what?” asks the deafy.

“Fire!” shouts Molly.

“O. K.!”

He does.

Fibber and Molly are next seen—or heard—after the triumphant finish of the cannon act.

“Now aren't ye sorry ye worried so much, McGee? Ye plunked square into the net.”

“Ye know, Molly,” replies Fibber, who is his old brash self again, “while I was flyin' through the air—graceful as a swan—my whole life passed before my eyes. . . . My childhood—high-school days—college—”

“College? McGee, you better get shot again. You been leadin' somebody else's life!”

THIS final conversation about the cannon episode is much more than just another gag. No matter what deserved predicament Fibber gets into, if there is any suggestion of physical injury, it is necessary to let the radio audience know at once that the lovable liar is really all right.

Perhaps you remember the night when Fibber was having trouble with a recalcitrant window shade, and swore to Harlow Wilcox, the long-suffering Harpo who announces the Fibber program, that he would fix it, if he had to break a leg to do it. A few hours later the telephone rang beside the Wilcox family bed.

“That you, Harpo? This is Fibber. Remember that window shade that I was havin' the trouble with?”

“Yes.”

“Well, remember I says I'd fix it, or break my leg doin' it?”

“Oh, you got it fixed?”

“No. I broke my leg!”

A gag, of course; but the sponsors didn't dare let the Fibber McGee radio family go to bed on it. After the commercial, they had Fibber himself come out and speak the tag, which ran something like this:

“In case you're interested, I didn't really bust my leg. I just turned my ankle—which I thought was kind of a cute twist to end the show with. Good night, folks.”

The affection in which radio's best-loved couple is held by millions of Americans was best attested a couple of years ago, when Molly, weakening under the triple strain of appearing on a weekly radio program, making a motion picture, and running a home for a husband and two teen children, suffered a nervous breakdown.

Nothing but an explicit statement over the radio by the medical director of the sanatorium to which she had been sent could stop the flood of letters expressing the anguished fear of faithful fans that they would never hear their Molly again.

Behind that illness of Molly's there is a good old-fashioned show-must-go-on story, which really began some twenty years ago, back in Peoria, Illinois, when young Jim Jordan—laborer, machinist, timekeeper, washing-machine salesman, letter carrier, actor, and baritone soloist, married Marion Driscoll.

Jim Jordan, seventh son of a family of eight, was Fibber McGee. Marion Driscoll, twelfth daughter of a family of thirteen, was Molly McGee.

Wafted on the Peoria air, even today, are rumors that Marion shinnied down a drainpipe into the rain barrel to marry Jim. However that may have been, she certainly had to shinny over parental objections, for at that time the future Fibber McGee was anything but a success. And before he had a chance to prove himself as a husband and provider, he was on his way with the 122d Engineers to St. Nazaire.

Marion stayed in Peoria; studied music with those who knew, taught music to those who didn't; and waited for Fibber's return from the war. Commercial Peoria, however, held no such warming welcome, so Fibber decided to organize a concert company and tour America.

The “company” consisted of the two Jordans and another equally impecunious couple. Each member of the quartet could play four instruments. So perhaps, times being hard as they were, they were justified in billing themselves a bit disingenuously as a Sixteen-Piece Ensemble.

“They were booked,” explains an old friend of the Jordans, “by an advance man who traveled ahead. When the company arrived at the scheduled destination, they invariably found the stage prepared for sixteen artists. When only four appeared, the harassed chairman was, of course, surprised, chagrined, or indignant, according to his nature.

“This was Jim's cue to sit down in the presence of the injured committee and in scathing language fire the advance man for ‘misrepresenting’ the company. Jim and Marion estimate that their long-suffering agent was fired from this same job twice a

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

week every week for a period of four years."

Having played all the soft spots once, and not being in a position to play return dates, the Jordans disbanded their Sixteen-Piece Ensemble and became a double act in vaudeville. Whereupon, although Fibber insists that it was no fault of theirs, vaudeville disbanded, too.

Their next job, at ten dollars a week, was with a Chicago radio station, first as the O'Henry Twins, later as the Smith Family.

"When NBC bought out the station," says Fibber, "we became the Singing Sweethearts on a program of our own, and ten years ago did our first script show. The series was Smack-Out, and the writer was Don Quinn. Don is still with us, and there isn't a better radio writer in the business.

"The country-store proprietor in Smack-Out evolved into Fibber McGee—only I didn't take the new name until Molly and I signed with our present sponsors."

DURING the hard years Molly took a lot of punishment. First there were the split weeks on the road. Then there were the split dimes of the first radio years—ten of them!—before they were "discovered." And when the children came, Katherine and Jim, Jr., there was the housework to be done at the modest little house on Chicago's Richmond Avenue—all in addition to a staggering schedule of small-time radio appearances.

"Molly has always put my problems and those of the kids above her own career," says her husband. "And you can't show me another woman in our business who is like her."

It was success, however, that got her down. Personal appearances, publicity stunts, interviews, photographs, the inevitable social engagements that engulf the theatrically arrived—these did to Marion what housework-ing and mothering had not succeeded in doing: they broke her iron strength. The climax came when they went to Hollywood to make the ill-fated picture, This Way, Please.

"She fretted about the picture," Fibber explains, "and, as things turned out, she was right. We weren't playing characters in the film; merely popping on and off long enough to do a spot.

"'The public won't like it,' Molly said. 'They think of us as people; not as vaudeville performers.'"

When Molly keeled over in the middle of a broadcast after a scene in which she had played three different characters, Fibber put his foot down. The next morning he did some more putting: he put Molly on a plane and flew her to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester. Molly fought hard. She said she was "just tired." The Mayos agreed with her, only they called it "nervous exhaustion," and sent her to the Sacred Heart Sanitarium in Milwaukee, where she stayed for the better part of eighteen months.

Now, as current listeners are rejoiced to know, she is back at her regular Tuesday-evening job of trying to get Fibber to help with the family chores and squelching his whoppers with "'Tain't funny, McGee."

It is a joy to see the two of them working before the microphone. They're little, you know. Jim is five feet six, Marion five feet four. They dress their parts, too: Jim in a battered straw hat, one-buttoned striped suit, bright orange shoes, Harold Lloyd spectacles; Marion in a sacklike cotton-print dress and swaying kettle-shaped hat.

There have been few changes with the years in the Fibber McGee stock company. This year, as last, Harlow Wilcox, called Harpo by Fibber, succeeds in hawking the sponsor's wares in spite of McGee's best efforts to thwart him. Billy Mills and his musical men come to Fibber's rescue with chords that kindly drown out Molly's sharp-tongued abuse. And the invaluable Bill Thompson hops airily from one incredible character to another.

"Helen of Troy was quite a kewpie, Fizzer," begins Bill, in the role of Nick De Popolus. "She had a puss which is shipping a thousand launches."

Fibber is very patient with him.

"You mean that launched a thousand ships."

"Have it my way. She was a very hysterical character. I am reading a literary book about her last nights, and it seems she is having a boy friend who is calling himself by the name of Paris. You are probably not knowing about that, Fizzer. If you would read more, you wouldn't be so illegitimate."

"Illiterate."

"Why not? Anyway, this Paris squeegee is making a play for this Helen Kewpie, you grob me, and as a little totem of her esteem, she is giving him a golden apple."

"Yes, I know all about the—"

"And that is setting the president, Fizzer, because ever since those times, you will find a Greek people owning a fruit stands. Well, so long, Fizzer. I'll see you later, if I don't look out."

Next minute, Bill Thompson, in the role of the ear-trumpeted Old-Timer, will be calling Fibber Johnnie, and getting off his familiar "That ain't the way *I* heared it," which has become almost as famous as its radio predecessors, Jack Pearl's "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" and Joe Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?"

THE Fibbers broadcast from Hollywood now, not to be near the kliegs but to be near the sun. Jim thinks the famous climate is just what Marion needs to keep up her regained strength. Last I heard from them, they were shopping for ranches in the San Fernando Valley. Wherever they light, one thing I know: it will still be Wistful Vista, just as it was on Richmond Avenue, Chicago.

And who would have them change? Heavenly days, not I!

THE END

CINDERELLA ON PARK AVENUE

Deanna Durbin, charmingly growing up, makes a well-beloved fairy tale come true in 1939 surroundings

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ FIRST LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Deanna Durbin, Helen Parrish, Robert Stack, Eugene Pallette, Lewis Howard, Leatrice Joy, June Storey, Charles Coleman, Kathleen Howard, Marcia Mae Jones, Sam Hinds, Jack Mulhall, Mary Treen, Dorothy Vaughn, Frank Jenks, Lucille Ward. Screen play by Bruce Manning. Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Universal. Running time, 85 minutes.

THIS has humanness, brisk satire, a sustained gossamer quality. Here is a fresh retelling of the Cinderella legend—and the film frankly admits its debt to the seventeenth-century Perrault. Monsieur Perrault hit upon the No. 1 movie plot but never knew it.

Our little heroine has been put through a girls' finishing school by her wealthy uncle, but when she is graduated and comes to her rich relations' Park Avenue palace, she finds life is different than she expected. Unky is put upon and ignored, aunty is absorbed in astrology and stellar aspects, their snobbish daughter dominates the household with a sleek, modishly ruthless selfishness, their son has translated existence down to sheer inertia found in an easy chair.

But our heroine goes to the great ball of the year in spite of her cousin and wins the catch of the season. She runs off at the stroke of midnight, drops one of her golden slippers—and you can guess the rest.

Sounds saccharine but isn't. Actually it is deftly told, splendidly humanized. It even goes fanciful at moments and gets away with it. Deanna Durbin is growing up charmingly, sings pleasantly, and there are at least a half dozen neatly characterized humans. Particularly good: Helen Parrish as the spoiled super-deb pursued by tabloid photographers, Eugene Pallette as her harassed millionaire dad who timidly hopes for peace, Lewis Howard as her indolent brother, Leatrice Joy as the star-mad mama. Then there's Kathleen Howard as an understanding old teacher, and a flock of kindly belowstairs servants who battle for their Cinderella, each one sharply limned.

The best telling yet of the movies' original plot.

VITAL STATISTICS: It's Deanna's sixth picture and her first kiss. . . . The kissee is Robert Stack, Los Angeles boy. His grandmother was Modini Wood, celebrated singer. Grandfather was one of the first settlers in Los Angeles, owned the pioneer theater, the Orpheum. His family moved to Paris when he was five. Brought up on French. When he came back at eleven, he couldn't talk English to his older brother Jim who had remained in America. Eventually he went to the University of Southern California. Films came easily to him. In 1938 he enrolled in a dramatic school, six months later made a test for Universal. And he got the job. . . . The lazy rich boy is another newcomer, Lewis Howard. He was signed while playing on Broadway in The Fabulous Invalid. Grad of Columbia and has green eyes. . . . Helen Parrish, who plays the rich gal, was a cute curly-haired child film actress back in 1926. Started with Babe Ruth in Babe Comes Home, graduated to Our Gang comedies. After three years of a. a. (awkward age) came back to be the meanie with Deanna in Mad About Music. Owns an Eskimo spitz dog named Frosty, if you want to know. . . . Leatrice Joy returns after a retirement of ten years. Ex-wife of Jack Gilbert, she wed W. S. Hook, Los Angeles manufacturer, and stopped. Devoted herself to raising her daughter, Leatrice Gilbert, now fourteen. . . . Note Jack Mulhall as the chauffeur. He's one of Hollywood's real-life dramatic yarns. Once a $4,000-a-week star.

Deanna Durbin and super-deb Helen Parrish in First Love, a pleasing revival of the Cinderella legend.

★ ★ MAIN STREET LAWYER

THE PLAYERS: Edward Ellis, Anita Louise, Margaret Hamilton, Harold Huber, Clem Bevans, Henry Kolker, Robert Baldwin, Beverly Roberts, Willard Robertson, Richard Lane, Ferris Taylor, Wallis Clark. Screen play by Joseph Krumgold based on a story by Harry Hamilton. Adaptation by Devery Freeman. Directed by Dudley Murphy. Produced by Republic. Running time, 72 minutes.

EDWARD ELLIS, who is becoming one of our favorite character actors, does a small-town district attorney, a kindly, gentle old fellow who is too tolerant to be the officious upholder of law and order wanted by the political boss of Corinthia. Link Boggs believes in human kindness rather than textbook statutes.

This had the start of a nice little yarn. Unfortunately everybody but Mr. Ellis lacked ingenuity and the human touch. The result is just an involved melodrama about Link's efforts to hide the prison-cell birth of the pretty girl he adopted years before. There are gangsters, a courtroom shooting, and heaps of plot. Somehow Mr. Ellis manages to keep Link Boggs reasonably real, despite unimaginative script and direction.

VITAL STATISTICS: Margaret Hamilton, the kindly D. A.'s sharp-tongued housekeeper, was a kindergarten teacher in Cleveland for four years. From that to riding a broomstick as the wicked witch of The Wizard of Oz. That's a step what's a step. . . . Robert Baldwin's father was a showman, proprietor of the Famous Baldwin Shows. Bob always wanted to act, although his mother wanted him to be a dentist. Bob couldn't get his teeth into the idea. In 1932 he was third saxophonist in the rough-and-tumble musical act of Frank and Milt Britton. Recently was with Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . Harold Huber, professional celluloid menace, is a Bachelor of Arts, has a Doctor of Philosophy degree, is a graduate of law school. . . . Edward Ellis was the original Thin Man, believe it or not. Bill Powell was the ama-

OUCH! MY SHIN! But barked shins are all part of the game. And it's an easy matter after the little cut or bruise has been properly treated to stick on a Band-Aid to help protect it. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. Just stick it on . . . *it stays put*. Be sure you get the *genuine Band-Aid*. It's made only by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the Red Cross on the box.

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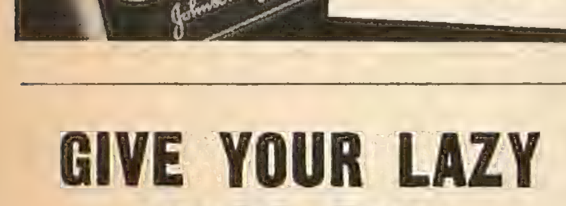
(Continued in an early issue)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teur sleuth who solved his murder. . . . Willard Robertson once was an attorney for the United States Interstate Commerce Commission. Likes acting better. Hails from Texas.

★★ THE FLYING DEUCES

THE PLAYERS: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Jean Parker, Reginald Gardiner, Charles Middleton, Jean Del Val, Clem Wilenchick, James Finlayson. Story and screen play by Ralph Spence, Alfred Schiller, Charles Rogers, and Harry Langdon. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 69 minutes.

TWO fish peddlers from Des Moines, on vacation in Paris, join up with the French Foreign Legion by mistake.

The "plot" of the comedy concerns their efforts to get out of their enlistment. Messrs. Laurel and Hardy used to be broadly funny in the celluloid silences; in the talkies they are just two earnest comics working hard for a laugh. Dialogue slows up farce gags, pulls galloping antics down to a walk.

Only one of the sequences worked out by the quartet of gag men jells into real fun. That comes when Stan and Ollie hide in an airplane and take off by mistake. There is no time for chatter as the big ship does tail spins over North Africa.

This is as dated as button shoes.

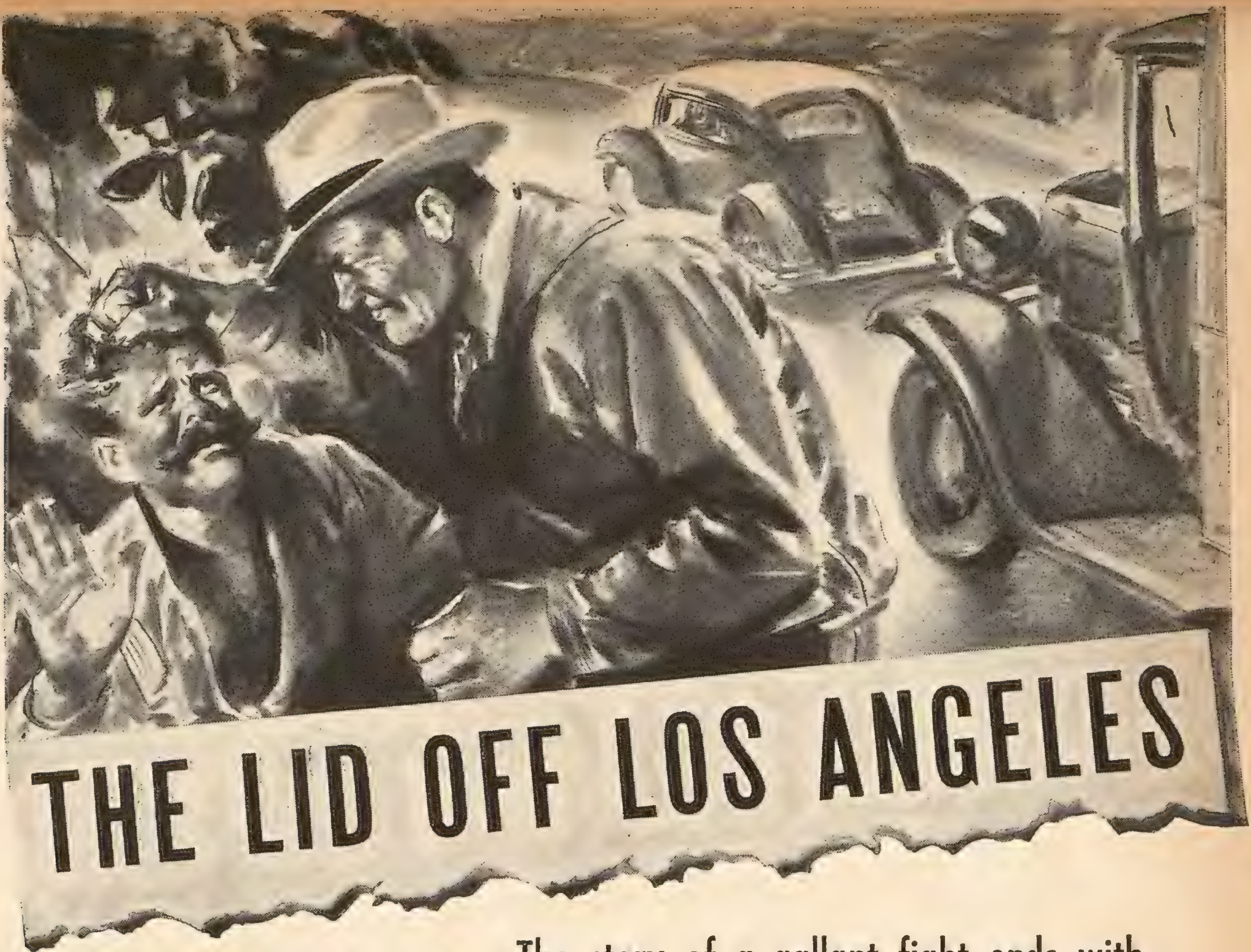
VITAL STATISTICS: Laurel and Hardy are back together after a separation. They have been teamed much of the last fifteen years, doing the same formula: two dumb dodoes trying to do the right thing but doing it wrong. . . . Boris Morros, erstwhile general musical director of Paramount, turned producer for this. He came to America from Russia with Balieff's Chauve Souris. Takes credit for writing The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers from an old peasant song. Then Adolph Zukor signed him to be conductor at the New York Rialto. Moved up to studio music chief, on the way discovering Dick Powell, then a banjo player, Rubinoff and others. Morros believes "comedians talk too much," so he held down the dialogue. . . . The sequence where Laurel and Hardy are made to wash the dirty linen of the whole Foreign Legion was done in the farming section of Chatsworth. RKO set-dresser Walter Tilford strung 9,000 feet of clothesline over five acres, used 10,000 clothespins and 4,000 miscellaneous garments. Says it was one of the toughest assignments in his studio career.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips.

★★★½—Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley.



"If you say anything about Harry, we'll shut your mouth," the men told him. Then they drove away.

THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

The story of a gallant fight ends with a question—Will the job be finished?

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

HARRY RAYMOND was removed to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital where, during the next fifteen weeks, a surgeon was to probe for the bomb fragments in his body.

Ralph Gray visited Raymond on the night after the bombing. While Gray was there, he was summoned to a telephone in the hospital lobby. A man's voice said:

"Mr. Gray? Mr. Ralph Gray? How is Mr. Raymond?"

"Mr. Raymond is resting better."

"That's too bad," said the voice. "Next time we'll do a better job. You're next. Maybe tomorrow—next week. We'll do a better job than on Raymond."

Ralph Gray paled. Then he asked: "Why am I selected for this honor? Who is this?"

The voice answered: "You stick your nose into other people's business. That's too bad." And that was all.

The surgeon, Dr. Sebastian, received an anonymous letter that read:

> The day you pronounce Harry Raymond dead you will receive $5,000 in cash promptly.

Harry Raymond was the sixth person outspoken against the Shaw administration or the underworld, or both, who had been bombed since a pamphleteer named Lyndon R. (Red) Foster had been blasted out of his apartment in December, 1935, after suggesting that the Shaw administration, through pressure upon advertisers, was attempting to control the editorial sentiments of the Los Angeles newspapers.

Orville Forester, who knew the vice and gambling set-up in Los Angeles, had been another of those bombed. So had Robert Noble, originator of the "$25 every Monday," which later was upped five dollars by some other promoters and became more popularly known as the Ham and Eggs Plan. Noble had been openly bitter against the Shaw administration. The Rev. Robert Schuler, a crusading minister, had been bombed. And Clifford Clinton, of course.

Most of the bombs obviously had been set off to scare. In Raymond's case, the intent had been to kill.

His home and garage, scene of the bombing, were at 955 Orme Street. Not far away was a bungalow on East Seventh Street. More than three months before the Raymond bombing, on September 21, 1937, this bungalow had been rented by some men who came and went at all hours, did not speak to or associate with neighbors, read books until late at night, and were seen climbing telephone poles in the neighborhood.

On January 13, 1938—the night before the bombing—lights were on in the mystery bungalow until 4 A. M. One of the neighbors, George Sakalis, a little vegetable dealer, saw a couple of the men in the alley behind the bungalow. He ordered them away.

On January 19, Sakalis was driving his vegetable truck along a rather deserted road. Two men in a black sedan stopped him. One stayed behind the wheel of the sedan. The other pulled Sakalis out of the truck by his hair and said, "How's my friend Raymond?"

Sakalis, terrified, said he knew nothing; he hadn't even read the papers.

"You act dumb," sneered the man, whom Sakalis recognized as one of his neighbors from the bungalow. Sakalis took all his money, four dollars, out of his pockets. "Boys," he pleaded, "I haven't got any more."

He offered it to the man, who took it, and then hit him hard—three times in the stomach, once on the chest, and once in the face.

"If you say anything about Harry Raymond we'll shut your mouth," they told him. Then they drove away.

PUBLIC indignation has a ridiculously high boiling point. But in the month after the Raymond bombing a previously incredulous Los Angeles citizenry bubbled with rage and horror. For in that month three men were arrested and charged with the attempt to blow Harry Raymond to bits. And those three men were:

Captain Earle E. Kynette of Joe Shaw's Spy Squad and Patrolmen Roy J. Allen and Fred A. Browne of the same terroristic "Special Intelligence Unit" of the Police Department. Browne later was acquitted, died.

Kynette and Allen were put on trial and eventually convicted of attempted murder, assault with intent to kill, and malicious use of explosives. They were sentenced to from one to fourteen years in San Quentin and have an appeal pending as this is written.

Suet-faced Captain Kynette brazenly attempted to change his appearance while awaiting trial in a cell. He combed his hair differently, assumed horn-rimmed glasses, grew a mustache. If anything, it helped convict him.

He was identified as the man who had called Ralph Gray over the hospital telephone and told him: "You're next." He was identified by Sakalis as the man who had sat in the sedan when Sakalis had been beaten up.

Harry Raymond came from a hospital bed under heavy guard to testify that Kynette had threatened him. Kynette had told him that he, Kynette, took his orders directly from Joe Shaw. It was not, it seems, an idle boast, for investigators learned that after the bombing Kynette had made a long-distance phone call to Joe Shaw in Mexico and paid for it out of his own pocket.

Raymond told of attempts previous to the bombing to "stop" him. Once his auto had been tampered with. It had gone out of control and an accident had occurred in which his leg had been broken in two places. Kynette, he said, had reminded him of the Red Foster bombing and told him he could expect the same thing.

Kynette was identified as a man who, a week before the Raymond bombing, had turned up at a foundry, shopping for "pipe that would break easy."

What had been done to Raymond, it became evident, was nothing more than any citizen of Los Angeles who dared oppose the City Hall gang might expect from its Spy Squad.

Records of the Spy Squad were brought into court. The conversations of 300 persons—none of them a criminal—had been recorded. There were typed reports on hosts of others. A congressman, a candidate for governor, ministers of the city's churches, Clifford E. Clinton, and many other respectable persons had been spied on and sometimes harassed by the Spy Squad. The pasts of most of them had been raked for scandal.

Public sentiment revolted when Kynette's superiors in City Hall and Police Department refused to repudiate him, even after his arrest. And it revolted further when seven members of the Spy Squad took the witness stand at his trial and blithely refused to answer any questions concerning wire-tapping activities near the scene of the Raymond bombing, on the grounds that to do so might degrade or incriminate them.

WHAT, an aroused public wanted to know, could possibly be the justification for this Spy Squad that, fed by the taxpayers' money, hounded and injured them?

Chief of Police Davis, an agile Red baiter, took the stand to try to explain. His plight was a little pitiable, and many thought he was merely fronting for the real leader of the Spy Squad, Joe Shaw. He made Fourth-of-July speeches about "subversive elements," until counsel gently stopped him with a reminder that the point being discussed was why the Spy Squad spied on decent citizens and attempted to blow up such men as Harry Raymond. They couldn't *all* be Reds.

Chief Davis intimated that some of those in the Spy Squad files had police-blotter pasts. The prosecution took the report of one man, a minister, from the Spy Squad files. Had he committed any crime? Chief Davis said he had. What was it? It turned out to be a minor traffic violation.

And so it went. Kynette and his chief assistant were convicted. The Spy Squad ostensibly was disbanded as public clamor rose. And now a lot of people dialed off the crooners and listened to Clifford E. Clinton's broadcasts. Los Angeles was becoming civic-minded.

As for Clinton, he was still mulling over those blundering words Chief Davis had uttered when accusing him of plotting a recall. He hadn't known that a mayor could be recalled. Now he did know—and was in favor of it.

He went to a number of persons for advice—among them Judge Fletcher Bowron of the Superior Court. The opinion was dishearteningly unanimous. He and his group would be crazy to attempt a recall election. It had never been managed successfully in any large American city.

Nevertheless, against this advice of men far wiser than he about the business of practical politics, Clinton threw himself into the movement to recall Mayor Shaw. He began by hiring at his own expense solicitors to go out and obtain signatures for a recall. It proved a terrific flop. The Shaw machine sent "ringers" to him. They obtained signatures, then turned them over to administration henchmen who destroyed them.

A new civic movement, just prior to the Raymond bombing, had lined up to assist Clinton. It was the Federation for Civic Betterment and it called its directing body the Committee of Twenty-five. Later it was to become dominated by Leftists, but meanwhile it worked side by side with Clinton's CIVIC, sounding a challenge to the Shaw administration.

An appeal was made to every organization of Los Angeles to send two delegates. Two thousand persons—clubwomen, church members, whites and Negroes, labor representatives—attended the first meeting.

When, a second time, the recall of Mayor Shaw was proposed, some of the groups withdrew in alarm. But Clinton had enough support now to try again.

Dr. Roy L. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, told his friend Clinton: "I know just the man we need for this recall campaign."

That man was Carl C. Hoskin, a picturesque North Dakota cattle rancher who had graduated from ranching to lecturing before Lyceum Bureau audiences. Hoskin was a hard-bitten, outspoken fellow who liked horses and guns. He had been in some hot civic battles in Midwestern cities. He enjoyed a good fight. It was not hard to persuade him to come on to Los Angeles.

THE recall fight began, and Carl Hoskin hadn't long been secretary of the Committee of Twenty-five when City Hall thugs took to his trail. He was followed night and day. That didn't bother him.

He received mysterious telephone calls threatening his life and the lives of members of his family. That was old stuff too, and he shrugged it off.

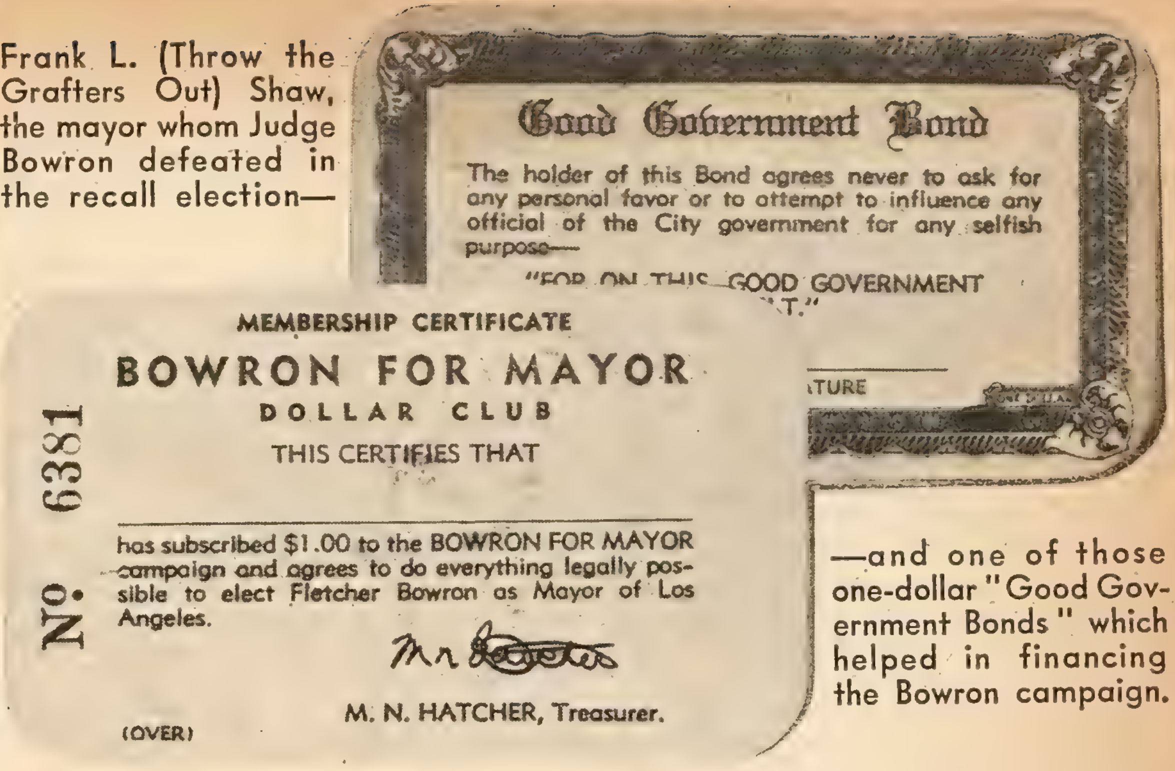
Then the gang dug into his past. Investigators were dispatched to Fargo, North Dakota, and Des Moines, Iowa, where he had lived. The best they came up with was the story of a trip he had made once from North Dakota to Texas in the company of a woman. It was true enough—but the woman had been his sister.

Hoskin didn't mind the interest in his past either. But he was downright annoyed when some one built a fire under his car in his garage.

Still smarting under this indignity, he was alone in campaign headquarters one night when two burly men entered. One of them snarled: "Do you want to live until Election Day?"

Hoskin thought it over a moment, then drawled: "You know, come to think of it, I don't care whether I live or not. Times are hard and I'm sort o' worn out and awful sleepy."

Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw, the mayor whom Judge Bowron defeated in the recall election—



Good Government Bond

The holder of this Bond agrees never to ask for any personal favor or to attempt to influence any official of the City government for any selfish purpose—

“FOR ON THIS GOOD GOVERNMENT
T.”

TURE

MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE

BOWRON FOR MAYOR

DOLLAR CLUB

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

No. 6381

has subscribed $1.00 to the BOWRON FOR MAYOR campaign and agrees to do everything legally possible to elect Fletcher Bowron as Mayor of Los Angeles.

M. N. HATCHER, Treasurer.

(OVER)

—and one of those one-dollar "Good Government Bonds" which helped in financing the Bowron campaign.

And then he whipped out a revolver and jammed it into the paunch of the nearer man. “Now, you blankety-blank so-and-soes,” he snapped, “get the blankety-blank out of here. And fast!”

They got. No one bothered him after that.

A date had been set for a labor ordinance special election, and to save taxpayers the expense of another election, Clinton and his groups were speeding up the distribution of petitions so that the recall could be voted upon at the same time. The recall petitions listed the grounds on which removal of Mayor Shaw was sought. Among them:

“That it is now generally known and manifest that the candidacy of Mayor Shaw was sponsored and financed in great measure by racketeers and politico-underworld personalities desiring to carry on illegal activities with the consent of a deliberately lax and co-operative administration. . . . That numerous governmental departments under his domination have been and are now operated on a ‘racket basis.’”

There was not much time to obtain the thousands of signatures needed, and the Shaw gang was making every conceivable effort to hamper Clinton and his associates. Solicitors were insulted, intimidated, jailed on petty charges. One girl was drugged by a shot in the arm. The head of one group of solicitors was taken into gin mills and loaded with free drinks, and both he and his petitions were lost.

Despite all this, the required percentage of petitions were gathered and placed in safe-deposit vaults. From there they were transferred, under guard, to City Hall for certification. The City Clerk agreed to work a special force from 6 P. M. until 6 A. M., so that the signatures could be verified in time.

In City Hall, some one apparently got into the vault, for when the verifying began it was found that many signatures had been altered. “Smith” had become “Smithson”; “John Jones” had become “John X. Jones.” Each signature that had been altered had to be discarded. Despite this, enough were certified to enable the City Clerk to place the recall on the ballot.

Clinton and his associates had called an election—but they didn't have a candidate for mayor. And finding one was going to be no easy matter. In spite of the wave of civic indignation, any man who dared oppose the Shaw administration and its invisible allies would almost certainly be committing political hara-kiri. And time was short.

This resolute group of citizens, seeking a man on whom they could pin their hopes for a more decent civic life, decided upon Superior Court Judge Fletcher Bowron.

“Nothing doing,” he said when Clinton sounded him out.

You couldn't blame Bowron. Why should he, enjoying the security and tranquillity of a most creditable job, pit himself and his political future against a machine backed by a rich underworld?

He sympathized with Clinton and Clinton's associates. But even their treasury looked as if their cause was hopeless. It contained exactly $81.26.

Judge Bowron was a splendid choice. He had a fine career of public service behind him. Fifty-one years old, he was a native Californian. He had succeeded the hard way, carrying newspapers as a kid, working his way through law school. For a while he had been a reporter, later a secretary to California's Governor Richardson. He had been appointed a Superior Court judge in 1926 and had recently been selected to preside over that court by his fellow judges.

He was honest and he was practical. He knew the Shaw machine was no push-over. But Clinton and his group were by this time desperate.

“Won't you run?” Bowron was asked again.

“No,” he replied firmly. Then he added, “But come along. We'll see if we can't find you another candidate.”

They virtually exhausted the telephone directory of Los Angeles. This man was honest but the underworld would soon make a dupe of him. This man was capable but might not be entirely honest. And so it went.

“If you don't accept,” Bowron was told, “we're sunk.”

“I'll think it over,” he promised. He conferred with fellow judges of Superior Court. “You're mad if you even think of it,” they said.

But somehow Judge Bowron could not lose sight of what this crowd of decent citizens wanted—simply good government. And he was impressed, as many people have been, by the obvious sincerity of Clifford Clinton, the little restaurant man.

On August 9, 1938—little more than a month before the date set for the recall election—a committee (still without a candidate) came to see Judge Bowron and renew their pleas that he run. If he did not, their group would be hopelessly split, their efforts dissipated. That decided Judge Bowron. But he told them frankly:

“Whether I shall accept your kind offer to be your candidate . . . will depend on an understanding that we can have right now. I know that all of you are sincere. Some of us, possibly, do not entirely agree upon our ideas of social philosophy. I know that that is an honest difference of opinion. You all want honest government. So let us be honest and frank with each other. Is there any understanding on the part of any one of you that I am pledged to anything except a sincere, honest effort to give a clean government?”

There was not, the committee spokesman answered.

“If I am elected to this office, which I am not seeking, the good Lord knows, no one would expect me to make an appointment because of political support?”

He added that he did not guarantee to make Los Angeles lily-white but would use every effort to smash organized crime and corrupt pay-offs. In any matter of policy he would hear both sides, then do his best.

“What I am interested in,” he said, “is just ordinary, plain, decent government—and in treating every one alike. If . . . we are all merely working together for a common purpose—to secure better government and make Los Angeles a cleaner and better place in which to live—I will go along with you."

That was his acceptance, and to it he added that he wished it clearly understood that any campaign contribution received would *buy* nothing.

"I have no other income," he said, "except my salary. Everything I have in the world is in a home that I have been trying to buy since 1929—and it is very heavily encumbered—and in a few life-insurance policies that protect my family. No one owes me money; I own no stocks or bonds. My only possible source of income is my salary. My financial status is set forth in an application for a loan to the Federal Housing Administration.

"I am saying that, not to invite sympathy but to tell you this: That if I should be elected mayor, and at the end of that time should own any property or stocks or bonds or anything of value except what I have bought from my salary, I want you to know it."

WITH a candidate but no funds the campaign got under way. Mayor Shaw had dropped his 1933 slogan: "Throw the Grafters Out!" He adopted a safer one: "The Sun Still Shines in Los Angeles."

With only thirty-six days before the election, recall campaign headquarters were sought. Obtaining them was not easy, for owners were afraid their buildings would be bombed. And the problem of campaign funds was heartbreaking. An elderly retired civic-minded gentleman, O. W. Stratton by name, walked into recall campaign headquarters a few days after it opened and said:

"I'll tell you what you do. You folks print up a batch of numbered tickets. Call them 'Good Government Bonds.' Sell them to the public—dollar apiece. Nobody's going to expect to buy protection for a gambling house or a job in City Hall for a dollar. And if the public really want good government, they'll buy those bonds."

The "bonds" were printed. The old gentleman himself sold sixty to his neighbors. The public began to take an interest in a campaign which, obviously, was going to be clean. A lot of persons paid dollars for bonds.

Fighting with its back to the wall, the Shaw machine opened a large headquarters directly across the street from the recall offices, started a barrage of scandal sheets, and dropped throw sheets from airplanes. Machine workers hired men and women to phone voters: "This is the Communist League. Will you please vote for our candidate Judge Bowron?" In the Negro districts they would announce that it was the Ku Klux Klan calling.

Dignified Judge Bowron had been a candidate only three days when, still on the bench, he received a number of letters from well-wishers. He put them into his briefcase to take them home. A few hours later the briefcase was stolen. The friendly writers of the letters were thereupon told by phone callers that if they supported Judge Bowron they wouldn't be able to get so much as a dog license out of City Hall.

Large campaign contributions came into the recall headquarters anonymously, in the form of $500 or $1,000 bills. They were not used, for it was believed that they had been marked or photographed and then sent out from underworld sources.

In spite of all this dirty work, and much more, Fletcher Bowron was elected Mayor of Los Angeles by a two-to-one vote over Frank L. Shaw and by a plurality of 110,000 votes—the largest plurality ever received by any mayor of that city.

His campaign ended without a deficit. And his campaign expenditures were ridiculously small for a city of 1,250,000 people—$15,288. The public that had elected him had contributed most of that in small sums. Some of the hardest workers and most eager contributors in the compaign had been honest policemen, firemen, and Civil Service workers.

Thus, on September 16, 1938, the City of the Angels, for the first time in twenty years, faced the pleasing prospect of having its municipal affairs run by a clean and unfettered and wise administration.

At a rousing dinner given for him at the Biltmore on October 25, 1938, Mayor Bowron thanked those who had supported him and said:

"It is a beautiful occasion; it is pleasing; it is flattering. It has been a great event in my life and it will live long and vividly in my memory. It will live only in my memory, for it will never happen again—because I feel certain that I will prove an unpopular Mayor of the City of Los Angeles *because I intend to do my duty.*"

HE set instantly to work to do it. He demanded—and got—the resignations of 100 officials in the city government. He sent underworld czars scurrying for cover as he told Chief of Police Davis that he expected "one-hundred-per-cent law enforcement." Chief Davis later resigned, under fire, to protect a pension of $328 a month which Los Angeles taxpayers must furnish him for the rest of his life. He has in addition whatever salary he draws in his new job—head of the private police of a large Coast airplane manufacturing plant.

New York's Mayor LaGuardia had given the new mayor some advice from his own personal store: "Strike, strike hard and strike fast, or they'll have a new organization built before you can stamp them out."

Mayor Bowron continued to strike hard. He purged the Police Department of twenty-three high-ranking officials. Guy McAfee, who had left Los Angeles to open two gambling houses in Las Vegas, Nevada, told newspaper reporters that three of the men Mayor Bowron purged were absolutely trustworthy. Guy McAfee should have known; but his statement implies that Bowron got rid of twenty who did deserve firing.

In each city department, Bowron uncovered new evidence of rottenness. Under the Shaw administration, City Hall had sold answers to Civil Service examination questions (fifty dollars and up); Civil Service jobs ($400 and up); honorary police badges (ten dollars and up); police captaincies ($1,500); Fire Department promotions, city contracts, and all types of "juice"—the Pacific Coast term for political protection of criminals. The new mayor demanded and got the resignation of the entire Shaw administration Civil Service Commission, and set the city Attorney to investigate irregularities within that department. They were there: the job and promotion sales, the peddling by Joe Shaw of Civil Service questions and answers.

BUT Joe Shaw had vanished. Then he came back, to appear weeping before the grand jury and to whine that he was "a poor man."

You will recall that Joe Shaw had been driven by his friend and chauffeur, Lieutenant Peter Del Gado, to Mexico just before the Harry Raymond bombing. A rumor persisted that the purpose of that trip had been to take four suitcases and a hidden strongbox full of cash (an estimated $500,000 worth of boodle) to Mexico, whence it was to be shipped to Canadian or English banks.

The story of the hidden strongbox sounds fantastic. Joe Shaw indignantly termed it "theatrical." But his automobile, which had been sold, was traced to its new owner. Inspection revealed a metal box midway between the front and rear seats on the right side, its lid flush with the car's floorboards and covered by carpeting. The box, eighteen by twenty by six inches, was welded to the car's frame. To open it, you had to fit four screws into four holes. When tightened, they operated a mechanism which lifted the lid.

Told of the finding of this gadget, Joe Shaw said it was just a carrier for tire chains. Yet the car's new owner had not known it was there.

It was, of course, empty. Whether it had once carried half a million dollars to Mexico, only time and, possibly, the Internal Revenue Department will be able to tell.

Joe Shaw and Cormack were convicted March 23, 1939, on sixty-three counts each, of altering public records, and sentenced to serve from five to seventy years in prison. They are out on bail now, pending appeals.

Los Angeles marches on—but even as you read this, some of the former commissioners, ex-cops, and remnants of the Shaw machine are meeting to build up a new organization to fight honest, dignified Mayor Bowron.

True, under him most of Los Angeles' wide-open vice and gambling joints have been shut tight. Sporadic and independent operations still go on. But centralized syndicated vice and gambling are, temporarily at least, stamped out. Los Angeles is not now a closed town, but organized crime with police pay-offs is at a low ebb.

Yet the invisible empire is still there—waiting. It knows that the power of a mayor extends so far and no farther. He can—as Mayor Bowron has done—clean up most of City Hall. But he cannot touch other officials. And if they have been put into office with underworld sponsorship, they can block him every foot of the way.

This is not to imply that every officeholder who fights Mayor Bowron has the purse strings of the underworld around his neck. The present Mayor of Los Angeles is delightfully human. He may err, as all humans do. But his will be honest errors.

WHILE playing a waiting game, the underworld can toss harpoons at the two men who wish to give the city clean government. And it has done that. Mayor Bowron has been called a "dictator." Clifford Clinton has been called too many things to enumerate here. Last February Clinton was involved in a traffic accident in which a young man was injured. No complaint was filed against him until March 24, almost on the eve of an election in which he had plugged, by radio, for public support of councilmen who would work with Mayor Bowron. The complaint was signed by a policeman. Clinton went to jail, refusing bail offered by friends, to demonstrate that he wished no favors. He was later acquitted by a jury.

The campaign not only to smear Clinton and hamstring Bowron but to put a wedge between them still goes on. Though today they eschew each other's company lest the public take stock in the rumors spread by a poisonous whispering campaign, each has unqualified respect for the sincerity of the other.

The 1937 minority grand-jury report printed the names of a coalition of nearly thirty of the city's politico-racketeers. Not one of them, so far, has faced thorough investigation or prosecution, despite the fact that sworn testimony at the Kynette trial produced evidence that this underworld coalition had contributed funds to the city and county machines.

The Shaw machine, a bribe taker, was kicked out. But the underworld, a bribe giver, so far has been immune.

Los Angeles needs a dose of what Thomas E. Dewey gave New York—diligent, unfettered prosecution. Neither Clinton nor Mayor Bowron thinks that Los Angeles' District Attorney Buron Fitts will supply it.

On his record, the District Attorney—who while in office has been shot and indicted—is no Thomas E. Dewey. His career has been erratic, but it has shown flashes of brilliant prosecution. It was Fitts' office, it must be remembered, that prosecuted and convicted Kynette and Joe Shaw. Those were notable and hard-fisted convictions of two men who, some observers claim, were largely responsible for returning Fitts to office during his last campaign.

Critics of Fitts charge that political expediency and public sentiment would alone have forced the prosecution of Kynette, and that Joe Shaw was a down-and-outer anyway. They point to the fact that after those convictions there were no attempts to uncover evidence of other crimes.

Regardless of their opinion, the general situation seems, upon sane consideration, to boil down to this:

Los Angeles—fifth city in size, first in glorious potentialities in these United States—has thrown off the grip of a rotten administration. For this it owes most of its thanks to a courageous fighting private citizen and an equally courageous fighting mayor. That mayor has gone—and is going—as far as he is empowered to go to throw off, too, the strangle hold upon his city of a hidden administration of the underworld.

No honest and impartial appraisal of these two men can damn them as bluenosed reformers. Neither seeks a "chemically pure" Los Angeles; a town tight shut and dismal. But they do stand—and rightly—against vicious political and syndicate exploitation that must, given time, inevitably weaken the civic fiber of a great city.

THUS half of the job has been done; the other half remains. Can it be completed?

It can—if vigilant, persevering, and capable prosecution lies ahead. Los Angeles' politico-criminal syndicate has not yet been touched. Yet it would seem to be one of the greatest fields for a fighting prosecutor to be found in America today.

It is an intriguing thought to wonder what might happen tomorrow if some young lawyer—a potential Tom Dewey of California—were given the job and told to clean house. He would have to be an ambitious youngster, free of all local political ties, clean, hard-hitting, capable, and utterly honest. A good trial lawyer, a good investigator. He might today be a comparative unknown; tomorrow—with the blessing and go-ahead of Los Angeles' citizenry—a national figure.

Where could Los Angeles find such a man? There are not many places to look. One of them would be in Washington, for however you look upon today's national administration, it is obvious that such branches of our government as, say, the United States Attorney General's office today are training young career men who tomorrow may return to their homes to become the white hopes of crime-ridden municipalities.

Whatever tomorrow may bring, the decision concerning whether the job shall be finished rests—as it should—with the citizens of Los Angeles.

This much is certain: When it is finished—and not until then—the City of the Angels can haul down the skull and crossbones and run aloft the banner of a liberated people.

THE END

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
WE'RE PLAYING PO-KE-NO AT HOME TONIGHT!

YES, Po-ke-no makes evenings at home exciting . . . gives parties action and thrills! It's sweeping America!

Young and old love it! 2 to 13 can play. Takes only a minute to learn.

In stunning black and red gift box. Includes 12 handsome, durable playing boards, 200 chips in rich colors, complete instructions. A welcome gift.

● See Po-ke-no at your dealer's today. If he doesn't have it, send $2 for prompt, postpaid shipment. Address:
U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 99-L. Cincinnati, Ohio.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

don't WORRY ABOUT RUPTURE

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY **508-G State St., Marshall, Mich.**

LIKE A COBWEB SPREAD OVER THE WORLD

FAIRBURY, NEB.—Sometimes in the long vigil at night while waiting to bring another human life into this troubled world it seems that one's thoughts become more clearly organized. Thus it is perhaps well that I have waited until the quiet hours of this night during a vigil with life before taking up the torch of propaganda which has been flung so far and wide during the last month. Reading an article today by a well known writer made me furious, and I wished to meet him and rend him limb from limb for his insults to the average person. Now, after calm reflection, I can write reasonably and perhaps more convincingly than in the heat of anger.

Who would aver that propaganda is not spread like a cobweb over the world, and who would deny its insidious influence? No one, I am sure. Even the most illiterate person to whom I have talked has recognized its presence already and has warned me of its effect.

Those same persons are firmly convinced that this country can keep out of war, and, surprisingly enough, seem to be able to sift out the truth in radio broadcasts as well as we who profess abundant intelligence (?) or at least liberal education. They advance as good reasons for keeping out of war, and as good methods for doing it, as I have heard from our leaders.

As I think back upon the last war, in which I was a lowly buck private, I cannot seem to remember that our community became overly wrought up or exercised about avenging the insults to our great country. And I suppose that our little city was no different from thousands of others in America. I believe they were quite willing to suffer a few insults as well as the loss of a few ships rather than spill the blood of thousands of young men.

Again, as I think back upon the time preceding our entry into the war, I seem to remember that it was our leaders in this country who became wrought up, who argued that democracy was about to be lost, and who finally decided that we young men should shoulder the gun, go hungry, and tramp in the mud to save that democracy. We were not propagandized into enlisting. They simply gave us a card, thumped our chest, and said, " Brother, you're in."

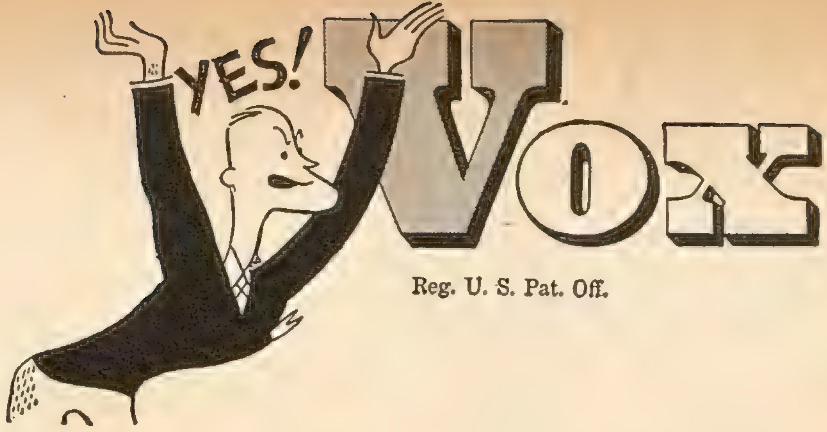
Now then, thinking about this war, why shouldn't the average person become highly indignant over all these articles on propaganda, which warn us not to be influenced by what we read and what we hear over the radio?

To get down to brass tacks, *why don't they warn Congress and all our leaders about this propaganda?* They are the ones who will declare war, not the millions and millions of common people. They are the leaders who will become insulted and who will demand protection of their rights; and more than that—they will demand it of us again. And what will we do?

We'll do just as we did before. I know, for I have an ambulance company as part of a medical regiment, and they are ready to go if necessary.

I really believe that Congress and the President are making an honest effort to keep this country in a true state of peace; but, even so, they will be the ones to declare war when it comes. Why, then, should they and the many able writers be so concerned about how propaganda may affect all the millions of common people who take time to read such a magazine as Liberty?

Considering all this, it seems rather futile for all magazines and publications to devote so much space to warning us about the effect of propaganda, when it appears that the ones who really need the warning will not heed it when it comes.—*George W. Ainlay, M. D.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RACKETEERING PRO AND CON

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—I was interested in the lengthy letter of Harry Van Arsdale, Business Manager of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union No. 3, New York City (October 28 Vox Pop).

No one who is in any way familiar with the racketeering methods that many of the trade-unions use in the cities will have much doubt as to whether Mr. Sokolsky was telling the truth (September 2 Liberty).

Those who know George Sokolsky will not have any doubt but that he was writing about conditions just as he found them. Also, I might say that Sokolsky would have nothing to gain by misrepresenting this matter, while the electrical workers would have everything to gain by trying to get the public to believe that this condition was not so rotten as Mr. Sokolsky said it was.

At any rate, all the reports that came from the New York World's Fair bore out just about what Mr. Sokolsky said. —*Charles F. Moyer.*

DENVER AHEAD OF REVIEWS

DENVER, COLO. — The picture reviews by Beverly Hills have become as useless as last year's almanac. For instance, both of the four-star pictures reviewed in your issue of October 21 were shown in Denver weeks before.—*Harold E. King.*

"TIME!"

DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND — A case that was brought before a local magistrate involved the rightful ownership of an eight-day clock.

After hearing both sides of the argument the judge turned to the complainant.

" You get the clock," he told him gravely.

" Look here, what do I get?" cried the defendant furiously.

" You get the eight days," snapped the judge. — *Jock MacLaughlin.*

HOW TO RETIRE ON NOTHING

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—What a terrific misnomer in Clark Richardson's How to Retire on $500! (November 4 Liberty.) By his picture he is just a kid. By his story he is just starting out instead of retiring. More interesting to me would be an article on How to Retire on Nothing, Not Even Health. But we get this knowledge by experience, and enjoy it too, as long as we can have Liberty to read. —*Ralph Hawley.*

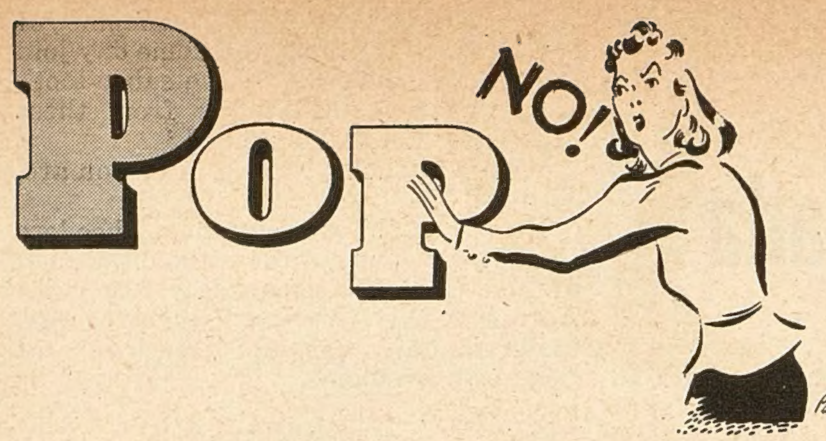
WHY DID YOU LIKE THAT, MR. LEGRAND?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I have been buying your magazine for over ten years and I haven't found anything worth while reading since you printed The Cruise of the Emden.—*Dudley Legrand.*

VICTIM OF THIS BANDIT

SAGINAW, MICH.—Just finished reading Mr. C. H. Kretschmer's letter headed Expose the Inside Corporation Bandit (November 4 Liberty). I am a victim of this bandit. There are thousands of us in Saginaw that have money in corporations and cannot get a cent.

Do please write an exposé of the inside corporation bandit!—*Mrs. J. N. Mills.*



INKED OUT

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—After reading Inked Out, by Fulton Oursler (November 4 Liberty), I have come to the conclusion that the reporters and editors of those papers that did not go along with the police and blabbed all they knew about what was going on, thus putting the kidnapers wise to the movements of the police, are just as guilty of the murder of the kidnap victims as the ones who did the actual murders, and should receive the same punishment.

Exposing the actions of the police working on criminal cases is not news—it is giving aid to criminals, and should be treated accordingly.

It is a crying shame that some newspaper dopes seem to delight in helping crooks get ahead of the police.—*William Curtis.*

FOR WINGS OVER AMERICA

HOUSTON, TEX.—If Mr. Bernarr Macfadden is an aviation enthusiast, why in the name of free people doesn't he start the organization of a society to bring prudence to bear on our government to build an air force large enough to guarantee the safety of our land?—*J. E. Gauge.*

U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

YES, SUPERNATURAL CLINKS

VENICE, CALIF.—Reading The Shadow of the Master with great interest. I find it hard to account for the thirty "clinks" made, presumably, by thirty pieces of silver dropping one by one into the hands of Judas. Upon what does the first piece "clink"? Or, being a supernatural piece, can it "clink" all by itself? Or has a thirty-first piece been added, for dramatic reasons, by the Department of Sound Effects? Please tell me.—*Conrad Peabold.*

CANNONS ROAR, PRICES SOAR

ST. LOUIS, MO.—

Oh, say, can you tell why the
cannon's first roar
Is the signal for prices to suddenly soar?
Flour, sugar, and meat are
commodities rare
Just because they are waging
a war over there.
Be it here or abroad, all the
profiteers laud
Their chances to practice collusion and fraud.
And now, that democracy long
may prevail,
Let nations and races this
practice curtail.
Florence Allen.

INDIANS NOT "VANISHING"

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Not long ago you had a Pop about our Indian population being neglected by Uncle Sam. Well, if that's true, "the vanishing race," including both full and mixed bloods, is actually increasing in the United States.

At federal agencies in 1900 it was 270,544; in 1910, 304,950; in 1920, 336,337; in 1930, 340,541. Estimates of the Indian population here in 1492 are, of course, impossible of verification — ranging from 266,000 to over 800,000.—*Isaac Stonevat.*

GRANDMA'S CLOCK

MINOT, N. D.—Look at the picture in your story of Grandma and the Barefoot Burglar (October 21 Liberty). At five minutes to ten, just before the newscast, the door downstairs opened.

The clock on the mantel in the picture shows just five o'clock. Something wrong some place!—*O. J. Rusley.*

SING THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IN A

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Let's sing The Star-Spangled Banner in the key of A, where almost any one can sing it through. In the key of A you sing from A up to E, while in the key of B-flat (where it is usually placed) you have to go from B-flat up to F, which is difficult for the average voice.

This will be hard on the sopranos, who like the song in the key of C because it gives them a chance to show off their G; but it will be a lot easier on all the rest of us ordinary mortals.

On top of all this, A, being a "sharp" key, is far more brilliant than B-flat. Isn't this the simple answer to all the criticism of our grand national anthem?—*Lambert Fairchild.*

EPISCOPAL CHURCH TRACES ORIGIN TO JESUS CHRIST

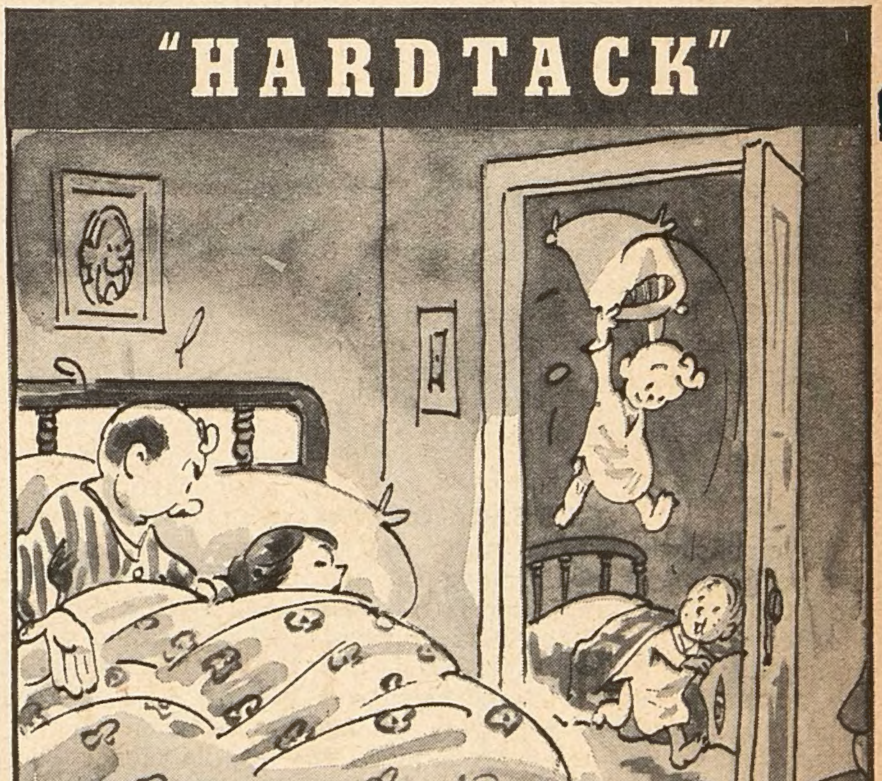
TRENTON, N. J.—In reply to F. Long in November 4 Vox Pop, allow me to state that the Episcopal Church is a true branch of the Holy Catholic Church and thereby traces its origin to our Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles. At the time of the Reformation the Church of England purified itself of certain errors which had crept in during the centuries; but historically in doctrine and orders it was the same ancient church which was planted in Britain long before the Roman missionary Augustine ever came to that land.—*The Rev. Parker F. Auten.*

MAIL
VOX POP EDITOR

WILL ERIC HATCH OBLIGE?

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Being an ardent student of mathematics and having horse racing as a hobby, I'd like to have the formula used in the October 28 installment of the story Dangerous Impulse, by Eric Hatch. Come on, be a sport!

Or is the process so important that the bookmakers have purchased the copyright?—*John Scanlon, X. U.*



"I thought you said Hardtack invited Edwin over to sleep with him!"

Bishop Flies Again—
The White Knight of Canada

FULTON OURSLER

LIBERTY readers will never forget The Red Knight of Germany, a twenty-three-part serial published some years ago, that told of the exploits of Manfred von Richthofen, German ace of aces in the First World War.

When von Richthofen was scouring the skies in his red combat plane, there was one man who chased him again and again; one foeman who fought him in two desperate duels high n the air. That was Captain William Avery Bishop, from Canada, a flyer just as brave, just as daring as ever was von Richthofen. But Bishop's story is still to be told. A small group of his admirers called him the White Knight of Canada. The publicity that came to the Red Knight was not desired by the White Knight. When the war was over he went back to civilian pursuits, back to the woman whose love had inspired him all during his years of hell-fire on high.

But the other day Captain (now the Honorary Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force) Bishop turned again from his peaceful pursuits and from his beautiful wife back to the service of his country. The White Knight of Canada will fly again against his country's foes.

Here is a thrilling story, probably unparalleled in the history of all flyers. To get all the facts, Alan Hynd went to Canada, and he has come back with a manuscript that we believe will thrill Liberty readers as did the Red Knight of Germany. Next week begins this extraordinary serial, Flying to Kill: The Story of Bishop, the White Knight of Canada.

THIS SAGA OF WAR in the clouds will lead off an exceptionally interesting issue. Among the features that you will not want to miss are some exceptionally fine short stories—among them, To Be Accounted For, by Achmed Abdullah; and Desperate Honeymoon, by Oscar Schisgall. George Bernard Shaw is back with a piece of prose and cons called The World After the War. Other features are Secrets of a Hollywood Property Man, by Kenneth L. Watt; Asleep at the Wheel, by Bernarr Macfadden; My Plans for the Future, by Joe Louis; Keeping Boys Out of Crime, by Frederick L. Collins; and others.

AN INTERESTING CALLER the other day was Dante, the magician who for fourteen years has been touring Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. Now war has brought him back to a country which has no more magicians; Houdini and Thurston are gone. I hope this handsome, gray-mustached, gray-whiskered sorcerer will bring his thaumaturgy to the American theater. Dante showed us an interesting advertisement from a London newspaper which reads as follows:

"Dogs are having a nervous time just now. Their meat allowances are being gradually reduced to meet the rationing, they are having to get used to compressed meats and other substitutes. And at the same time they are getting buffeted in the hours of the black-out. Marshall and Snelgrove are having great success with their black-out coats for dogs. Costing half a guinea, they are made in white gleaming fabric with an occasional red spot, and they not only show up the dog, so that he shall not be trodden on, but they add bells to announce his coming. Add, too, your dog's identity disc, and, even if he should stray, you can feel that he is safe."

WE ENJOYED AN INTERESTING luncheon last week with Martin Dies, and learned a lot of the troubles that beset a man when he starts out to fight the enemies of Americanism. . . . Some weeks ago we were in Chicago for lectures before the Chicago Women's Club and the Women's Athletic Club. It was interesting to find how exceptionally well informed are Chicago women on world affairs and domestic problems. The questions asked by these ladies would have put to shame some of the questions asked in the parliaments of the world. . . . While in Chicago I had the pleasure of meeting the son of Mr. Edward Self. The father is one of the most progressive of modern advertising men, a publicist who shares with me the belief that advertising should compete with editorial matter in human interest. Mr. Self's daughter, by the way, wrote a very interesting Two-Minute Story which we published a few weeks ago. . . . Also found time for a chat with George Kelly of the Pullman Company. He was just back from White Sulphur Springs, where he had made an address on the five basic freedoms of Americanism. Here is a man truly interested in preserving the American way of life. . . . I wish there were space to mention all the thoughtful and hospitable men and women I met on this interesting sojourn in one of the world's greatest cities.

OUT OF THE MAILBAG: —From J. T. Coffee, Jr., assistant cashier of the Sioux National Bank, Harrison, Nebraska, comes the following rebuke:

"As regards Who Told It First? your editorial page, 10-28-39 issue, my lotta-years-back-great-grand-pappy, who put out the Stone Age Scandaleer, with the laborious aid of hammer and chisel, wrote: 'Our Eastern enemies, of the caribou-jaw clubs, will some day join our western enemies, of the sabre-tooth daggers, to annihilate us from these hills [now Central France.]'

"Shucks, such a hair-splitter you are, Fulton!"

From our old acquaintance, Theodore Granik, a reprint of the radio discussion of Mr. Granik's remarkable American Forum of the Air. Good work for real understanding among Americans of their own problems. . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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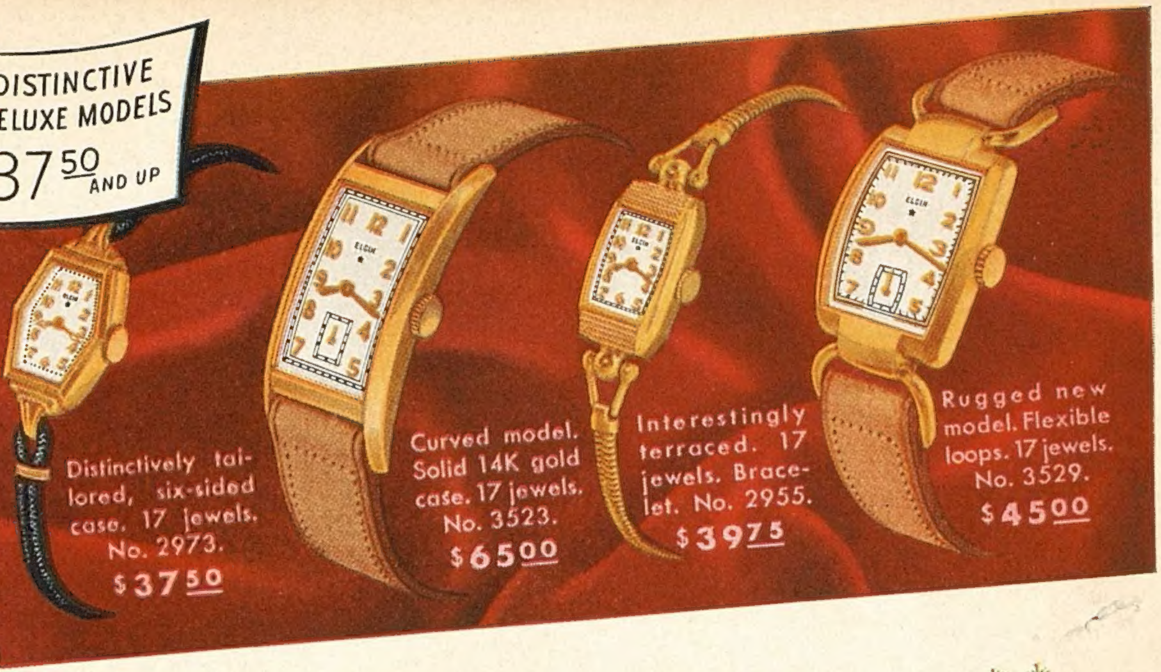
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY SKRENDA

DISTINCTIVE DELUXE MODELS
$37.50 AND UP



Distinctively tailored, six-sided case. 17 jewels. No. 2973. $37.50

Curved model. Solid 14K gold case. 17 jewels. No. 3523. $65.00

Interestingly terraced. 17 jewels. Bracelet. No. 2955. $39.75

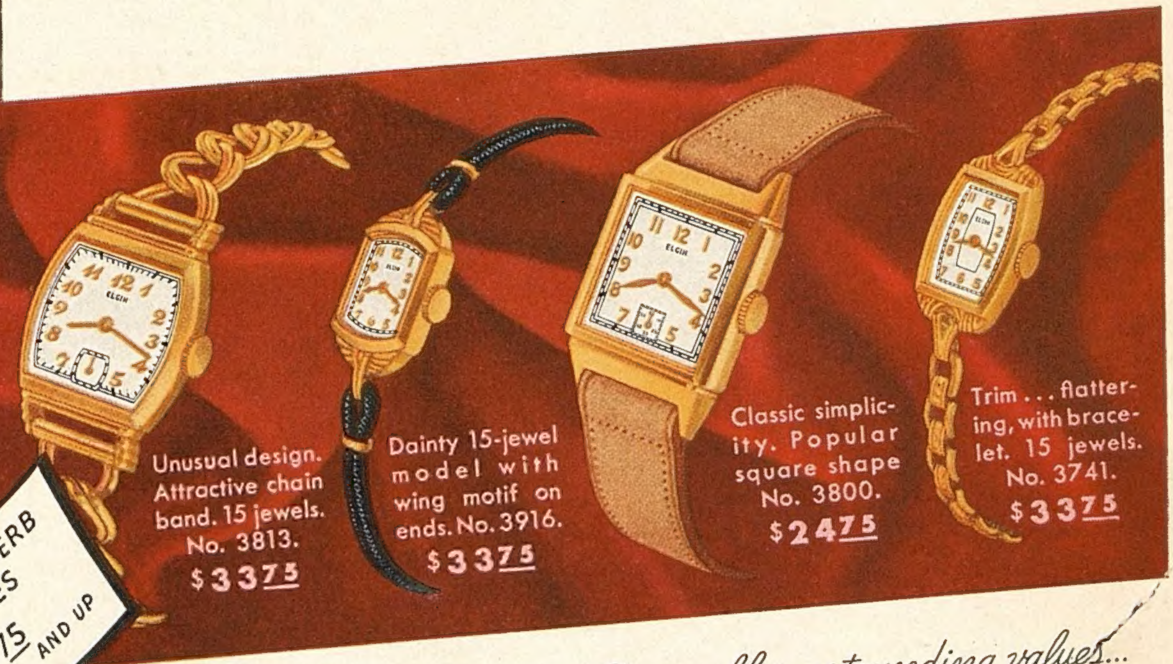
Rugged new model. Flexible loops. 17 jewels. No. 3529. $45.00

THIS CHRISTMAS

of all Christmases— choose a brilliant Elgin

"My little Elgin De Luxe has won me completely," says MARGARET BURTON, *of French Lick and New York*

Petite, attractive Margaret Burton attended Sayre College, Lexington, Kentucky. Fond of music, she also likes to collect spun glass miniatures. Riding and golf are her favorite sports. "For over fifty years, we've been an Elgin family," she says.



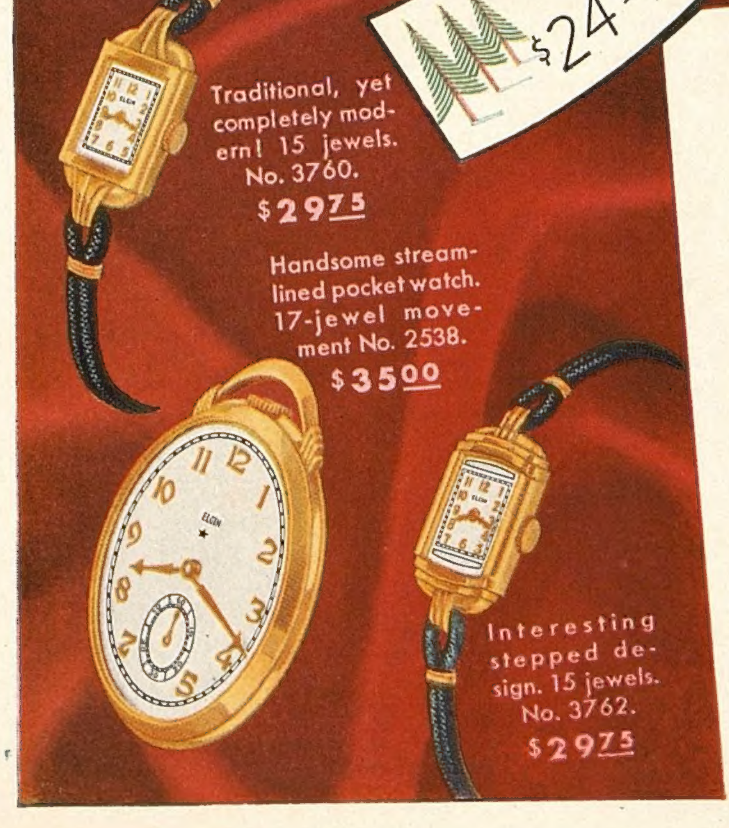
Unusual design. Attractive chain band. 15 jewels. No. 3813. $33.75

Dainty 15-jewel model with wing motif on ends. No. 3916. $33.75

Classic simplicity. Popular square shape No. 3800. $24.75

Trim . . . flattering, with bracelet. 15 jewels. No. 3741. $33.75

MANY SUPERB STYLES
$24.75 AND UP



Traditional, yet completely modern! 15 jewels. No. 3760. $29.75

Handsome streamlined pocket watch. 17-jewel movement No. 2538. $35.00

Interesting stepped design. 15 jewels. No. 3762. $29.75

New 75th Anniversary Elgins offer astounding values... ingenious styling... superb accuracy. At your jeweler's now.

WHY NOT MAKE this the sort of Christmas you have always wanted? A Christmas that will make someone think more fondly of you. It's easier than you think . . .

For ELGIN is celebrating its 75th Anniversary this year with extraordinary timepiece values. And your ELGIN jeweler has caught the spirit and is offering a helpful budget or lay-away plan of purchase.

Where have you ever seen such individuality and custom smartness as in these ELGINS? Master American designers have created them.

Accuracy? In these newest ELGINS it is as dramatic as their looks. They have been built to new and incredibly exacting standards by ELGIN craftsmen and scientists working against a background of 75 years' experience.

Visit your jeweler now and select your gift ELGIN—for star-timed accuracy, for value and honest American craftsmanship, for the brightest Christmas ever! Lord and Lady Elgins from $47.50. ELGIN De Luxe models from $37.50. Other outstanding ELGIN values priced from $24.75 to $750.00.

★ ELGIN ★

FOR 75 YEARS THE GIFT CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES

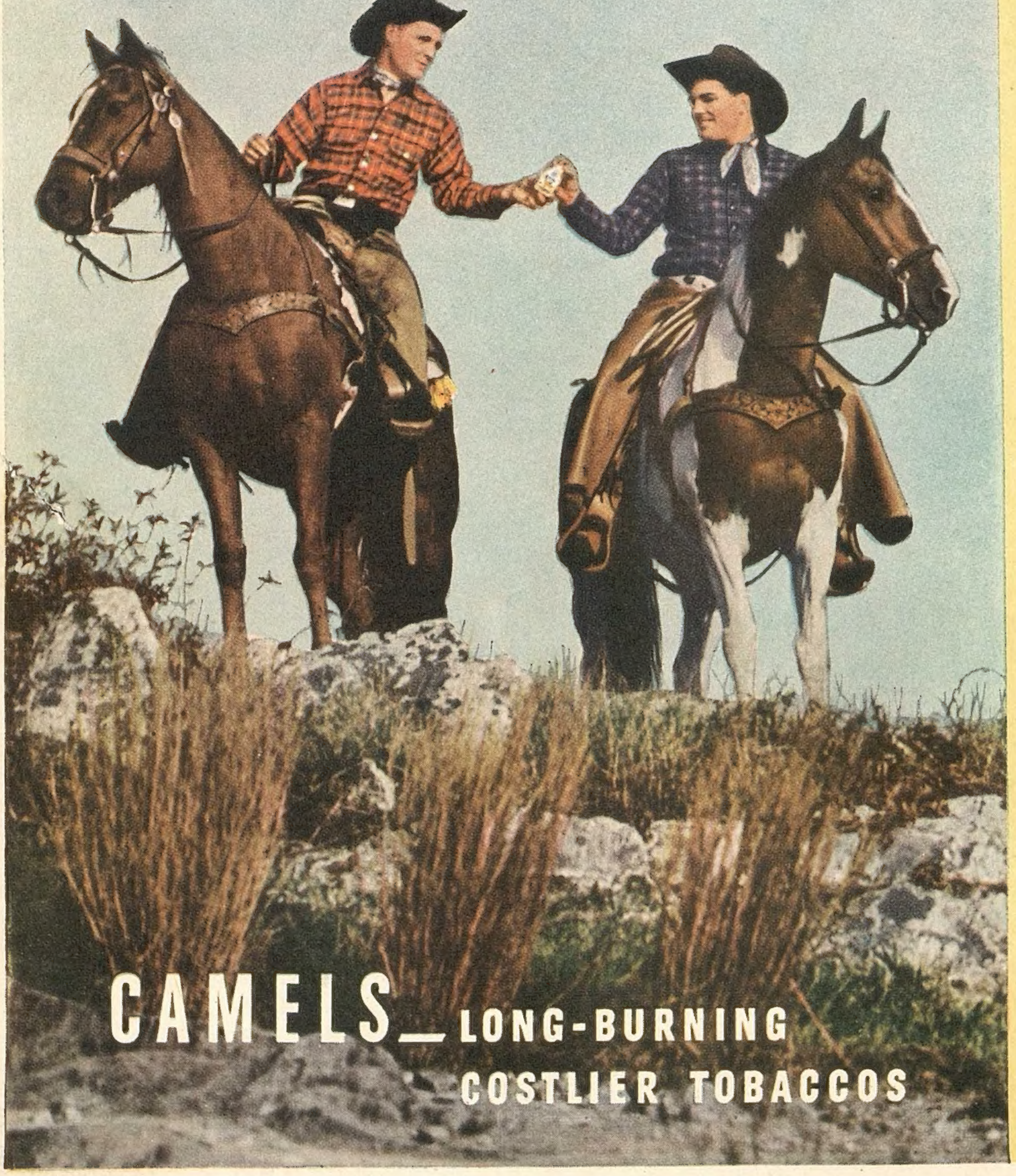
Copr. 1939 by Elgin National Watch Company

GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . AND EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow* burning! Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight *(below, left)* confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels *(see right)* is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!



CAMELS—LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Cigarettes were compared recently . . . sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF . . .
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

**PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY**

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina